

Forty Years  
With  
Fighting Cocks

---

Andrew P. O'Connor



Ex Libris  
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

12517

200  
—  
—  
—





To my friend  
E. J. Ireland,  
with all good  
wishes of  
the author

Andrew P. Oliver

February 14, 1931.

To my friend

E. J. Allen

Wash D.C.

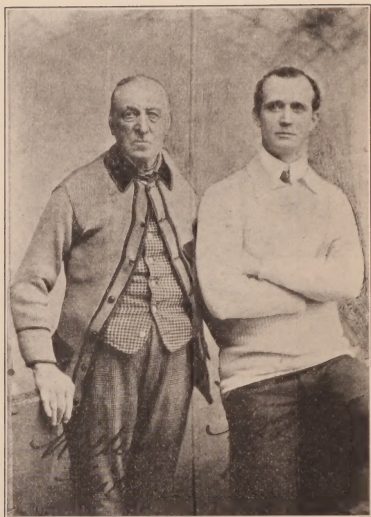
Oct 10

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure

to inform you





WM GILLIVER

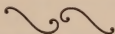
1905

THE AUTHOR

*Forty Years*  
*With*  
*Fighting Cocks*

BY

ANDREW P. O'CONOR



E. W. ROGERS  
Printer  
GOSHEN, NEW YORK  
1929

TO MY FRIEND,  
CAPTAIN JAMES GEE OAKLEY,  
(Late United States Army)  
A GREAT SPORTSMAN AND  
A GREAT GENTLEMAN,  
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

COPYRIGHT, 1929  
BY  
ANDREW P. O'CONNOR

## CONTENTS

---

	Page
The Game Cock's Soliloquy.	8
Introduction	9
Origin of Game Fowl.	11
The Cock An Object of Veneration.	15
The Antiquity of Cock-Fighting.	26
Cock-Fighting in English Schools.	29
English Kings As Cockers.	31
Cock-Fighting in Ireland.	71
Cock-Fighting in Colonial America.	81
Personal Reminiscence	83
The Ancient Laws of Breeding	123
Crossing Pit Fowl	126
Gameness ..	139
Deterioration of Game Fowl	146
Mysteries of the Brood Yard	158
Breeding Game Fowl. Color.	165
Colors and Characteristics of Pit Games	192
Different Types of Fighting Cocks and Gaffs	202
Oriental Fighting Strains.	208
Hereditary Influence of Sire and Dam	213
The Care of Young Stock	220
Walking Stags—Free Ranges, Pens.	225
Training Cocks for the Pit.	230
Anatomy of Fighting Cocks	247
Various Feeding Systems	252
Artificial Spurs	265
Heeling Cocks for Battle	273
Pitting—Rules of the Cock Pit .	278
Famous Cockers of Today	289
Foreign Notes on Cocks and Cockers	294
Personal Correspondence	294
Humanity of Cock Fighting	322
Yokohama Cock	325
Review of the Sport and Its Votaries	326

## THE GAME COCK'S SOLILOQUY

---

I have seen vast monarchies and empires  
Rise and fall, whose histories you may trace,  
I have seen each distinct and separate place,  
Where stood the seven wonders of the world—  
Assyria, Babylon, Pergamos, Greece and Rome.  
Their faded glories, old ruins now embrace,  
And their pagan banners are forever furled.  
E'en their names are nigh forgot,  
And nothing now is left  
Save outward tokens of a deep decline.  
Their ancient shrines have sadly been bereft,  
And scattered to the winds of every clime.  
But I live on—in Holy Writ—  
On sculptured stone and battle-shield,  
In Art, in Song, on gold and silver coin,  
"But greater yet than this, than these, than all,"  
I've dwelt within the hearts of useful men,  
Since men recorded time.



## INTRODUCTION

---

The Fighting Cock, when not being worshipped for a god by the early history-makers, was used for the purpose of inciting courage in man when wars were fought, hand to hand.

Perhaps it was his matchless courage that appealed to the warriors in the olden time, who caused him to be venerated as a deity.

We have traced his glorious part in the history of the world, from every available scrap of authentic data which has been condensed in this little volume. Nearly every library in Europe and America has been ransacked by the Author, which was made possible by a wide acquaintance with devotees of this ancient pastime—many of whom have themselves been history-makers during the past forty years.

Cock-fighting is not only the oldest sport in the world, but it is the fairest, and it is the only sport which cannot be commercialized.

Like the ministry, business and politics, many undesirable characters have been attracted to cocking, but as the unwritten moral law of the cock-pit is centuries older than the written law of any country, the cock-pit is the one place in the world from which the undesirable automatically eliminates himself, by a single breach of the code of honor.

While legal prohibitions against cock-fighting in Europe and North America have been on the statute books for many years, no Monarch, no member of the Royal family or the Nobility in England; no high government official, no man high in social or business life in this country has ever hesitated to attend cocking mains held under proper conditions—because they know that those who are admitted to these select affairs, will never divulge their names to "outsiders."

I have made many voyages to England where I fought mains with several gentlemen who were also history

makers, one of whom was a member of the Cabinet of King Edward VII. which were attended by the highest dignitaries in the British Isles, yet not one line regarding these international mains has ever appeared in any newspaper.

That "snobbery" is absolutely unknown in cocking circles, is evidenced by the fact that for many years, two laborers, one a blacksmith and the other a coal-miner (Casson and Downey) fought mains with members of the nobility, in their private billiard rooms, and were always treated as honored guests.

I have fought cocks in the U. S. Capitol in Washington, D. C., with Arthur B. Suit, of Suitland, Md., (who was afterwards Sheriff of Prince George's County) for the entertainment of statesmen and jurists whose names are today among the brightest on the pages of history. Forty years ago, Washington was the cocking centre of the United States. Many Senators and Congressmen brought their fighting cocks and trainers with them, and Saturday evenings were dedicated to the sport.

In my boyhood days, I knew John Freer, a very old man, who had charge of General Andrew Jackson's fighting cocks, while he was President, and he knew the real reason why Mr. Winans had the high brick wall built around Alexandroffsky, his palatial home in Baltimore. The Winans and the General Jackson's fighting cocks were regular competitors, and Chief Justice Roger B. Taney was frequently referee.

The sport still has its devotees in high life, and it has its blacksmiths and coal-miners here as well as in England—men to whom the word HONOR means much.

If we are to judge the future by the past; it is safe to predict that game cocks will always find a warm spot in the hearts of men who cherish valor of the highest type.

THE AUTHOR.

## ORIGIN OF GAME FOWL

---

Whatever views may be advanced by naturalists and biologists respecting the origin of game fowl, or the methods of breeding them which were followed by cock-fighters in the dim and distant past, we must believe that they, like we of the present day, proceeded on the principle that the best specimens, or the best individuals of each generation were selected and single mated and in order to perpetuate the most desirable qualities, the breeder must have had some knowledge of the laws of heredity and vairability: He knew that in the first five generations of each cock, there were 31 ancestors, and the same number in the hen's pedigree. He must have known the law of atavism—(breeding back to a remote ancestor)—is always active, and if there should happen to be bad blood, dunghill, in any of these progenitors, these infirmities will very likely show in the progeny, soon or late.

Breeders of domesticated animals and utility poultry profess to have been aided in their breeding problems by a study of the Mendelian system, as applied to botany and horticulture, but as the breeding of fighting game fowls is unlike the breeding of any thing else in the world, the Mendalian system does not apply to pit games, for it does not take into consideration the indomitable and indescribable thing called courage.

Nor does the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, in his work, render any useful service to the breeder of pit game fowl.

The Mendelian law of inheritance can be applied successfully to the development of color characteristics in game fowl, as it has been in the production of so many breeds of utility poultry, but courage inheritance in fighting game fowl is a "law unto itself." The game cock is the only thing on earth that inherits the fighting spirit

and unconquerable courage.

Darwin concluded that all domestic fowl were derived from the Red Jungle fowl of India.

Perhaps if Mr. Darwin understood anything about fighting game fowl, he would have excepted this branch of the poultry family. The Red Jungle fowl are not naturally pugnacious, and in battle, they have less courage than the English Sparrow.

Many crosses have been made in England between the Red Jungle or *Gallus Bankiva*, with game hens, whose purity was unquestioned, and their produce were, in every instance, deficient in courage.

In 1859, a Mr. Thurnall made such a cross, which he pronounced absolutely game, and so confident was he of their gameness and fighting ability, that he challenged the foremost cockers in England, which resulted in a main for large stakes, with William Gilliver as his opponent. The Jungle-game cross were not only inferior fighters, but were rank quitters.

I think it was in 1858 that Mr. Charles Darwin's work appeared. It made a great impression on naturalists and biologists, but the cockers, who were among the foremost thinkers in England, conceded that while the Red Jungle fowl might have had the power to transmit high courage and fighting instinct 10, 20, 50 or 100 million years ago, they had lost that power in 1850.

All experienced breeders of game fowl know that where dunghill blood has been introduced into a strain of game fowls, that it is absolutely impossible to breed it out.

Reference to a strain so bred was made by Mr. Gideon Arrington of North Carolina.

We know no more about the origin of the game fowl than we know of the origin of horses, cattle, swine or sheep.

Game fowl have been found in the wild state in Southern Asia, within the memory of men still living, but there was a doubt as to whether they had always been wild, or whether they were descended from domesticated fowl which found their way into the jungles, because when they

were caught and bred with fowl which appeared to be of the same family, no change was noticed in the progeny of such matings.

Mr. Darwin's theory is based on one and only one characteristic of the Red Jungle fowl, and that is, the comb. "Gallus" means comb, and the Jungle fowl, including *Gallus Bankiva*, *Gallus Sonneratii* and *Gallus Stanleyi*, are the only wild fowl with fleshy combs, with which Mr. Darwin was familiar. All naturalists agree with Mr. Darwin.

M. A. Jull, Ph. D., Poultry Husbandmen, Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, in an article in *The National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1927, says: "Green is never found in the domestic fowl, nor for that matter, as a pigment in any bird, domestic or wild, except in the feathers of a small family called Plantain-eaters, inhabiting West Africa. Even in this case it was long believed that the natives dyed the birds artificially, because when kept in captivity the beautiful scarlet patch on the wing would gradually become dull gray."

It would be interesting to hear what the Curator of the London Zoo will have to say about that inaccurate statement by Prof. Jull.

In 1912 there was a GREEN JAVA JUNGLE COCK with a large comb (*Gallus*). The comb was blue at the base with pink edging. He had only one wattle, which was bright pink and blue. Instead of having a long hackle, he had round green feathers on his neck, and was green all over, except a tawney shoulder.

He was of the Henny type, and a gamier looking bird than either *Gallus Bankiva* or *Gallus Sonneratii*.

In his theory of evolution as applied to mankind, Mr. Darwin is on safer ground. At least as far as I am concerned, for it is easier for me to believe Darwin's theory, than it is to believe the Biblical story of the creation of man—for between "Mud" and "Monk" I prefer the hairy Simian. However, as a layman, I am willing to stop where the known and unknown meet, and we are more interested in the perpetuation of the few strains of game fowl

that we still have, than we are in their origin.

The Single Comb strains of fighting cocks found their way into Spain, England and Ireland many centuries ago. We can trace their origin to Nineveh, Babylon, Pergamus, Greece, Rome and elsewhere. We can do this, not from any written records, but from the Babylonian Cylinders, and Jewelry, on which the image of the single comb cock was engraved. The first coins of which there is a record, which were issued by the Priests in the Temple of Artemis, at Ephesus, 700 B. C., bore the effigy of a straight comb cock.

On the walls of the ancient Assyrian Palace, Khor-sabad, in Nineveh, we find the sculptured image, of a straight comb cock, and we find them on gold and silver coins in the Museums of Venice, Rome, Greece and London. He has been the object of veneration for the Pagan Priests, and an inspiration for Military Chieftains in all recorded ages.

Of the Pea Comb Cock, we know but little: He has had no place in the history of the world, as far as we have been able to learn. It is only within the last 150 years that we have become acquainted with this member of the feathered gladiator's family. When crossed with single comb strains of game fowl, the success of the crosses have been only temporary. There are but few instances where the produce of such crosses have lasted for any great length of time, and those which have lasted, are not of the Asil or Japanese Malayoid families, but of the small headed, high, fan-tailed, small boned, long winged, full hackled Persians, which were, perhaps, the progenitors of the Asils.

There is not now, nor has there ever been any question of doubt about the gameness of the best strains of Japan, but the word "Asil," which will be explained in another chapter, means "dunghill."

There are many instances where breeders have regularly bred game cocks to grade Asil hens, and vice-versa, and produced exceptionally game battle cocks, but I have never known a reputable breeder of Asils or their crosses, who claimed that such crosses could be successfully inbred.

The acid test for gameness is inbreeding. Naturalists and Biologists who profess to trace the origin of fighting game fowls to a dunghill bantam from the Jungles of India, know absolutely nothing of the nature of this family of feathered warriors.

# Book I

## CHAPTER I.

### THE COCK AN OBJECT OF VENERATION

---

Engraved on marble tombs of early Christians, in Ancient Greece and Rome, may yet be seen the cock, which heroic founders of the Chrisitan faith, accepted as a symbol of the resurrection—the PRAECO DIEI, or herald of light after the night of death. The cock had his part in the most famous tragedy of all the world—the Crucifixion of the meek and lowly Nazarene, who said to the Apostle, Peter: "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." As the prophecy was fulfilled, it would seem that the cock was a necessary link in the Christian plan of salvation.

Jewish writers, in their efforts to disprove the reference to the crowing Cock, as recorded in the four Gospels, (though they all differ as to the exact words of Christ) maintain that it could not have been true, for the reason that the COCK WAS UNKNOWN in Jerusalem at the time of Christ.

Mishna, Baba Kama, VII, 7, said: "They do not breed cocks in Jerusalem, because of the holy things; that cocks turn up the dung-hills and set free the reptiles, by which the sacrifices might be polluted, which were eaten as food, and consequently PETER COULD NOT HEAR ONE CROW."

The Hebrew historians were seldom accurate, or in accord with each other, as for instance, Eurbin, page 26, records a story of a child having been killed by a cock, and that by order of the town Council, the cock was stoned to death.

There are frequent references to fowl in the Bible—fowl might be any member of the feathered family, but Kimchi, a famous Jewish scholar, says the "fatted fowl which were served at King Solomon's feast, were capons." Moses, in Deuteronomy, (14. 20. 21) advises his kinsman about fowls as follows: "BUT OF ALL CLEAN FOWL YE MAY EAT. YE SHALL NOT EAT OF ANYTHING THAT DIETH OF ITSELF; THOU SHALT GIVE IT

UNTO THE STRANGER THAT IS IN THY GATES. THAT HE MAY EAT OF IT OR THOU MAYEST SELL IT TO AN ALIEN; FOR THOU ART THE HOLY PEOPLE UNTO THE LORD THY GOD."

That poultry was familiar to the people of Jerusalem is evidenced by many references to them in both the Old and New Testaments.

Christ said (Luke XIII-34) "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem which killeth the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children, as a HEN DOTH GATHER HER BROOD UNDER HER WINGS AND YE WOULD NOT."

These words are plain and direct, therefore, we must believe the story of Peter and the crowing cock.

Thousands of years before the birth of Christ, the cock was mentioned in the Bible. Nergal is referred to in 2nd Kings, XVIII, and many Jewish Commentators agree that: "Nergal was a battle cock, or a cock for war, and by the Samaritans worshipped for a god."

But with this translation, such Hebrew scholars as Sir H. Rowlandson, (Rowlandson's Herodotus, 1, 631-634) Norberg, Genesius and other learned inquirers into Biblical history, do not agree, and Prof. Layard proves that Nergal was a Babylonian diety, and not Samaritan.

In those far off days, it seems that all races were busily engaged in the making of gods, and in 2nd Kings, 29-30, we find: "Howbeit every nation made gods of their own, and put them in the houses of the high places which the Samaritans had made, every nation in their cities wherein they dwelt. "And the men of Babylon made Succoth Benoth, and the men of Cuth made Nergal."

According to Kimchi and Jarchie, Succoth Benoth was a goddess under the form of a hen and chickens, thus, the humble "Biddy" and her brood, shares the glory bestowed upon her mate, the Cock, by the god makers, when the world was young.

Sir William Jones, who was an ancestor of the Jones brothers, of Lark Hill, West Derby, near Liverpool, translated the INSTITUTES OF MANU, in which cock-fighting was referred to, as being an established sport, twelve hundred years before Christ. (Vol. 12, 1, x, 222). But it was at Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, that cock-fighting reached its highest peak of popularity, about 580 years B. C. Pliny (X, 25) relates that "public cock-fights took place there every year." The first coins minted, as far as can be learned, bearing the effigies of cocks fighting, were made by the Pergamians.

Pergamos was one of the largest, wealthiest and most cultured cities in Western Asia. The library at Pergamo



consisted of 200,000 volumes. At the time that the Roman General, Antony, visited it. He removed the library and many works of Art, to Egypt, and presented it to Queen Cleopatra.

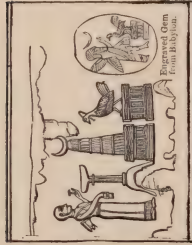
Perhaps this wonderful library contained the early history of their favorite diversion. It might have chronicled the story of how and when the fighting cock found its way into Western Asia, and Europe. We know, from scraps of history, that the fighting cock in its original condition, belonged to lower India, Indo-China and the great Austral Asia. On the walls of ruined palaces in Assyria, may yet be seen the sculptured figures of fighting cocks.

In a sporting scene depicted at Khorsabad, (Botta, pl. c. viii-EXIV) there is a sculptured game cock. A cock and hen are also represented in the Xanthian Sculptures, of an era, probably, contemporaneous with the Khorsabad palace in Ninevah. They appear also in Etruscan paintings, having probably a much higher antiquity. (Mrs. Gray's Etruscía, page 28-45).

That the game cock was an object of veneration among the early Babylonians, is proved by the records deposited in the British Museum, by Prof. Layard. One of them represents a priest in sacrificial attire, standing before an altar, on which a cock is placed (See illustration) proving that the fighting cock was not only worshipped as a god, by the people of Babylon and Nineveh, but for sport, as well, for it is as a fighter that he is pictured in carved marble at the palace of Khorsabad, and in the Etruscan paintings. There are also deposited in the British Museum numerous pieces of gold jewelry, such as bracelets and rings, on which the game cock is beautifully carved, proving that he was admired by the ladies of Babylon and Nineveh.

It was, perhaps, from these ancient people that the Pergamians borrowed their ideas for their coins, tapestries and other works of art, on which the fighting cock is immortalized.

Pergamos is frequently referred to in the Bible, and not in a very complimentary manner, we regret to record. We find in Revelations, ii, 13, "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is" This reference is to Pergamos, a city so eminently addicted to idolatry. Yet Pliney, the famous historian, was undecided as to whether cock-fighting was a political or religious institution, when all the facts were before him. For instance, Aesculapius, the father of medicine, was the god of the Pergamians, and the cock was sacred to Aesculapius.



The Cock ~  
in Babylon an  
object of  
veneration

Korsabad Palace, Ninevah

This city "where Satan's seat is" gave to Europe and to the world, its first parchment, its first great paintings and its finest code of honor among physicians. King Eumenes bid six hundred thousand sesterces for a picture painted by Aristides, at the sale of the plunder of Corinth, but was out-bid by the Roman General Mummius, who sent it to Rome, where no foreign Artist's work had been seen. For another picture by the same Artist he paid one hundred talents. In Pergamos, arose the finest specimens of Architecture known to the ancient world, in the temples of Zeus, Athena, Apollo, Aesculapius, Dionysus and Aphrodite.

The following code of honor for physicians was written about 400 years B. C., and many medical colleges of the present time require their students, upon graduation, to take this oath:

"I swear by Apollo, the physician, and Aesculapius, and Health, and All-heal, and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this oath and its stipulations—to reckon him who taught me this art equally to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, and relieve his necessities if required: to look upon his off-spring in the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this Art, if they wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation; and that by precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath, according to the law of medicine, but none others. I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my Art. I will not cut persons laboring under stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and further, from the seduction of females or males, of freemen or slaves.

"Whatever, in connection with my professional practice or not, in connection with it, I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret while I continue to keep this oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and practice of the Art, respected by all men, in all times. But should I trespass and violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot." Such is

the code formulated by the pagan product of the "seat where Satan is."

The object of incorporating this immortal document in this work is, for the purpose of proving that the highest and noblest types of men have arisen in countries where cocking was practiced by the foremost philosophers, warriors, historians and statesmen of their time.

In 1607, George Wilson, a famous scholar, wrote a tract in Latin, the title of which was: "The Commendation of Cocks and Cock-fighting," in which he incorporated all references to cock-fighting that appeared in Latin and Greek literature before the birth of Christ.

Many years after the appearance of Wilson's book, such scholars as Layard, Rowlandson and Sir William Jones, trace cock-fighting back centuries before Greece and Rome were founded, and they found that at different periods in the world's history and among different races, cock-fighting had been both a religious and political institution.

\* Among the earliest devotees of cock-fighting, were the people of the continent of India, and the Isles of St. Jago, Pulcondore, Timor, Philippines, and Malucco Islands, Sumatra, Java, New Guinea, Tinian and the Isles of the South Seas, Indo-China, etc.

Latham has observed that: "Game fowls breed most freely in warmer situations; in very cold regions, though they live, and thrive, they cease to multiply."

According to Pegge, in the *Archæologia*, Vol. 3, 19, "the art of cock-fighting" is referred to the Greeks. Jacobus Polmerius, a writer cited by Pegge, pretends that traces of this diversion may be discovered among the barbarians of Asia, as early as the reign of Croesus, King of Lydia, 3426 (A. M.) and 558 years before Christ.

"But the learned Antiquary apprehends, that the fact to which this writer refers, furnishes no evidence that quails, used among the ancient and moderns for fighting, as well as cocks, were pitted for the purpose of amusement at so early a period."

"Pliney, however, informs us, (N. H. l. X. C. 21) that at Pergamos, a city of Asia, there was an annual exhibition of cock-fighting, 480 B. C."

The editor of Rees Cyclopaedia, commenting on Pliney, says: "But we derive no information from his account, when or where this practice commenced, or for what purpose, whether civil or religious it was introduced." "The Dardanii, a people of Troas, had on their coins, the representation of two cocks fighting, but these coins are of a late date, the antiquity of this special diversion among the Dardanians cannot be inferred from them." Mr.

Pegge suggests that, perhaps, it might have been introduced among them, and also at Pergamos, from Athens, where an annual festival was instituted by Themistocles, after the conclusion of the Persian war.

"When the famous general was leading the Athenian army against the Persians, he saw some cocks fighting, and took occasion from this circumstance to animate his troops by observing to them: 'These animals fight not for the gods of their country, nor for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for freedom, nor for their children, but for the sake of victory, and that one may not yield to the other.' And from this topic he inspirited the Athenians. (Vid. Aelian. Var. Hist. ii, c. 28): 'We



### Cocks Fighting

may farther observe, that the cock, on account of his vigilance, was sacred to Apollo, Mercury and Aesculapius and the same quality, in conjunction with his magnanimous and daring spirit, he was likewise, appropriated to Mars, the God of War." Continuing, the writer says: "This was extremely opposite to the purpose and intention of the spectaculum, or public show, exhibited by Themistocles, as these creatures, called by Columella 'Rixofae Aves' were supposed to be more addicted to fighting them than any others."

The scene of engagement, however, or in modern phrase, the "pit" was the theatre; and the sport lasted one day. But others as well as Themistocles, have taken the advantage of the sight of cock-fighting and deduced

from this circumstance an argument for the incitement and encouragement for military valor.

Socrates endeavored in the same manner to inspire Iphicrates with courage (Diog. Laert. ii-30) Chrysippus, also in his book "DeJustia" says, "Our valor is raised by the example of cocks."

Lucian, likewise, (de Gymnas, ii. p. 295), introduces Solon, the great Athenian legislator, as addressing Anacharis to the same purpose. He said: "Indeed Anacharis, if you take out of human life the love of glory, what virtue can a man expect to find, or who will be fond of performing any splendid action? And now you may be able to form some judgment to yourself, what sort of men they are likely to prove in arms, and fighting for their country, their wives, their children and their gods, who, for the sake of an olive or a laurel crown, contend even naked with so much eagerness for the victory.

"What would you say, if you beheld the battles of our quails, and our fighting cocks, and the small earnestness with which we attend to them? You would laugh most assuredly, especially when you were informed that we do this in obedience to a law, by which all our youth are ordered to be present, and to view these little birds maintaining the battle to their latest gasp. Neither is it ridiculous, considering that in the meanwhile, there steals imperceptibly into our hearts a certain promptitude to face danger, that we may not shew ourselves less generous and less intrepid than cocks, and yield the victory through an inability to bear wounds, and toil and hardships."

Solon's reference to the custom of "ordering the youth to be present to view these little birds" proves that this system, which was sponsored by Themistocles, hundreds of years before Solon was born, was still an important branch of the educational system of Greece.

Musonius, also cited by Stobaeus (sermon 29) deduced the same kind of instruction from the battling of quails and cocks, and we are informed that young men were obliged to attend the exhibitions of the theatre, in order to avail themselves of this instruction.

It also appears that the other Greeks, as well as the Athenians, held a good breed of cocks in high estimation, and often amused themselves with this diversion. "We learn from Pliny and Columello, (viii, c. 2) that the islanders of Delos, were great lovers of this sport; and Tanagra, a city of Boeotia, the isle of Rhodes, Chalcis in Eubaea, and the country of Media, were famous for their fighting cocks.

"The kingdom of Persia was probably included in the

last, from whence cocks were first brought into Greece, and if a judgment may be formed of the best from the fighting cocks of Rhodes and Media, the excellence of the breeds consisted in a high type of courage."

Cock-fighting was perhaps introduced into Egypt by Alexander the Great, and while the records of cocking in that country are meagre, reference is made to a breed called Mavoego, which were the best fighting cocks. Within the last few years, metal cockspurs were found in ancient tombs.

"Upon the whole, it would seem that at first cock-fighting was partly a religious and partly a political institution at Athens; and was there continued for centuries for the purpose of cherishing valor in the minds of their youth.

"The Romans, who were prone to imitate the Greeks, followed their example in this kind of diversion, without any laudable motives."

Signor Haym, (cited by Pegge) thinks, that the Romans borrowed the pastime from Dardanus, in Asia, but it is needless to trace their derivation of it to such a distance, more especially as it was generally followed in Greece, and was not introduced among the Romans at a very early period.

However, frequent references to cocking in Rome appear in history, the last was in reference to Caesar and Mark Antony, in which Mark Antony was warned by the soothsayer to "take heed of Caesar, because his cocks were always beaten by him." The cause of the first contention between the two brothers, Baffianus and Geta, the sons of the Emperor Septimus Severus, happened according to Herodian (iii-33) in their youth, about the fighting of their cocks. (See illustration).



## BALDANUS-GETA-TERMINUS

The first cause of contention between the two brothers Baldanus and Geta, sons of the emperor Septimius Severus, happened, according to Herodian, in their youth, about fighting their quails and cocks †.

† Interque se fratres dissidebant, puerili primum certamine, edendis coternicium pugnis, gallina eorumque conflictibus, ac puorum collulationibus exorta discordia. *Herodian 3. Sect. 33.*

fed regularly<sup>8</sup>. Cock-fights appear upon the coins of Dardania, and under the presidency of love<sup>9</sup>. The battles were often fought in the presence of the god *Terminus* (a *Hermes* among the Greeks), and the palms destined to the conqueror, were placed upon a pedestal. Upon a coin of Athens we see a cock crowned with palm<sup>10</sup>. Polyarchus gave public funerals, and raised monuments, with epitaphs to his cocks<sup>11</sup>. The sport passed from



The boys had often accompanied their father into Greece. They had probably seen and learned this pastime there.

It must be remembered that all references to the cock, which appears in ancient literature, including the Bible, was to the fighting cock only; He alone of the feathered tribe was accorded this distinction.

It was not until the time of Christ that the Jews adopted the Roman and Greek division of the night into four periods, or "watches," each consisting of three hours, the first beginning at six in the evening (Luke xii, 38; Matthew xiv, 25; Mark, vi, 48). This watch (the third of these divisions, comprehending the space between the two COCK-CROWINGS), seem to have been about three in the morning. It was termed by the Romans GALLICINIUM, and it has been supposed that Jerusalem being a military station of the Romans, the custom of that nation concerning the placing and relieving of the guard, was in force there.

These watches, or guards, were declared by the sound of a trumpet; and whenever one guard relieved another, it was always done by the military signal. The whole four watches were closed by the blowing of a trumpet, or shrill horn, which was eventually substituted for the crowing cock. Drakenborch, a high authority, says, the "last trumpet, which blew at three in the morning, was sounded three times, to imitate the crowing of a cock."

Thus may be traced the origin of the army bugle which is still in use throughout the world.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE ANTIQUITY OF COCK-FIGHTING

---

Whether cock-fighting was introduced into the schools in England by the early Roman invaders, or whether they found it there is a moot question, but be that as it may, history proves that it was, for more than a thousand years, an important part of the English educational system.

The institution was so firmly established, and so thoroughly a part of the every day life of the Briton, that no writer thought it of sufficient importance to even refer to it, until William Fitzstephen wrote of it in Latin, during the reign of King William II, (1154-1189) as follows: "Every year at Shrove Tuesday, the school boys do bring cocks of the game to their masters and all the forenoon they delight themselves in cock-fighting."

No reference to cocking appears in English literature, from the reign of William II to King Edward III, who notified the Sheriffs to prohibit cock-fighting, London, June 12, 1365, but the proclamation did not oppose cock-fighting from any humanitarian motives, but in order that the school boys could devote more time to learning the use of the bow and arrow, which was the favorite weapon for war, which had reached its highest perfection under Edward III, as had been demonstrated in France, at the Battle of Crecy, in which the English Army consisted of 8,000, which was opposed by the French Army of 100,000, but then as now, the Gods of War were on the side of the army having the best weapons.

During the morning a heavy downpour of rain relaxed, and rendered useless the French bow-strings, while the English soldiers, who were graduates from cocking schools, had kept their weapons dry.

It was at that battle that the "Black Prince" (the eldest son of King Edward III- the Prince of Wales) with his own hands, killed the King of Bohemia, whose crest was three ostrich feathers, with the motto, "Ich dien—I serve." As a memento of the victory, it was added to the arms of the "Black Prince" and has remained the insignia of each succeeding Prince of Wales. The "Black Prince" was the popular hero of this heroic age. His valor was undoubted; and his conduct distinguished by courtesy and modesty. He died in his 46th year (June

8, 1376). His son, Richard, under the title of Richard II, was the immediate successor of King Edward III.

As the reign of King Edward was distinguished by the complete ascendancy of the system of chivalry, with its jousts and tournaments, and the adoption of the legend, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—(Evil be to him who evil thinks)—which is today England's motto.

So, in the light of all the available history of the times, we cannot believe that this chivalrous sportsman, warrior, statesman, deliberately intended to deprive English school boys of the instruction which made of them the greatest soldiers of their time.

King Richard II, who was deposed, was succeeded by King Henry IV.

The events of the reign of Henry IV, King of England, form the subject of two historical dramas of Shakespeare, who has in these closely followed the chronicles of Holinshed and others. Henry was surnamed Bolingbroke and was the first sovereign of the House of Lancaster. He was born in 1367, and was the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the third son of King Edward III. In the reign of Richard II, he was made Earl of Derby. So, here authentic history proves that from the first English King to prohibit cock-fighting in schools, and which gave the opponents of cock-fighting their first weapon with which to attack a system which was even older than the government itself, descended the Derby family, which, for more than 500 years afterwards, were the recognized exponents of cocking, which is the oldest sport in the world, as well as the most useful to mankind, because it inspired them with courage, it taught them indifference to personal pain, and contempt for death.

As proof that cock-fighting was continued in the public schools and in public pits for many hundreds of years after the edict of King Edward III, it is only necessary to refer to English history, as recorded by William Henderson, "Folklore of the Northern Counties of England"; Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland"; Wm. Maitland's "History of London"; Miss Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England"; George Wilson, the Earl of Lonsdale, "Social England in The Regency"; John Ashton, "Social History of the Southern Counties of England," by George Roberts; Stowe's "Survey of London"; Daniel Defoe's "Journey Through England."

"A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of King George I and King George II," by Caesar de Saussure.

Taplin's "Sporting Dictionary"; "The Royal Pastime of Cocking" (R. H.); "Manuscript of the Duke of Rutland"; "Misson's Memoirs"; Sir John Raresby's "Mem-

oirs"; The London "Gazette"; Cheney's "Racing Calendar"; Heber's "Racing Calendar"; Weatherby's "Racing Calendar"; "The Postman"; "The Daily Advertiser"; Arisis' "Gazette" and numerous other publications, many of which I have read in the libraries at "Bishop's Court," Lord Clonmell's Irish estate; "Lark Hill," the Jones Brothers' Liverpool estate; "Croxteth," the estate of Lord Sefton; "Knowsley," the estate of Lord Derby, also in the British Museum, the London Library, and Rees' Cyclopedia, the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., from all of which I made notes for the purpose of placing before the future generations of cockers, undoubted proof of the important part which has been played by these feathered gladiators in the history of the world.

The fights which have been made by alleged reformers against the sport of cock-fighting, have been as unfair as they have been unjust, with the result that even many descendants of the world's most famous cockers practice the sport in secret, in fear of the social penalties which have been placed upon it by the morons of the churches in both England and America, but familiarity with the history of the sport proves that all the liberty which civilized governments have enjoyed, were won on the battle-fields of the world, by men, who, like the game cock, knew how to die, and among the millions of men who gave up their lives in the bloody carnage of war, there were no preachers, no reformers.

### CHAPTER III.

## COCK-FIGHTING IN ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

---

While historians agree that many countries which were never under either Greek or Roman influence, were addicted to cock-fighting, it is generally believed that, even if the Romans found cock-fighting an established sport in England (for Caesar tells us that though the Britons kept fowls for diversion and pleasure, it was unlawful to eat them) it is not beyond the range of possibility that cock-fighting was introduced into the schools in England by the Romans, and that it continued with but few interruptions, as part of England's educational system, from 52 B. C., to 1867, there is ample proof.

In the early days of the system, the cocks were furnished by the town councils, and the breeding of cocks was a recognized and necessary business, and those endowed with the highest type of courage were most highly esteemed. When the system of transferring the expense of supplying the cocks for the annual carnival on Shrove Tuesday, from the town council, to the students, there is no available record, and the first reference to it appears during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Master of the Hartlebury Grammar School applied for permission to be allowed to retain a portion of the annual collection of "cock-pennies" for his personal use. Permission was given in the following note; in the handwriting of the Queen.

"The Schoolmaster and Ushers shall and may have use and take the profits of all such cock-fights, as be commonly used in schools."

Each community made its own rules governing the manner in which money collected for the purpose of buying cocks should be used, and boys from well-to-do families and from the poorer families, were charged according to their ability to pay, so in many instances, the "Cock Penny" ranged in value from one penny (two cents) to thirty shillings (\$7.50) but at many schools where only children of wealthy families attended, as for instance, Grange-over-Sands, the "Cock Penny" was from two shillings to five pounds sterling (\$25).

At the Sedbergh Grammar School, the Master was permitted to retain nine cents a year from the annual levy to purchase game cocks.

In addition to a portion of the fund, each schoolmaster was permitted to have the cocks killed in battle, as well as all cocks that refused to fight; the latter rule was established for the purpose of discouraging the school boys from bringing barnyard dunghills. Good old Schoolmaster!

It is a long stretch of time from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1559-1603, to King George III, 1760-1820, but history proves that cock-fighting was continued through these centuries, for in 1812, the famous geologist, Henry Miller, in his book, "My Schools and School Masters" tells us that: "The School (Cromarty Grammar) like almost all other grammar schools in Scotland, had its yearly cock-fights, preceded by two holidays and a half during which the boys occupied themselves in collecting and bringing up the cocks. And such was always the array of fighting birds mustered on the occasion that the day of the festival from morning till night used to be spent in fighting out the battles.

"For weeks after, the school floor retained its deeply stained blotches of blood, and the boys would be full of exciting narratives regarding the glories of gallant birds who had continued to fight until their eyes had been pecked out, or who, in the moment of victory, had dropped dead in the cock-pit. We know of no other reference to the status of the cocking festival in the schools, until 1867, when Mr. Fitch, a School Commissioner, protested against the custom still in vogue, of collecting the "Cock-Penny" but his objection was not against the custom PER SE, but because while the annual cocking festival had been discontinued, many of the school masters continued to collect the Cock-Penny, and that, among others, the Sedbergh School Master exacted a fee of \$7.50 from each scholar, "for which the scholars received no equivalent." The law was repealed under Queen Victoria. Thus ended the English education system which had been in vogue for more than ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED YEARS, and which left its imperishable imprint upon the character of the Briton, the dominant character of whose race, is courage.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ENGLISH KINGS AS COCKERS

---

While public cock-pits were in operation throughout England, for centuries, it was not until the reign of King Henry VIII, that they were erected and conducted on a grand scale, and the Westminster Cock-Pit, at Whitehall Palace, erected by King Henry VIII, was the scene of many stirring contests between the feathered fighters which were bred and fought by the nobles, but it is to the everlasting honor of the sport, that this brutal Monarch was not one of its devotees; his favorite indoor sport was having the heads of his wives chopped off. Life was one perpetual honeymoon for that gay "Lady Killer."

George Wilson, whose book, "The Commendation of Cocks and Cock-fighting," to which reference has been made, draws liberally upon his imagination for the following reference to Henry VIII. He says: "Henry VIII did take such pleasure and wonderful delight in cocks of the game that he caused a most sumptuous and stately Cock-Pit to be erected in Westminster wherein His Majesty might disport himself with cock-fighting among his most noble and loving subjects, who, in like manner did affect that pastime so well, and conceived so good an opinion of it that they caused cock-pits to be made in many cities, boroughs and towns throughout the whole realm."

It may be possible that he attended the cock-fights, but if he had ever participated in the sport, a record of it would have appeared in his expense accounts, which were carefully kept, and records winnings and losings at the various games in which he indulged.

However, the only commendable act of this disreputable King was, his good judgment in selecting Roger Ascham, who was a cocker, as tutor for his daughter, Elizabeth, who as Queen kept everything pretty well stirred up, and did a bit of killing on her own account to maintain the family tradition.

But under Queen Elizabeth, the naval glory of England began, with Sir John Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, Sir Walter Raleigh and the immortal Sir Francis Drake, who, among other great achievements, was credited with having brought the White game fowl, from China, which were

afterwards known as the King Charles II Pyles, and the Cheshire Pyles.

The reign of Elizabeth is deservedly famous as one of the brightest periods in English literature.

In her honor, while hidden in the wilds of Kilcolman, in Ireland, Edmund Spenser wrote the "Faerie Queen."

Then flourished Shakespeare.

The early studies of Francis Bacon, laid the foundation of the modern philosophy and Sir Philip Sydney combined in his person the hero of chivalry and the writer of romance. After his death, his sister collected his manuscript of his romance, "Arcadia" and gave it to his cocker friend, Gervaise Markham, to finish. The feeling which the perusal of "Arcadia" excites is a calm and perusive pleasure, at once full, tranquil and exquisite, which proves that the hearts and brains of cockers are not hardened or dulled by the alleged "barbarity" of this ancient pastime.

Perhaps, King James I, was the first of the English rulers who was truly devoted to cock-fighting, and it was under his reign that "cocks of the game" were first identified as GAME COCKS, and their very name has enriched the language of the world, and to say that a soldier fought courageously, and "died game" is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon mankind. Today, the word "game" which had its origin in the cock-pit, means the same thing in all languages, in all countries.

No Monarch in all the world ever received such high honors by church dignitaries as did King James I. The Protestant Bible, in its present form, was dedicated to him, and he then proceeded to shock them by assuming an antagonistic attitude towards the church, on the question of Sabbath observance, and in defense of his position, he published a "Book of Sports" advising the people that Sunday was not to be a day mainly for religious rest and worship, but of games and revels. (Skeats, p. 47).

King James was the real founder of horse-racing in England, and the first books published on the Arts of training race horses and fighting cocks appeared during the reign of this Monarch; indeed, it may be truthfully stated that Gervaise Markham's book on training fighting cocks was the foundation upon which the training of athletes as well as race horses was built, for in all the ages that had gone before, there had appeared no written instructions for the training of fighting cocks, race horses or gladiators for the Arena, nor of athletes in other branches of sports. We find in history frequent references to the status of cocking during this period.

Stowe, in his SURVEY OF LONDON, 1603, tells us



that: "Cocks of the game are yet cherished by diverse men for their pleasure, much money being laid on their heads when they fight in pits, whereof some be costly made for that purpose."

Among the most popular of these pits in London, was the one at Whitehall, which was extensively patronized, first as a cock-pit, and later, as a theatre, under Queen Elizabeth and King James I.

It is now occupied by the Lord of the Treasury—10 Downing Street.

In 1683, when Princess Anne, of York, was married to Prince George of Denmark—the son of a famous cocker—King Charles II, gave his niece, the Princess, "that adjunct to Whitehall which was known as the 'cock-pit' which had been remodeled as a residence."

It is easy to believe that George Wilson and Gervaise Markham were the favorite authors of King James I. Wilson's book, while not instructive in the various Arts connected with the sport, was a compilation of cocking history as practiced by the intellectual Greeks and Romans, as well as a record of the status of the sport in England, and present-day historians, writing of their own cocks, might have taken a page from his book, in which the exploits of one of his favorite cocks was immortalized.

He thus refers to his dauntless cock called "Gypsey" that fought "so successfully and so gamely, performing almost incredible and heroic acts, that a holiday was declared at Bury St. Edmonds, in order that the entire population might turn out to do honor to this gallant bird." The following is a couplet of the first poem ever written in honor of a game cock.

"O noble Gipseey such a cock art thou, ~

As Bury Town did ne'er contain till now;

Wherefore to praise thy worth and spread thy fame,

We make this show in honor of thy name."

A picture of the cock had been painted upon a large canvas, and Mr. Wilson tells us that: "So soon as the painted cloth was thus finished the cock put into a pretty, fine cage which was carried betwixt two men; the cloth being borne a good distance before them; and in this wise, leaving the waits of the town with all the trained soldiers, the cock-masters and divers others, we marched to and fro throughout the whole town; which being done, we returned to the cock-pit again where the cock was no sooner set down but all soldiers discharged their pieces over him, which we thought would have daunted, and discouraged him forever; yet, notwithstanding all the noise they made, he was nothing dismayed, but in the very

middle of the volley of shot, he clapped his wings and crowed."

The list of noblemen whose names appear in connection with cocking during this period, is a long and impressive one, and while, as has been stated, cock-fighting had for centuries formed an important part of the English educational system, it was now one of the most important social diversions, due, perhaps, to the interest which the King took in it, and thus we find the pits patronized by foreign Ambassadors, many of whom made regular reports of it to their home governments, as evidenced by the following, written by Mons. Le Fevre de la Boderie, French Minister Plenipotentiary, to the Court of King James, 1606-1611, in which he says: "The King amuses himself with cocking regularly two days a week."

During the race meetings at Croydon, Lincoln, Enfield, Newmarket, Chester and Liverpool, the King attended, and cocks were always fought in the forenoon.

It is worthy of note, that cock-fighting, or training, was now considered one of the fine arts, and with the publication of Markham's book, renewed interest was taken in cocking, and while it is believed that all feeders of that period, adopted the Markham system, some of them, of course, excelled, and for over a century, it was the accepted authority on the subject. As it is the first work of the kind ever printed in any language, as far as we know, and is now, out of print, it deserves a new lease of life, if for no other reason that it was the pioneer in our sport, and is here presented for the pleasure of the present and future "Princes" who delight in this, the oldest sport in the world.

#### The Fighting Cock

The Choice, Ordering, Breeding and Dieting of the  
Fighting Cock For Battel,  
By Gervaise Markham.

1614.

SINCE THERE IS NO PLEASURE more noble, delightful, and void of couzenage and deceit than this pleasure of cocking is; And since many of the best wisdoms of our nation have been pleased to participate with the delights therein, I think it not amiss, as well for the instruction of those which are unexperienced, as fortifying of them which have some knowledge therein, to declare in a few lines the Election, Breeding, and Secrets of Dieting the Fighting Cock, which having been hitherto concealed and unwritten of, is (for our pleasure sake) as worthy of a general knowledge as any delight whatsoever.

## II.

To speak then first of the choice of the fighting cock, you shall understand, that the best characters you can observe in him is the shape, color, courage and sharp heel.

For his shape, the middle and different size is ever accounted best, because they are most matchable, strong, nimble and ready for your pleasure in battel; and so the exceeding little cock is hard to match, and is commonly weak and tedious in his manner of fighting.

He should be of a proud and upright shape, with a small head, the like unto a sparrow hawk; a quick large eye, and strong beak, crooked and big at the setting on, and in color, suitable to the plume of his feathers, as black, yellow, or reddish. The beam of his leg should be very strong, and according to his plume, blue, gray, or yellow; his spurs long, rough and sharp, a little bending, looking inward. For his color, the gray pyle, the yellow pyle, or the red with the black breast, is esteemed the best: the pied is not so good and the white and dun are the worst.

If he be red about the head, like scarlet, it is a sign of lust, strength and courage, but if he be pale, it is a sign of sickness and faintness.

For his courage, you shall observe it in his walk by his treading, and the pride of his going, and in his pen, by his crowing.

For the sharpness of his heel, or as cock-masters call it, the narrow heel, it is only seen in his fighting, for that cock is said to be sharp heeled, or narrow heeled which every time he riseth, hitteth and draweth blood of his adversary, gilding (as they term it) his spurs in blood, and threatening at every blow an end of that battail.

And these cocks are surely of great estimation, for the best cock-masters are of opinion that a sharp heeled cock, though he be a little false, is much better than the truest cock which hath a dull heel, and hitteth seldome; for though the one fight long, yet he seldome wounds, and the other though he will not endure the utmost hewing, yet he makes a very suddain and quick dispatch of his business, for every blow puts his adversary in danger.

## III.

But that cock which is both assuredly hard (game) and also very sharp heel'd is to be esteemed, and is of the most account above all others, and therefore in your general Election chuse him which is of a strong, sharp, good colour, throe valor, and of a most sharp and ready heel.

Now for the breeding of these cocks for the battail, it is much differing from those of the dunghill, for they are like birds of prey, in which the female is ever to be preferred and esteemed before the male, and so in the breeding of these birds, you must be sure that your hen be right; that is to say, she must be of a right plume, as gray, gressel, spekt or yellowish, black or brown is not amiss: she must be kindly unto her young, and of large body, well poked behind for large eggs, and well tufted on the crown, which shows courage; if she have weapons she is better, but for her valor, it must be excellent, for if there be any sort of cowardice in her, the chickens cannot be true.

And it is a note amongst the best breeders, that the perfect hen from a dunghill cock, will bring a good chicken, but from the best cock from a dunghill hen can never get a good bird, and I have known in mine own experience, that the two famousest cocks that ever fought in these days, the one called NOBLE, and the other GRISSEL, begot on many ill hens, very bad cocks; but the most famous hen JINKS, never brought forth ill bird, how bad soever her cocks were.

#### IV.

Having then unto perfect cocks got perfect hens (for that is the best breeding) you shall know, that the best season of the year to breed in, is from the increase of the Moon in February to the encrease of the Moon in March; for one March bird is ever better worth than three at any other season. You shall place her pen in which she sitteth, to stand warm, and to make her bed of soft and sweet straw, for they be much tenderer than the dunghill hens are; neither shall you suffer any other fowl to come in her view where she sits, for it will move her to displeasure, and make her to endanger her eggs.

You shall observe in her sitting, whether she be busie to turn her eggs, (which is a good sign in a hen) and if she be slack, you shall help her at such times as she risith from her nest, and be ever sure that when she cometh to her nest, to have meat and water ready for her; lest being forced to seek her food, she suffer her eggs to cool too much. Also, you shall have sand, gravel, and fine sifted ashes in the room where she sitteth, in which she may bath and trim herself at pleasure.

After one and twenty days, is the time of their hatching, and if when they are new hatched, she do neglect to cover and keep the first warm till the rest be disclosed, you shall observe her and take those that are first opened, and lapping them in warm wool, lay them within the air of the fire till the rest be hatched, and then put them all

under her, and keeping both the hen and them perfectly warm, for they be so tender, that the least cold will kill them, and suffer neither them nor the hen to go abroad into the air till they be a month old; and let them have a store of food, as oat meal, cheese parings, chilter-wheat and such like, and a large room to walk in, the floor being board; for the earth floor is too moist, and the plaister-floor too cold.

After they are a month, you shall let them walk in some grass court or green place, where they may have a store of worms, but by all means be sure there are no stinking puddles of water in it, no sinks, no filthy channels, for it is the greatest poison that can be to birds of this nature; and breedeth those diseases which are most mortal; if every morning before they go forth, you perfume them and their room with Rosemary, or Pennyroyal burnt, it is a great preservation against all those infirmities; or to chop leek blades amongst their meat is very good also.

In this sort you shall nourish them till you may distinguish the cock-chickens from the hen, and then seeing their comb or wattels but appear, you shall cut them away, and so annoint the sore with sweet butter till it is whole. This will make them have fine small, slender and smooth heads, whereas to suffer the comb to grow to bigness, and then cut it away, it will make him a gouty, thick head, with great lumps; neither is the flux of blood wholesome, for the least loss of blood in a feathered fowl is exceedingly mortal, and very dangerous.

You shall suffer your cock-chickens to go together with their hens till they begin to fight, and peck at one another, but then you shall separate them, and disperse them into several walks; and that walk is the best for a fighting cock which is farthest from , as at wind-mills, or water-mills, grangehouses and such like, where he may live with his hens without offence or company of other cocks.

Lodges in parks are also good, and so are covey warrens, only they are a little too much haunted with vermine, and that is dangerous.

Let the feeding place for your cock be on soft, dry ground, or upon boards; for to feed upon paved earth or plaister floors will make their beaks weak and blunt, and not apt to hold fast. Any white corn is good food for a cock on his walk, and so are toasts or crusts of bread steeped in milk, for it will both scour and cool them inwardly.

If your chickens begin to crow (not being six months old) clear and loud, or at unseasonable times, do not

esteem them, for it is an apparent sign of cowardice and falsehood; for the true cock is very long before he gets his voice, and when he hath it, he observes his hours with the best judgment. Unto your fighting cock three hens are sufficient, five at the most, for they are of hot nature, and will tread so much, they soon consume their natural strength.

## V.

The cock should not be put to the battail before he be two years old, at which time he is perfect and compleate in every member; for to suffer him to fight when his spurs are but warts, you may well know his courage, but never his goodness.

You must also have special care to the Perch whereon your cock sitteth when he roosteth, for if it be too small in the gripe, or crook'd, or so ill placed that he cannot sit but must straddle his legs, any of these faults will make an uneven heel'd, and whatsoever he was naturally, yet by this accident he will never be a good striker, for the making of the Perch either maketh or marreth the cock. Therefore to prevent this fault the best way is to have in your roost a row of little perches, not above seven or eight inches in length, and not a foot from the ground, so your cock may with ease go up to them and being set, must of force have his legs stand neer together. It is a rule, that he which is a close sitter, is ever a narrow striker.

Let the footstool of the Perch be round and smooth, and about the bigness of a man's arm.

Yet for your better knowledge, because words cannot well express these quantities, it shall not be amiss for you to go to some famous cock-masters house, and view his feeding pens, and according to those proportions frame your own; for the Perch is the making and spoyleing of any cock whatsoever.

Again, you must be careful that when your cock doth leap from his Perch, that the ground be soft whereon he lighteth, for if it be hard or rough, it will make your cock grow gowty, and put forth upon his feet.

## VI.

Now lastly, for the dyeting and ordering of a cock for battail, which is a SECRET NEVER YET DIVULGED, but kept close in the breast of some few; and forasmuch as in it only consisteth all the ground and substance of the pleasure, the best cock undieted, not being able to encounter with the worst cock undieted, you shall understand, that the time to take up your cocks, is at the latter end of August, (for from that time till that later end of

May, cocking is in request) and having viewed them well, you shall put them in several pens, the models whereof you may behold in every cock-masters, or inne-keepers house, having a moving perch in it, to set at which corner of the pen you please.

This pen should be made of very close boards well joyned together all but the forefront which would be open like a grate, one bar two inches distant from another; and before the grate, two troughs of soft wood, one for his meat, the other for his water. The door of the grate should be made to lift up and down, of such largeness, that you may with ease put your cock in and out, and daily cleanse the pen to keep it sweet and wholesome.

This pen would be at least three foot in height, and two feet in square every way, and many of them be joyned in one front, according to the bigness of the room in which they are built; and also one above another, only with overshadowing boards, so that one cock may not see another.

When your cock, as aforesaid, is put up in his penne, you shall for three or four days feed him only with old manchet, the crust pared away, and cut in square bits, and you shall give him a quantity of a good handful at a time. You shall feed him three times in a day, that is to say, at sun-rise, at highest noon, and at sun-set; you shall ever let him have before him the finest, coldest and sweetest spring water that you can get.

After he hath been thus fed four days, and his corn, worms, and gravel, and other coarse feeding gone from him, in the morning, take him out of his penne, and another cock also, and putting a pair of hots upon each of their heels, (which are soft bumbasted rolls of leather, covering their spurs, so they cannot bruise and hurt one another) and so sitting them down on the green grass, let them fight and buffet one another a good space as long as in their teaching they do not wound or draw blood one upon another; and this is called sparring of cocks; it heateth and chafeth their bodies, and it breaketh the fat and glut which is within them, and it maketh it apt to cleanse and come away.

After your cocks have sparred sufficiently, and that you see them part, and grow weary, you shall take them up, and taking off their hots, you must have deep straw baskets made for this purpose, with sweet, soft straw to the middle, and put in your cock, cover him with sweet straw up to the top, and then lay on the lid close, and there let your cock stowe and sweat till evening.

But before you put him into the stove, you shall take Butter and Rosemary finely chopt, and white sugar-candy,

all mixt together, and give him a lump thereof, as much as your thumb, and let him sweat, for the nature of this scouring is to bring away his grease, and to breed breath and strength. You may in time of necessity, for want of straw baskets, stowe your cock in a cock-bag, by laying straw both under and above him, but it is not so good, because the air hath more power to pass thorow it.

After four of the clock in the evening, you may take your cock out of the stove, and licking his head and eyes all over with your tongue, put him into his penne, and then taking a good handfull of bread, small cut to put it into his trough . . . . .

Now you shall understand, that the bread which you shall give him at this time, and all other times during his dieting, shall not be manchet, but a special bread made for the purpose, in this manner; you shall take of wheat meal half a peck, and of fine oat-meal flower as much, and mixing them together, knead them into a stiff paste with Ale, the white of a dozen eggs and half a pound of butter, and having wrought the dowe exceeding well make it into broad thin cakes, and being three or four days old and the blisterings of the outside cut away, cut into little square bits, and give it the cock.

There be some others that in this bread will mix licorice, aniseeds and other hot spices, and will also in the cock-water steep slices of licorice; but it is not commendable, for it is both unnatural and unwholesome, and maketh a cock so hot at the heart, that, when he comes to the later end of a battail, he is sufficated and overcome with his own heat; therefore I advise men of judgement, to take the best diet which is most natural and least contrary unto the fowls ordinary feeding.

But to return to my former discourse, after you have fed your cock this for all night, you shall the next day let him rest, and only give him his ordinary feedings of bread and water. Then the next day, (which is the second after sparring) you shall take him into a fair even green close, and there setting him down, having some dunghill cock in your arms, you shall shew it him, and so run from him, and entice him to follow you, and chase him up and down half an hour at least, suffering him now and then to have a stroke at the dunghill cock. And when you see that he is well heated and panteth, you shall take him up and bear him into your cock-house, and there first give him this scouring: Take of butter, which hath no salt, half a pound, and beat in a mortar with the leaves of the herb of grace, hyssop, and rosemary, till the herb cannot be perceived, and that the butter is brought to a green salve, and of this give the cock a roul or two, as



big as your thumb, and then store him in a basket, as is before said, till evening, and then feed him as was formerly declared.

The next day, you shall let him rest and feed, and the next day after, you shall spar him again; and thus every other day for the first fortnight, you shall either spar or chase your cock, which are most natural, and kindest heats that you can give him, and after every heat you shall give him a scouring, for this will break and cleanse from him all grease, glut and filthiness which lying in his body, makes him pursie, faint, and not able to stand out the latter end of a battail.

Having fed your cock thus the first fortnight, the second fortnight you shall also feed him in the same manner, and with the same food, but you shall not spar him, or give him heats above twice a week at most, in-somuch, that thrice or four times in the fortnight will be sufficient, and each time you shall store and scour him according to the nature of his heats; that is to say, if you heat him much, you shall store him long, and give him of your scouring the greater quantity; if you find that he is in good breath and needeth but slight heats, then you shall store him the less-while, and give him the less of the scouring.

Now in the third fortnight, which makes up the six weeks compleat, (being a time sufficient to prepare a cock for the battail) you shall feed him as aforesaid, but you shall not spar him at all, for fear of making his head tender or sore, neither give him any violent exercise, but only twice or thrice in the fortnight, moderately let him run and chase up and down to maintain his wind, and now and then cuffe a cock, which you shall hold to him in your hands; which done, you shall give him his scouring well rounded in powder of sugar-candy, white or brown, but brown is better, for the cock then being come to perfect breath and having no filth in his body for the scouring to work and cause operation upon the vital parts, and make the cock sick, which the sugar-candy will prevent and strengthen nature against the medicine.

## VII.

After the end of six weeks feeding, finding your cock in last and breath, you may fight him at your pleasure, observing that he have at least three days of rest before he fight, and well emptied of his meat before you bring him into the pit. Now when you bring him into the pit to fight, you must have an especial care to the matching of him, for in that Art consisteth the greatest glory of the cock-master, for what availeth it to feed never so well, if in matching you give that advantage which over-

throwith your former labour. Therefore in your matching there are two things to be considered; that is, the length of cocks, and the strength of cocks, for if your adversary's cock be too long, yours shall hardly catch him head, and then can never endanger eye nor life; and if he be the stronger, he will overpower your cock, and not suffer him to rise, and strike with any advantage; therefore for the knowledge of these two rules, though experience be the best tutor, yet the first, which is length, you shall judge by your eye when you gripe the cock about the waiste, and make him shoot out his legs, in which posture you shall see the utmost of his height, and so compare them in your judgement. Now for his strength, which is known by the thickness of his body, (for that cock is ever held the strongest, which is the largest in the girth) you shall know it by the measure of your hands, griping the cock about from the poynts of your great finger, to the joynts of your thumbs, and either of these advantages by no means give to your adversary; but if you doubt loss in one, yet be sure to gain in the other; for the weak, long cock will rise at more ease, and the short strong cock will give the surer blow; so that because ill cocks are not cast into a mould, there may be some reconciliation of the advantages, yet by all means, give as little as you can.

When your cock is equally matched, you shall thus prepare him to the fight: first, with a pair of fine cock shears, you shall cut all his neck, even from his head, unto the setting on of his shoulders, then you shall clip off all the feathers from his tail, close unto his rump, where the more scarlet that you see in his rump, in the better estate of the body the cock is.

Then you shall take his wings, and spreading them forth by the length of the first feather of his rising wing clip the rest slope-wise with sharp points, that in his rising he may there-with endanger the eye of his adversary: Then with a sharp knife you shall scrape smooth and sharpen his spurs.

Lastly, you shall see that there be no feathers about the crown of his head for his foe to take hold on, and then with your spittle, moistening his head all over, turn him into the pit to **MOVE HIS FORTUNE**.

When the battail is ended, the first thing you do, you shall search out his wounds, and as many as you can find, you shall with your mouth suck the blood out of them, then wash them with warm saline water, to keep them from rankling, and then presently give him a roul or two of your best scouring, and so store him hot as you can, both with the sweet straw and blanketing, in a close basket for all night, then in the morning take him forth.

and if his head be much swelled, you shall suck his wounds again, and bathe them as before.

And then having in a bag the powder ROBERT well dried, and finely SEIRST, pounce all the sore places therewith and then give the cock a good handfull of bread to eat, out of warm milk, and so put him to store again, in the same manner as before mentioned, and by no means let him feel the air until the swelling be gone; but twice a day, suck the wounds and dresse him and feed him, as is aforesaid.

But if he hath received any hurt, or blemish in his eye, then you shall take a leaf or two of ground ivy, (not that which is runneth along ground, and is of the ignorant so called, but that which grows in little tufts in having chewed it very well in your mouth, and sucked havin gchewed it very well in your mouth, and sucked out the juice, spit in the eye of the cock, and it will not only cure it of any wound, or blow in the eye where the sight is not pierced, but also defend it from the breeding place of films, hawes, warts, or any such other infirmities which quite destroy the sight. Observing that you do not cease to dress the eye therewith so long as you shall perceive any blemish therein.

Now if your cock have in his fight veyned himself, either by narrow striking, or other cross blows, you shall find out the wound and presently bind thereunto the fine soft down of a hare, and it will both staunch it and cure it.

For any other casual infirmities or sickness which shall happen unto cocks, look in the former book called CHEAP and GOOD and you shall find them set down at large; only I will give you this one final small remembrance, that after you have put forth your wounded cocks on their walks, and come to visit them a month or two after, if you find about their head any swollen bunches, hard and blackish at one end, you shall know that in such bunches are unsound cores; therefore, presently with your knife you shall open the same and crush out the cores with your thumbs, then wash out the corruption, if any, and fill the holes with fresh butter, and it will cure them.

Now this much for the nature of the fighting cock, and how to keep him for his best use for the pleasure of Princes.

#### CHAPTER VII.

We like to think that we have progressed in the arts of the brood yard and training coops, since the days of Markham, who wrote the above work over three hundred years ago, but I seriously doubt if we have in this day and age any strain of fighting cock that could stand six weeks of the sort of treatment given the cock in those days.

It must be remembered that at that period in England, cocks were fought with nature's weapons, and that neither rules nor the system of matching by weight had been adopted. The most diligent and painstaking search through many of the most famous libraries, both public and private, in Europe and America, has failed to yield a printed line referring to the training of either fighting cocks or race horses, ante-dating Markham's tract.

As the change of the breed of horses, and their management in England, was due to the invention of gunpowder, the management of the fighting cock; his breeding, rearing, training, matching and fighting, was changed to meet the conditions which followed the substitution of the weighing of cocks for matches for that of "measurements" and the substitution of artificial for natural spurs, and the adoption of rules governing their combats in the pit.

In Markham's day, there seems to have been a class of breeders of fighting fowls, who thought a "dash of cold blood" was desirable, which we infer from Markham's reference to it, when he tells us that: "the perfect hen from a dunghill cock will bring a good chicken; but the best cock from a dunghill hen can never get a good bird" and he proceeds to record instances of such matings to prove his claim.

Markham's reference to the dates when the cocking season commenced in England: "The birds are to be taken up at the end of August," furnishes a hint that much of his work on cocking was borrowed from the Celtic, for we know that in the Irish Sporting Carnival, called "Tailteann Games," which had been in vogue centuries before Markham's time, were held annually in the month of August, and formed part of the religious and political life of Ireland long before its conversion to Christianity.

The last occasion on which the Tailteann games were held, was under Roderick O'Connor, in 1168, although meetings continued to take place at Tailteann, now Tell-Town, on the Blackwater, near Kells, in a degenerate form until the beginning of the nineteenth century. They were abandoned owing to the rioting and disorders, which they gave rise to, when the games were no longer patronized by the better class of natives; and it was for the same reason that sports were abolished in Greece and Rome.

Whether these Irish games were borrowed from the Greeks, we do not now know, but that they were similar to the Greek sports and pastimes during the time of Themistocles, there is ample proof, in Celtic records still preserved in Ireland, waiting for the hand of the translator.

These games were held primarily for the purpose of

bringing all the minor Chiefs together at the beginning of the reign of each King—and held only once during his reign. At such assemblies the serious business of the nation, the promulgation of laws, the settlements of rights and usages, and matters arising therefrom, were the main object, after which the games took place, which consisted of horse races, "hurling," running, jumping, fighting between pugilists, cock-fighting, wrestling, etc.

There were also prizes awarded to the most distinguished representatives of the professions—law, history, poetry, the drama, medicine and the fine Arts.

Reference was made to Markham's work, by an Irish writer, in a small book, "CELTIC SPORTS AND PAST-TIMES" as having been borrowed from an old Irish work on cocking, but as there seems to be no proof in support of his claim, except tradition, with its thousand tongues, the substantiation of his claim will be left for some future historian.

However, we know from history, that from the date of the first English invasion, which was under King Henry II, who was the first of the Plantagenet line of English Kings, all of whom were cockers, all forms of sport were prohibited in Ireland.

One of the first official acts of King James I, who placed cocking and racing on the highest plane in England, that these sports had ever enjoyed, continued the confiscations and prohibitions in Ireland, which had begun under Henry II, and which were intensified by Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth and King Charles II, as well as Oliver Cromwell.

However, early American sports owe a debt of gratitude to King James I, for, after the first settlement in Virginia, of a permanent nature, which was fostered by James, and in whose honor, Jamestown, the oldest village in the Western World, was named, the Cavalier of England, came over, and brought with them sporting dogs, fighting fowls and race horses.

The Arringtons, of North Carolina, the Hausbroughs of Virginia and the Claibornes of Maryland, all had family records which proved that game cocks had been brought to this country many years before the reign of King James I. Nicholas Arrington, the founder of that family in North Carolina, had been a member of Sir Francis Drake's staff, when he circumnavigated the globe, and had brought game fowl from China, and when the Cavaliers landed in Virginia, they found cock-fighting the favorite diversion among the gentlemen in that section.

The reign of the Stuarts left an indelible impression

upon American history, religious and political, as well as sporting.

The Puritans fled to Massachusetts to escape the intolerance of James I, and his son's arbitrary zeal: the Catholics founded an asylum from English persecution in Maryland; and the Quakers sought civil and religious freedom amid the wilds and wild men of Pennsylvania, after vainly seeking it among their former brethren in affliction, the Puritans of New England.

It was the irony of fate, that among the most famous cockers of those turbulent times, were religious fanatics. The greatest cocker during the reign of King James I, was Sir Harry Vane, whose son cast his lot with the Puritans of Massachusetts, and before he had reached his twenty-fourth year, he was elected Governor of the colony.

He returned to England in 1637, and died on the scaffold, by the order of King Charles II.

King James I was succeeded by his son, Charles I, who took no interest in cocking, which had been the favorite diversion of his father. After reigning nearly twenty-four years, Charles was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell, a religious fanatic, who prohibited cock-fighting, (of which he was a devotee) not on humanitarian grounds, but for fear of Royalist meetings being held in the guise of cock-matches, as he knew from experience that the Royalists were without a single exception, devotees of the sport.

Neither Cromwell nor his prohibitions lasted long, and King Charles II ascended the throne, and with him as the leader, cocking was again the national pastime, and the Pyle cocks which were bred at Hampton Court for the King's exclusive pleasure, fought their way to everlasting fame.

Annual mains were instituted at Westminster cock-pit, rules governing the sport were said to have been adopted during his reign but if so, Samuel Pepys, the Diarist, failed to refer to them, except the "Poundage." He says: "Sometimes a cock that has ten to one against him will by chance give an unlucky blow, will strike the other stark dead in a moment that he never stirs more; but the common rule is, that though a cock neither runs nor dies, yet if any man bet ten pounds to a crown (\$50 to \$1) and nobody takes it, the game is given over and not sooner."

There must have been some sort of rules in vogue at the time, but the first system of which there is a known record, were printed in "Heber's List of Horse Matches," published in 1751, but it is reasonable to suppose, they had been in use previous to that year.

Artificial spurs had not then been introduced, nor had the system of matching cocks by weight, instead of by measurement, been adopted, nor were mains then fought, as all references to the sport at that time, were to "matches."

Captain Spencer Astley, a dear old friend of mine, whose home was at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, had in his possession, a contrivance, designed by his ancestor, Sir Richard Astley, for the measuring of cocks, which was in universal use in England during the reign of Charles II. I constructed an appliance of similar design, from a description of it, and I found it to be an accurate guage of weights of cocks. Regardless of their conformation they would not vary more than a fractional part of an ounce. However, it is a tedious performance.

William Gilliver also had a drawing of the Astley device, and a pamphlet written by Dr. Platt, in 1686, (printed "At the Sign of the Crown and Dial") the year after the death of King Charles II.

While there were numerous fashionable pits in London, Charles seemed to have preferred Newmarket.

The first newspaper published in England was in 1641, during the reign of Charles II, and we find frequent references to cocking in the columns of those musty old papers. On file at "Lark Hill," the ancestral home of the Jones family, which produced during the last three hundred years, many famous historians, statesmen, warriors, artists, financiers, all of whom were sportsmen of the first rank.

However, the files were not complete, and the first reference to cocking at Newmarket, appeared in the LONDON GAZETTE, February 28th—March 4th, 1678.

# THANKS TO J<sup>R</sup> MELLISH

The following Address was presented to the King of Denmark on his coming into the Cockpit at Newmarket, which his Majesty most graciously received with his usual condescending Affability :

*Great Sir,*

" In 1728 your Royal Grandfather honoured this Cockpit with his Presence, and seemed highly pleased with the Courage of our British Cocks. May your Majesty's Reign be long and happy !" and when the Infirmities of Nature shall pall the Relish of Enjoyment, may you, without Pain, retire to the Mansions of eternal Bliss (like him) replete with Age and Glory !"

**YORK COCKINGS.**—The long main of Cocks between Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. and H. F. Mellish, Esq. commenced fighting on Monday at the Grand Pit, without Bootham Bar, and concluded as under:—

SIR F. BOYNTON.		MR. MELLISH.	
<i>M. B.</i>		<i>M. B.</i>	
Monday .....	4 1	.....	2 1
Tuesday .....	2 0	.....	4 2
Wednesday .....	4 1	.....	2 1
Thursday .....	5 0	.....	1 2
Friday .....	5 1	.....	1 2
Saturday .....	4 2	.....	2 1
<hr/>		<hr/>	
24		12 9	

Setters — For Sir F. Boynton, Thompson, the feeder; for Mr. Mellish, Young Potter.

Betting.—Before fighting, 1 guinea for 20 on Potter; after Monday's fight, 5 to 4 on Thompson; after Tuesday's fight, 6 to 4 on Potter; after Wednesday's fight, 6 to 4 on Thompson; after Thursday's fight, 10 to 1 on Thompson.



"These are to give notice that there will be two great matches of cocking fought in HIS MAJESTY'S PIT, at Newmarket, the one in Easter Week next, and the other in the week following; and all gentlemen concerned therein are desired to send their cocks accordingly. The grand match will be in the week after Easter."

Cocking had reached its highest development at that time; the "Feeding" or training of fighting cocks had reached the estate of a fine art, and the most capable "feeders" were regularly employed at His Majesty's Pit, at Newmarket.

During my last visit to Newmarket, Felix Leach, who at that time trained a stable of "Steeple chasers" for King Edward VII, who was as fond of game cocks as were many of his most illustrious ancestors, pointed out to me the place where stood the cock-pit built by Charles II.

The following advertisement in the LONDON GAZETTE is significant, as it contains the first public reference to "Feeders" which appeared February 5th-9th, 1679.

"The Masters of His Majesty's Cock-Pit do desire all gentlemen that love the game to send in their cocks to the Pit at Newmarket in such seasonable time as they may be fit to fight, they intending to begin the said match on the 15th day of March: and THERE SHALL BE FEEDERS READY TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR COCKS."

So it would seem that the length of time which was designated by Markham, as necessary for the "ordering" of cocks for the pit, was still in vogue.

While a guest of Edward Atkins, a famous cocker of the Victorian period, he showed me the building which was used as the Cock-Pit Royal, at Windsor, which was a very busy resort, according to the numerous references to the sport in the LONDON GAZETTE. In 1684 there appeared the following advertisement:

"On March 9th will commence a great match of cock-fighting between two persons of quality, for very great stakes; to continue throughout the week."

It appears that one of the participants in the above mentioned matches, was not of high "quality" and the match was prevented by order of the King, and the name of the culprit erased from the "Who's Who" in cocking in those days, who was, however, more fortunate than Sir Thomas Jermin whose name has filtered through the corridors of time, in the "Harleian Manuscript" which proves the truth of Shakespeare's lines, "that the evil men do lives after them, and the good is oft interred with their bones."

According to the story, Sir Thomas Jermin, a famous cocker, who liked to bet, but he liked to make them

reasonably sure, so he sent his setter-to (pitter) with a dunghill cock, which resembled his own well known strain of birchen grey, to the pit in Shoe Lane, with one hundred pounds (five hundred dollars) which was handed to a confederate who bet it against the Jermin cock, which, after a buckle or two, ran away, and "every one wondered to see a cock of Sir Thomas 'cry craven', and away came the man with his money doubled."

While England's greatest cockers were of the Stuart line of Kings, who were of Scottish ancestry, cocking did not reach Scotland, except in the schools, until it was introduced there by the Duke of York, (afterwards King James II) in 1681.

Three years later there was erected at Leith the first cock-pit established in Bonny Scotland, and the sport immediately sprang into high favor.

After his accession to the throne, James II was too busy with internal disorders throughout the Kingdom, due to the mixing of politics with religion, to devote any time to his well-loved sport of cocking. However, the sport continued to flourish, and recent discovery in the manuscript left by the Duke of Rutland, proves that the cocking-bug had bitten the ladies of the court, as well as the gentlemen, for we find the following reference to it in a letter written by the Hon. Bridget Noel, April 30, 1687, to her sister, the Countess of Rutland.

"I am extremely sorry it is not possible for us to wait on my dear sister sooner than the 28th and and 30th of May, for there is a cocking and horse matches which we have promised to be at. My Lord Toonand (Thomond) will be at the great cocking, and Lord Barney and Lord Grandison and a great many more Lords that I do not know their names. It is said here it will be as great a match has ever as been. Barney intends to back our cocks with some thousands for he is on our side."

After the abdication of James II, things commenced to happen. The Revolution of 1688 was necessary to establish the liberties of England, on a firm basis, yet it was effected against the principles and prejudices of perhaps the larger part of the people, and owed its success to the foolish obstinacy of King James II.

When William Henry, of Nassau, Prince of Orange, a native of Holland, but of Stuart blood, was called to the English throne, it destroyed forever the foolish legend that Kings and Queens ruled by Divine Right. The people selected their rulers, who were permitted to rule only as long as they did not interfere with the rights and liberties of the people.

It so happened that King William III, the successor

of King James II, was a devotee of both racing and cocking, and to him belongs the honor of having fought the first MAIN of cocks, under rules, and in artificial spurs.

Lord Lytton refers to King William III (1694-1702) as follows: "William was an ardent cocker. He spent much time at the Newmarket pit and on wet days the cock-pit was enclosed by stars and blue ribands" which suggests that cocking in the presence of royalty was a function attended by the court and distinguished visitors in full dress.

The London POSTMAN of April 20-22, 1699, refers to His Majesty's presence at a cock-match: "On April 18, His Majesty hunted and in the afternoon went to the cock-pit where a battle royal of 9 cocks together at once upon the pit was fought; most of them were killed and two brothers carried the victory after fighting as long as both could stand by the other."

In April, 1698, Tregonwell Frampton, representing the King, and Lord Ross fought a main of twenty-five cocks, for five pounds (\$25) each battle and five hundred pounds (\$2500) on the odd, in silver spurs. The score was: Frampton 16, and Lord Ross 9.

The POSTMAN, March 2-4, 1699, contains an advertisement of cocking MAINS and racing, to take place at Swaffham, in Norfolk. The racing consisted of one match, between a horse owned by the King, and trained by Frampton, and a horse owned by the Duke of Rutland, who also fought a main of cocks.

The cocking lasted three days and three nights.

An entry in the Duke's diary refers to the FIRST ARTIFICIAL SPURS in the English language, which was as follows: April 6th, 1698, paid Mr. Sherbourne for six pairs of cock-spurs, at Newmarket, three pounds (\$15.00).

He evidently did not employ a regular cock-feeder, for we find in his diary the following item: "To the cock-feeder at Leicester, for feeding three cocks, seven shillings, six pence." (\$1.87).

Let us hope that the feeder was not overpaid.

William III was succeeded by Anne, to whom reference has been made, as having received as a wedding present from her uncle, King Charles II, upon her marriage to Prince George of Denmark, "that adjunct of Whitehall, which was called the cock-pit," for which she ever afterwards retained fervent affection. Her first official act as Queen Anne, was to declare war against France which involved most of Europe in the maelstrom.

Her most important business was transacted in the council chamber of the cock-pit at Whitehall.

During her reign, (1702-1714) cocking continued to

enjoy its age-old popularity in England, and extended to Denmark, where it was fostered and encouraged by King Christian V, who said: "Were I to lead an army against the great infidel of Constantinople, I would choose none but cockers for my commanders, and none but lovers of the sport for soldiers."

My friend Dr. Samuel Mellish, of England, sent me a copy of some correspondence of William Corby, who was the British attache to the Danish Court, in which reference was made to the high esteem in which cocking was then held by the King of Denmark, who regularly held cock-fights at appointed times, and always hung out "costly ensigns and rich flags, whereon is portrayed both the place of cocking and the very gestures of the cock."

The King had music to play "martial airs" when the cocks were brought upon the pit; and the birds and the weapons which were to be fastened upon their heels were displayed to the spectators before the cocks were set-to."

The breeding of game cocks in England was now taken up by farmers, in a commercial way, to supply the constantly growing demand for them by the Danes, as well as the English colonists in the new world.

A new work on cocking appeared, in 1709—which bore the attractive title of "The Royal Pastime of Cocking" by an author who merely added his initials (R. H.) to his masterpiece, which virtually revolutionized the old established system of feeding cocks for the pit, by Markham, though the "Sweating and Stoving" was advocated in a modified way, and two weeks was considered long enough in which to properly train, or feed cocks for the new style of fighting, which was with artificial weapons.

The old author bemoaned the fact that weighing had now taken the place of measuring; he thus registers his disapproval of the change.

"Then as for matching of cocks, 'tis now all the mode of late to weigh them, so that they be thick or thin, long or short they take their chance, falling in according to weight, let their shape be never so different. But in my opinion the good old way of matching small cocks is still the best way, and most exact: to measure them by hand, and match them by the eye, (if the handler have skill) will make them fall in tite; besides, a cock that is well fed shall weigh far lighter than one that is ill fed, or not fed at all."

If the spirit of those departed cockers, take any interest in the affairs of the cocking world in 1929, R. H. is hereby invited to attend a cocking tournament in either Pittston or Orlando, and try to induce the entrants to

match by measurements, instead of by weights. Good old Robert Howlett (if that's his name) would find more peace and contentment among the "shades" in the other world. We, of this age, of course, would not agree with Mr. Howlett about the advantage which he claims for the old system.

"The Royal Pastime of Cocking" was in every way, as might be expected, an improvement over Markham's work, for there had been nearly 100 years of cocking, practiced by the most intelligent gentlemen England had produced, up to that time.

The question of heels and heeling then were discussed as it is discussed today, and if we judge the future by the past, we are quite sure the same question will be discussed as fully 100 or 1000 years hence, and it will not then be settled.

Howlett credits the improvement in fighting cocks, to the care used in breeding, with special attention given to breeding to cocks with "deadly heels" but to this, credit must be given to Markham.

Howlett thought that the feeder should learn, by sparring his cocks, the exact place to point the spur, adding: "There can be no certain rule about breeding. Some cocks want heels very high—others very low—it depends upon the individual bird."

However, he neglected to refer to the styles of cocks which modern breeders claim to have developed, such as "single stroke," "shufflers," "high breakers," etc., and every boob heel maker, who wouldn't know a cock-fight from a tub of sauer kraut, offers to furnish heels to suit the "style" of any fighting cock. What were considered the "best colors" must have, during Howlett's time, formed a subject for frequent argument, but Howlett settles it in a few words—thus: "That color is best which you fancy most, be it black or white, red or dun, grey or pied or any other color whatever"—and they even resorted to poetry—for that was the romantic age.

"The scarlet cock my lord likes best,  
And next to him the grey, with throstle-breast,  
This Knight is for the Pyle, or else the black;  
A third cries, "No cock like dun-yellow-back,  
The milk-white cock with golden legs and beak,  
Or else the cuckoo—choose you which you will,  
Don Magnus swears (of all) these are the best,  
They heel, (says he) more sure than all the rest;  
But this is all mere fancy, and no more—  
The color's nothing, as I said before."

Howlett did not highly esteem the Flemish and Hol-

land giants of the barnyard, which were imported into England in large numbers during the reign of King William III, who had learned the art of cocking in his native Holland, and he made them popular in England, but Howlett very wisely deferred the publication of his book condemning them until William was safely gathered to his fathers. The foreign cocks weighed between 9 and 19 pounds, and the length of their bodies were between 30 and 40 inches from tip to tip. Howlett recognized the importance of gentle handling of cocks, in order to have them perfectly tame and fearless in the handling of them. Here, I think, is one of the best lines in his book: "Any roughness in handling will render a cock wild and man-shy, which is a serious handicap, and makes it impossible for a cock to do his best."

John Harris, the Cornish cocker, wrote me that there were never any except round spurs used in England, which I used in an article concerning the use of spurs in England, in the second edition of the *Cocker's Handbook* (1911) which was corrected the following year in *THE ARENA*, upon receipt of the following advertisement copied from an old newspaper found by Capt. B. H. Jones, in the London Museum.

"On Wednesday a single battle will be fought with sickles, after the East India manner, and on Thursday a Battle Royal, one cock with a sickle and four cocks with fair spurs. Friday a pair of shake-bags with fair spurs, and four matchable cocks which are to fight with sickles, lancet spurs and pen-knife spurs, the like never yet seen, for the amusement and entertainment of Foreign Ambassadors and gentlemen."

Whether this style of fighting became popular, there is no available record of which I have any knowledge.

Samuel A. Taylor, who was a clerk in the India office, London, with whom I spent many pleasant hours, visiting the sites of former cock-pits, of which he had a map, pointed out, among others, the most famous pit during the reign of Queen Anne, known as the Red Lyon, the rules which governed there were taken to Virginia by Col. John Turner, a famous cocker, and for more than 100 years they were universally used in the South, and I believe every standard set of rules ever used in America, borrowed something from the old Red Lyon Rules. There were more mains fought at the Red Lyon, for high stakes, than at any other pit in England. It was the favorite resort of the gentlemen of Essex, who must have had a grand strain of birds, for on numerous occasions they "met all England" in mains and matches which lasted a week, and they were invariably successful.

Agitation against cocking was very bitter during the reign of Queen Anne, who, however, had too much Stuart blood in her veins to pay any attention to fanatics, especially as her most loyal and devoted statesmen and soldiers were devotees of the ancient sport, among them, the Duke of Marlborough, who placed to the credit of this Queen, the battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and Gibraltar, by Sir George Rooke, and success of the army in Spain by the Earl of Petersborough, who was credited with having introduced the Spanish fighting cocks into England. Good old Anne, she knew more about picking fighters than did any of her ancestors.

Kipling was right: "The female of the species are more deadly than the male."

King George I, who was the first member of the House of Brunswick, and direct ancestor of the present King George V of England, succeeded Queen Anne, in 1714.

King George's mother was a granddaughter of King James I, but the Stuart blood was too far off to warm the sluggish Brunswick stream, and this monarch recognized cocking as the national pastime of the country which adopted him, cocking continued to flourish, while the King became the King of a faction, and seemed too dull to realize that the King of a faction is but a sovereign of half his subjects, in consequence of which, the reign of George I was marked with turbulence and bloodshed. However, cock-fighters are usually so deeply engrossed in their sports that they seldom become embroiled in social, religious or political disturbances, and that being their policy during the reign of George I, cocking continued to flourish.

As cocking and racing had progressed together for centuries, it was only natural that when Cheney commenced in 1726, to publish annually, a list of all horse races run that year, the nationwide interest in cocking demanded that a list of all cocking mains should also appear in that publication. So, in that year, for the first time in England, the report of all the most important mains appeared in Cheney's "Historical List of All Horse Matches Run in 1726." Reports of all important mains were published annually in the different racing publications, until 1840, when "The Racing Calendar" published a report of the main fought between the younger Potter, son of the famous Paul Potter, and Tom Hines.

That was the first important cocking main witnessed by the famous William Gilliver, who had reached the mature age of 14 years.

Among the famous cockers during the reign of King George I, were, of course, the Lords Derby, Sefton, Sir

Jonathan Jenkins, Sir Windsor Hunloke, the Dukes of Cleveland, Northumberland, Grandison, among the nobility, and among the gentlemen, Mr. Poole, Mr. Streatham, and a long list of names, of cockers of more or less importance.

Neither George I or George II took an active part in cocking, but Howell Morgan was listed as feeder for George II, at the pit at Newmarket, but there is no available record of any cocks fought there by the King.

Great progress had been made during the reigns of these two monarchs, and the sport seemed to constantly increase in popularity: Many sportsmen of great wealth were devotees of cocking, and after the system of fighting mains, instead of matches were introduced, great sums of money were frequently staked on the odd, or deciding battle, which was termed the "main."



During the Races a Main of Cocks, consisting of forty-three Battles, was fought between Hugo Meynell, Esq; and Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. for twenty Guineas a Battle, and four Hundred the Main; twenty-four of which were won by Mr. Meynell, and nineteen by Sir Charles Sedley.

The last great Cock Match betwixt Sir John Lade and Mr. Bullock, commences on Monday next. More money is supposed to be depending on this Main than has been laid upon any Main of Cocks for a century past. Sir John Lade has one bet of Three Thousand Pounds with Mr. Bullock, and it is said that Fifty Thousand Pounds is depending upon the event, in consequence of which scouts have sent to every part of the kingdom to collect the Cocks for the Amateurs of this barbarous sport.

**A**T the Cock Pitt Royal. THIS DAY, and all the week, will be fought the Fifth Great Match of COCKS, for 20 guineas a battle, and 500 the odd, between Sir John Lade, Bart. and Thomas Bullock, Esq. To begin at 6 o'clock.

LISTER,  
and  
GOODILL, } Feeders.

N. B. The Annual Gold Cup will be fought for on Friday, on the same week, to begin at 12 o'clock.

The main of cocks fought a few days ago, betwixt Dorsetshire and London, was won by the former; Wright feeder for Dorsetshire, and Cruttenden for London and Middlesex. Mr. Cruttenden fought in his old-fashioned suit.

The great main fought the week before last at Westminster, so long depending betwixt Nottinghamshire and Surry, was won by the former by many battles a head; young Blundell feeder for Nottinghamshire, and old and young Ellis both feeders for Surry. There were 31 main battles, and 23 byes. The knowing ones were taken in much at both meetings.



**BRITISH SHAWLS**

*Painted by Marshall. Hugo Meynell Strain*

King George III ascended the throne in 1760, and during his reign of 59 years, the most important chapter in American history was written, the War of the Revolution, was fought and won, with General George Washington, a devotee of cocking, commanding the American forces.

English chroniclers of sporting history, have maintained that neither of the Georges were addicted to cocking, but William Gilliver had in his possession documentary evidence which proved that his Uncle Joseph was employed as feeder for King George III, and that annual mains were fought for him at Windsor.

Those who are familiar with the social history of the time, and the agitation against cocking, will recall that John Wesley, a religious fanatic, who was so uncongenial that his wife refused to live with him.

Several biographers of John Wesley have found it necessary to justify his alleged "Christian friendship and close association with one Grace Murray," a widow, who became John Wesley's housekeeper, in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne. To his credit it must be stated that Wesley would have married her, but for the interference of his brother, Charles Wesley and his associate, Whitefield, in the Methodist ministry, who arranged a marriage between the charming widow, and an itinerant preacher of the same church, named Bennett, by whom she had a son, and who also became a minister, and it was the irony of fate that he found it necessary to publish a defense of her association with Wesley.

It was during the reign of George II that the fierce ministerial attacks were made on cocking by Wesley, and in 1748, one Jacob Rowell, a cocker (?) while on his way to the cock-pit, with a cock in a bag, was attracted by a crowd, which was being harangued by a Methodist preacher.

"Rowell, going to a cock-fight, saw a crowd flocking around the preacher, in the open air, and stopped, with his bag on his shoulder, to listen, when an arrow of truth pierced his heart. He became a praying man, and in 1748 began to exhort his neighbors in Allendale and Cornwood to 'flee from the wrath to come.' (History of Methodism, by Abel Stevens, L. L. D., page 257). On page 259, in the same book (Vol. 2), John Wesley said: "What have I been doing? What has my brother Charles been doing? This man (Jacob Rowell) will save more souls than both of us."

Meeting Lord Germain, one day, soon after he had commenced preaching, Rowell said: "My Lord, I have given up fighting cocks, and I am now fighting the Devil,"

to which Germain, who was a famous cocker, replied, "Well, Rowell, if you don't fight the Devil any fairer than you fought cocks, I'll have to be on the side of Beelzebub."

William Hogarth, in 1759 joined in with the reformers, who are usually persons of a vicious character, and low order of intelligence, attracted attention throughout England, by his drawings, which represented the seamy side of life, and in the series of the "Rake's Progress" appeared a picture called: "The Royal Cock-Pit." As a work of "Art," it is crude, but as it pilloried the foremost cocker of his time, the blind Lord Albemarle, who had rendered valiant service to his government, the picture received an uproarious welcome among the fanatics, and for more than 100 years, it has been used by that class in their assaults upon cocking. Such were the conditions in England when King George III reached the throne, and there was every valid reason why he did not openly participate in the sport.

But in spite of all the opposition which the fanatics could offer, cocking continued to flourish, and it was during the reign of George III, that the art of manufacturing silver spurs, reached its highest state of perfection, and so great was the business, which was for a time centered on one thoroughfare, which was given the name Cock-Spur Street, a name which it still bears, and which is a constant reminder to the lovers of the sport that it was once the center of a flourishing, necessary and lawful business.

While there has been, for nearly two thousand years, yearly reference to the Sport of Cocking, and occasionally a book of instructions for the cocker appeared, after the art of printing had been discovered, and brought to England in 1490, or thereabouts, all of which were useful, in a way, but it was not until 1774 that a work on the subject of breeding, of real value appeared. Its author was Thomas Dixon, a native of Yorkshire. Dixon was accused of plagiarizing the work of Isaac Hallam, 1742,

*To all Bookfellers, Venders of Pamphlets, and others.*

**WHEREAS** divers Copies of a printed Poem, intituled, *The COCKER, or Rules for Breeding Game-Fowl* [printed by Mr. Francis Howgrave, of Stamford, in the Year 1742] have by some Means, hitherto unknown, been secreted from the Author: And whereas divers Copies of the said Poem have also for some Time been publicly exposed and sold by several Bookfellers in London, and elsewhere, to their Correspondents in the Country, without the Knowledge; Privity, or Consent of the said Author, in whom the Property of the said Poem is now, and ever was, solely vested.

These are therefore to discharge all Bookfellers and others, for the future, from either piratically reprinting or vending the said Poem, without Leave of the said Author; for, by such undue Practices, they will be prosecuted as the Law directs; Orders being now given, by the said Author, to Mr. Edward Diaper, Attorney at Law in Boston, to proceed accordingly.

---

Reference will be made to this work in the chapter devoted to breeding.

The 12th Earl of Derby made his first appearance as a cocker, in 1775, but it was not until 15 years later that his name appeared in Heben's Racing Calendar, as a contestant: His opponent was Col. Wharton, whom he defeated, though previous to this main, Lord Derby had fought General Yates, whose cocks were fed by Joseph Gilliver.

William Gilliver claimed that General Yates represented King George III, basing his claim upon memoranda left by his uncle, Joseph Gilliver. Among the great cockers of the time, may be mentioned Sir Harry Bold Houghton, Hon. Thomas Leigh, Lord Clive, who sent the first fighting fowl from India to England, the Duke of Cumberland (the King's brother), the Duke of Northumberland, Doctor Bellyse, Hugo Meynell, and of course, Lord Derby, Lord Sefton, and Col. Mellish.

Thomas Dixon's work had revolutionized the breeding system, and Thomas Bourne, who had been Joseph Gilliver's assistant feeder, published the latter's feeding method, which had reduced the number of days recommended by Markham, from six weeks to ten days. Bourne's article was considered of sufficient importance to be given a place, and immortality in Rees' Cyclopaedia, in 1808.

Cocking continued to attract many of the most famous men of the time of King George IV, including that monarch, for whom Joseph Gilliver fed, with unvarying success, from 1820 to 1830.

With the reigns of King George III and King George IV, ended the long line of kingly cockers. By many religious "Historians" these were by them, termed the degenerate age of England, but this slander is disproved by the fact that a degenerate country cannot produce such eminent writers as Johnson, Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Goldsmith, Wraxall, Miller, Moore, Brooke, Paley, Lowth, Portens, Douglas, Law, Adam Smith, Priestley, Price, Bruce, Hunter, Bell, Bryant, Clara Reeve, Charlotte Smith, Montague, etc.

Medicine, during this period, reached its highest perfection. Dr. Jenner's discovery of vaccination made the cure of that most loathsome disease, smallpox, possible, and paved the way for Pasteur. Among the great and useful practitioners were Abernathy, Duncan, Bell, Cooper, Baillie, Morris, Littson, Heberden, Mosely, Sims, etc.

Among the painters, may be mentioned Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose style and beauty of elegance in portrait painting is still the marvel of the world of art. Sir Thomas Lawrence, William Beechey, Romney, Shee, Opie, Hoppner, Gainsborough, Claude Lorraine, Loutherbough, West.

In poetry, the golden age of cocking in England, produced Lord Byron, Beattie, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, Churchill, Lamb, Southey, Warton, Wordsworth, Shenstone, Cowper, and in the Drama, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Coleman, Morton, Home, Knowles, Cumberland, etc., and in Sculpture, Bubb, Chantry, Flaxman, Bacon, Westmascott and others of equal fame.

In theology, the work and writings of these dignitaries of the church take the highest rank: Bishops Hoseley, Tomline, Horne, Newton, Hard, Huntingford, Barrington, Knox, Sumner, and many other eminent divines, reflect glory upon the age and country in which they lived.

There is no architect today who could dispute the palm with Sir Christopher Wren, and among the other great names whose taste and genius have embellished the British capital, may be mentioned Sir William Chambers, Messrs. Nash, Rennie, Soane, and others.

These are but an infinitesimal fraction of the great number of the world's most useful men, who as boys, received the rudiments of education in the British Schools, where cock-fighting was an important part of the educational system, as has been proved in this work, and which forever brands as absolutely false the charges which were brought against this ancient inspiration of courage and fortitude to the youth of England.

Toward the close of the reign of George III, a great many crooks and sure-thing gamblers, seized upon this universally popular pastime for commercial purposes,

and many disreputable resorts were established throughout England, as "cock-pits" for the reason that they could always be sure of attracting a crowd, which they proceeded to rob with gambling devices.

In defense of the people's sport, many of the foremost cockers of the time, who were hereditary members of the House of Lords decided that a law prohibiting the licensing of public pits would abolish the crooks and grafters, and with this end in view, such a law was passed during the reign of Queen Victoria. It required nearly twenty years of legal battling of wits among the Lords to win a majority in favor of the Act. Such was the conservatism of the sportsmen of old England. The law did not prohibit cocking, but it made the MAINTAINING of a PLACE for cock-fighting illegal. Lord Derby, who was a member of the House of Lords, as also was Lord Sefton, both of whom voted for the Bill, continued their cocking activities, as did every sportsman in England, but the mains were privately fought, with every vestige of commercialism abolished, and many of the oldest cockers in England told me that after the Victorian Act, cocking reached its very highest and most glorious era. The old custom of fighting cocks in the schools on Shrove Tuesday had been virtually abandoned by 1840, but it was not until 1867 that it was legally prohibited, but it must be remembered that its repeal was not due to opposition to the old custom, but because the School Masters, many of whom were ministers, continued to collect the annual "Cock-Penny," which formed the base of the complaint against the system by Prof. Fitch, one of the School Commissioners, who stated in his report, that "this old cocking custom, was at that date (1867) still the occasion for charging a guinea and a half, (\$7.50) to each scholar at Sedgeberg School; the Master receiving a guinea, (\$5.00) and the Usher half a guinea, (\$2.50), FOR WHICH THE SCHOLARS RECEIVED NO EQUIVALENT." He further stated that, "at other free schools similar fees are collected."

To say that cocking is "dead" in either England or Ireland, would be untrue. There are still descendents of cockers who were famous in England and Ireland three centuries ago, breeding and fighting cocks.

The last time I saw King Edward VII, was at the Liverpool Races. I was standing in the paddock with William Gilliver and Felix Leach, his trainer of steeplechasers. The King was more democratic than any of the stud grooms one would meet there. He greeted us all cordially and especially Gilliver, whom he addressed as "Bill". He knew that not only "Bill" but a long line of

Gillivers had served both himself and his ancestors, as cockers.

But the true story of cocking in England, since its prohibition, will never be told—at any rate, during the lifetime of THOSE WHO KNOW IT for there are certain restrictions, and certain obligations involving honor, expected of “those present.”

I may say, without violating any confidence, that there, perhaps, was never a main fought at any time in the world's history, that attracted as much attention in England and Ireland, as did the main between the Rt. Hon., the Earl of Clonmell, of Bishop's Court, County Kildare, Ireland, for whom I fed and handled the American cocks, which had maintained an unbeaten record of victories for more than a quarter of a century, and The Rt. Hon., the Earl of Sefton, of Croxteth Hall, Liverpool, whose strain had been unbeaten in the hands of William Gilliver, who fed and handled for him.





1. Lord Clonmell. 2. Andrew P. O'Connor. Dublin, Ireland, 1906

Lord Sefton was, at the time, a member of King Edward VII's cabinet. It was said by those who were in a position to know, that no cocking event was ever witnessed in England by a more distinguished audience than that which was present at the first international cocking main. It was fought at "Lark Hill," the beautiful estate of the Jones brothers, near Liverpool, which is close to both "Croxteth," the 48,000-acre estate of Lord Sefton, and the 20,000-acre estate of Lord Derby, which is famous the world over as "Knowsley."

That main, and subsequent mains which I fought in England, stimulated activity in the sport, with the result that there are hundreds of new recruits among the gentlemen who have the means and facilities to carry it on, and if we judge the future by the past, it is safe to predict that cocking will survive and continue to flourish while there is a true Briton or a true Irishman on top of this earth.

The last shot that was fired into the ranks of the enemies of cocking, was fired by Admiral Rous, through the *London Times* in the following letter:

13 Berkeley Square,  
London, 17th June, 1875.

To The Editor of The *London Times*:

Sir—A motion in the House of Commons to increase the punishment to Her Majesty's subjects who indulge in the most ancient and royal amusement of cock-fighting induces me to trespass on your columns.

It has been argued that it is a wise policy to forbid this sport, owing to its cruelty.

On this principle why not make pigeon shooting illegal, when fat Herods standing over the traps slay the innocents? Why not legislate against hunting, coursing, fishing? In the latter amusement what can be more brutal than impaling worms on hooks or trolling with live bait to catch pike? Playing with a fine salmon on your hook is a pleasant pastime, although the victim differs in opinion; neither is there much to be said in favor of grand battues, where hundreds of birds and ground game escape mutilated, to live a miserable life, or to be eaten by rats.

All these amusements must of necessity be cruel, but they are sanctioned by the upper classes, and the cruelty is ignored.

With respect to the champions of the cock-pit, is it a greater boon for a young cock to be well fed and reared to fight a battle; if victorious to be pitted for the remainder of his life, with half a dozen little hens for his comfort, or to cut his throat early in life to satisfy the

appetite of a carnivorous man; and this man, who daily is an accessory to the murder of youth, in the shape of veal, lamb, and spring chickens, prides himself on his amiability, and in the House of Commons expatiates on the cruelty of allowing pugnacious birds to contend in fair fight, to the admiration of thousands of good, honest men, who delight in such specimens of first-rate pluck and courage.

A vegetarian may indulge in such romance, or a fak'r who declines to wash or comb his hair for fear of disturbing a happy family.

It must be clear to every man in this country there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; the snob sticks to the former, but the thoroughbred gentleman stands by the poor man.

In ancient times the game-cock was considered an emblem of divinity by the Syrians and Greeks.

When Themistocles besieged Dalmatea, he commanded that two cocks should be fought in the open view of his army, and exhorted them to behave as these stout-hearted creatures fought.

Pompeius Mela proves that Sereus was not able to conquer Britain until he had rendered his principal officers passionately emulous of glory by establishing a main of cocks every day before them.

The soothsayers warned Mark Antony to "take heed" of Caesar because his cocks were always beaten by him.

The great Gustavus told the King of Denmark: "he had no cause to fear the imperialists, since they had given up cocking and were devoted to drinking and dancing."

Christian, King of Denmark, said: "Were I to lead an army against the great infidel of Constantinople, I would choose none but cockers for my commanders, and none but lovers of cocking for soldiers."

Our Henry VIII built a stately cockpit in Whitehall\* where he often disported himself among his most noble and loving subjects. The dying speech of Sir T. Urquhart, who was wounded at the Battle of Naschy, was, "My King and a good cock I have ever loved, and like a good cock in my sovereign's service I gladly now expire."

A Mr. Wilson, in the last century, advises all men "who take delight in this delicious and pleasant pastime never to forsake or alienate themselves from it, so long as it please the Almighty to bless and prosper them" and he adds: "that we are bound to encourage cock-fighting among ourselves and to discourage it among all foreign nations."

If cocking, formerly a grand sport with the great

nobles of this Kingdom, be now a sin, I am an old and hardened sinner.

In 1827 in command of H. M. S. RAINBOW, I brought ten English-bred cocks from Sidney, Australia, to Malacca, and fought ten battles with a Chinese merchant who had defeated all the Malays.

We won every battle, and I would go two hundred miles to see a main between the Cheshire Pyles and the Lancashire Black-Reds, if there were no legal prohibition.

Any amusement which creates alliances and augments friendly acquaintance adds strength to the Empire, for united we stand; and the monotony of human life is relieved by any salutary diversion.

I finish by a quotation by an ancient writer: "We, in our shortsighted wisdom deem ourselves superior to our progenitors, and ridicule their pastimes and pursuits, forgetting that in a few years another generation will hustle us off the stage, and will revenge our treatment of our ancestors by treating us with similar indignity."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. T. ROUS, Admiral.

(Reprint from *The Cocker's Hand Book*, 1911).

The motion in the House of Commons which Admiral Rous denounced so vigorously through the columns of *THE LONDON TIMES*,—to "increase the punishment of those who indulged in the ancient pastime" but who could do so without violating the Act of 1849. (Victoria, 12, 13, C 92, Sec. 3) This act only prohibited the fighting of cocks in PLACES WHICH WERE KEPT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

Under this law, gentlemen could fight mains in their drawing rooms, stables, or in any place which was not conducted as a public pit.

A test case of the Victoria Act had been made by Messrs. Greenhalge and Morely, in 1863.

The cockers had been convicted under the above Act, but the case was appealed to the highest court, which rendered a decision favorable to the sportsmen, on the ground that the Stone Quarry, where the main was fought, did not come within the meaning of the Act; the Stone quarry was not "kept" for the purpose of holding cock-fights. But the fanatical parsons are a resourceful lot, as was proved two years later, when William Gilliver and the Marquis of Hastings were fined five pounds sterling, for participating in a main at the Queen's Head Tavern, London, on April 21, 1865. The Tavern had not been kept as a place for a cock-pit; the main was fought in the main dining room, after dinner, the tables and all furni-

ture except the chairs had been removed, and were put back in place, and breakfast had been served the following morning before the officers arrived.

While the magistrate could not convict the 158 spectators, including the principals, for cock-fighting under the law, they were each fined five pounds sterling (\$25.00) for "abetting" which is equivalent to our spurious law, which is termed "disorderly conduct."

From 1849 to 1874, The Bay Horse Inn, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, conducted the Callowgate pit without hinderance, and many a famous main was fought there under the original management which used discretion in issuing invitations to these "select events." But in a moment of ill-considered action, the new owners attempted to conduct an open house, and in the Spring of 1874, a main, in which William Gilliver was a principal, was raided, and all spectators were fined five pounds.

It was this raid which aroused the Political Parsons, who took their choice morsel to the House of Commons, in 1875, and which brought forth the letter written by Admiral Rous, England's foremost sea-fighter, as well as the leading sportsman of his time.



*Picture of O'Callaghan's yellow birchen cock; won deciding battle in main for George Lowther, March 17, 1792.*

On the 17th past ended, 'at the Cock-Pit Royal in Essex Street, Dublin, the great Cock Match betwixt George Lowther and William Burton, Esqrs. for 10 Guineas a Battle, and 1000 Oultras the Main. Ouldred and Scot, Feeders. The Main consisted of 27 Battles, 14 whereof were won by Ouldred, and 13 by Scott. There were 14 Bye-Battles, 9 whereof were won by the former, and 5 by the latter.

## COCK-FIGHTING IN IRELAND

---

We learn from history that the Celts formed the first of those vast waves of Indo-European immigration that, first from the Himalayas and then from the Caspian Sea, spread themselves over Europe, and brought with them their sports and pastimes. This people, of unknown antiquity, not only at one time held all of Western and Central, but also an important part of Southern Europe, and their armies threatened Rome and Asia Minor. The Irish are, perhaps, the purest of the Celtic race.

At the time when Ireland became known to the Greeks and Romans its inhabitants were Celts. Erin was the original name of the Island, and it means "West Side."

It was changed by the Greeks into Ierne, and by the Romans, who made no endeavors to subjugate the Island, into Hibernia.

During the whole period of the rule of the Romans over England, the history of Ireland is enveloped in profound obscurity, but we have it on the authority of Tertullian, a Roman historian, who was born A. D. 150, that the Irish had received their Christianity, not from Rome (as did all other Christian countries) but from the East, which was shown by their aversion against the institutions of the Church of Rome. In the third Century, missionaries were sent out from Ireland. Celestius, the friend and colaborer of Pelagius, an English monk, was, according to Jerome, an Irishman, and the son of Christian parents, all of which proves that the Irish were converted to Christianity before the visit of St. Patrick, and that the Irish were a highly civilized and cultured race, while their neighbors in England were under the influence of Pagan Rome.

At what period cock-fighting was introduced into Ireland, we have no record, but cocks were very likely brought there by the original Celts.

The first reference to cock-fighting we find in Irish literature, is a translation from the Latin of Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, in Africa, who was born in Tagaste, Numidia, Nov. 13, 354. Thousands of Roman Catholic churches have been named in honor of St. Augustine, and whenever I see one so named, I am reminded that he wrote the following tribute to fighting cocks:

"We began to go to the baths. There before the doors we saw two cocks beginning a very vigorous fight.

It pleased us to stand and watch, for what is there we are not eager to see that is suggested by the beauty of reason? As it was possible to see these same cocks, their heads stretched out forward, their feathers sticking out, their hard blows, their cautious avoiding of them, and in every movement of these living creatures without reason, nothing that was not becoming, because a higher reason was regulating all they did.

You could see law in the actions of the conqueror; his proud crowing and his limbs collected, as it were, into a ball in the pride of his superiority. Then how the other cock showed signs of defeat, its feathers drawn out from its neck, and in its movements everything disorderly, and by that very fact fitting in with the laws of nature and the beautiful. It is only by courage that we may hope to achieve victory and happiness here and hereafter."

It was not until nearly 700 years later, that we find the first reference to cock-fighting in English literature, but we know that it was introduced into the English schools by the Romans, and that when it was referred to by Fitzstevens, it was an established system, (1154).

Cock-fighting was never a part of either the social, political or educational system in Ireland as it was in England, therefore, there are but few references to the sport in Irish literature.

The same applies to Indo-China, and Southern Asia, the place of its origin, as well as to Asia-Minor, Carthage, Greece and Rome.

However, we know from scraps of history found in early Irish literature that cock-fighting has always been a favorite pastime among that war-like race.

While Ireland was never under either Greek or Roman influence, and there is no record of the Phoenicians ever having traded with the natives, as they did with the English, I believe that many of the Irish sports, including running, jumping, boxing, wrestling, horse racing, etc., if they did not originally exist in Ireland, were borrowed from the Greeks. The *Tailteann Games*, to which reference has been made, included all the athletic games practiced by the Greeks. The only difference was, the Greek games and combats, including cock-fighting, were made part of a religious institution.

The *Pancratiun* was the favorite athletic contest of the Irish, as it was of the Greeks. It was the roughest and most dangerous of all athletic contests.

There is a story in Rollin's *History of the Greeks*, of a *Pancratiast*, in one of the Olympic games, named Arrichion, who, perceiving himself almost suffocated by



his adversary, who had got fast hold of him by the throat, at the same time that he held him by the foot, broke one of his enemy's toes, the extreme anguish of which obliged him to ask quarter at the very instant that Arrichion himself expired.

The Agonothetae crowned Arrichion, though dead, and proclaimed him victor. Philostratus has left us a very lively description of a painting which represented this combat.

There are numerous references, in early Irish literature, to similar combats.

When the first Irish rules of cock-fighting were formulated, the cock that fought last was victor, though dead, and perhaps it was due to this rule, that the Irish cocks, above all others, have exhibited the highest type of courage, as a greater premium has always been placed on gameness by the Irish than upon victory, when the courage of the victor was in doubt.

The "code duello" which governed affairs of honor between gentlemen in all countries, had its origin in Ireland, and it was always the proud boast of the Irish, that while Greece, Rome and England found it necessary to have cocks fought before the youths of their countries, in order to inspire them with courage, it was unnecessary in Ireland, and cocks were fought by them purely as sport.

The history of Ireland's connection with England, dates from the middle of the twelfth Century, and it was brought about through internal warfare, and proved the truth of the age-old proverb, that: "A House divided against itself cannot stand."

In the year 1156, Dermot MacMurragh, King of Leinster, was deposed for his tyranny, and he sought the aid of King Henry II, of England, who, armed with "authority" from Nicholas Breakspeare, an Englishman known in Roman Catholic history as Pope Hadrian, Henry found it an easy matter to enlist ignorant Irishmen in his army, for the purpose of enslaving their brethern.

The "Annals of Lough Ce" describes with pathetic brevity the change wrought in Ireland: "Earl Strongbow came into Erin with Dermot Mac Murragh, to avenge his expulsion by Roderick, son of Turlough O'Connor; and Dermot gave him his own daughter, and a part of his patrimony, and Saxon foreigners have been in Erin ever since."

One of the first acts of the invaders, was to prohibit cock-fighting, though Henry himself was passionately fond of the sport, and it was during his reign, that William Fitzstephen's Latin tract, referring to cock-fighting in the English schools, appeared (1154).

At that time there were many Danish noblemen residing in Ireland, who had adopted the sport of cock-fighting, and after the English invasion, these families returned to Denmark, and it was by them, according to Doctor Samuel Mellish, a friend of mine, that cock-fighting was introduced into Denmark, to which reference has been made in another chapter.

Many of the wealthy Irish landowners, placed their material above their spiritual welfare, and disposed of their property, and moved to England, where they could enjoy their favorite sports unhampered by prohibitions, such as the English invaders inflicted upon the Irish.

Many of the most famous cockers in England, among the nobility, traced their origin to these early Irish emigrants, who were, in many instances, members of the nobility in Ireland, as for instance, O'Neill and O'Brien went to London to be invested as the Earls of Tyrone and Thomond, respectively.

O'Donnell, whose descendants became Earls of Tryconell, went to the Court of London and were well received. Later, the Mullineux family went to England and became the Earls of Sefton, and the Scotts, the Earls of Clonmell. From Ireland England eventually drew her greatest statesmen and greatest warriors—Lord Nelson, the greatest sea-fighter that ever lived, and the Duke of Wellington, whose military genius was not inferior to that of Napoleon.

But the Irish who remained on the tight little isle suffered all the pangs and privations resulting from wars, pestilence and famine, and at the end of seven hundred years of oppression, the Irish spirit was unbroken.

All the vast estates of our own family had been confiscated hundreds of years ago, and on my numerous visits with Lord Clonmell, I traversed the ancestral lands of my progenitors, who were sacrificed on the altar of English greed.

According to tradition, the various Irish strains, or as they termed them "Breeds" of game fowl, were known by the name of the "tribe" to which they belonged, which would seem to prove that the early Celtic tribesmen brought their fighting cocks with them from Asia, in the early dawn of history.

In color, confirmation, action in battle and fighting courage, they are, today, unlike any game fowls I have ever seen that do not owe their origin to Irish "tribal" strains.

How, through all the centuries of oppression, the Irish breeders managed to perpetuate their game fowls

and retain all their excellent qualities, is one of the mysteries of the world.

There were three separate and distinct colored families of fowls or "tribes" in Ireland, two hundred years ago—which were, for all we know, the same breeds which the original Celts brought with them—Brown red, black, grey and yellow birchen.

Among the dozens of old oil paintings I saw in Ireland, the cocks, without a single exception, were of these colors, and any one of dozens of cocks I saw there twenty years ago, would pass for the originals of these old pictures, the last of which was dated 1804.

What system of breeding was in vogue in Ireland in the early days, we have no written record of, but judging from the regularity in all essentials which was characteristic of these strains, they must have been in-bred.

William Gilliver told me that Matthew Herrisford could pick out the shells of eggs laid by his hens, even if broken up and mixed with other shells, and he proved it.

I doubted the truth of the story at the time, but it did not take me long to understand how it was done, after I had bred his fowl a year.

The shells are chalk white and of a distinctive texture, and unlike any other eggs that I have ever seen. Both John Harris and William Gilliver were positive that where the egg shells are of a pink or brownish tint, it is an indication of modern Asiatic blood.

Even the Lord Seftons which are said to be the purest of the Lord Derby light reds, with daw eyes and white legs—and they all look alike, lay eggs with a brownish tint, but according to Mr. Gilliver, who had charge of the Sefton fowl for nearly half a century, was sure that there had been no outcross in them during that time. The O'Callaghan's and O'Kelleys were the leading cockers in Ireland during the time that cocking was at its highest peak in England, and the Nunis yellow birchens, which were Irish, were among the leading strains in England. Mains between Ireland and England were of frequent occurrence during the 18th century, mostly between the Irish Gentry and English Army officers, who were stationed at Dublin, the Curragh, Clonmel, Meath, Limerick, Wexford and Cork.

Then as now, the victories were invariably won by the native cocks. English cocks when brought to Ireland were handicapped by the voyage over land and sea, and likewise, the Irish cocks were handicapped when taken to England to fight, but both Gilliver and Harris, who fought many international mains, agreed that the Irish

cocks were the strongest and gamest, but the English cocks could out-fight them.

My experience was different.

In the numerous mains that I fought for Lord Clonmell against Lord Sefton, Mr. Muscott and others, including Joe Cannon, I fought many native Irish cocks—by "native" I refer to cocks of pure and ancient Irish ancestry, and not the Duryea and Kearney which were bred by Lord Clonmell in Ireland—and they were just a little better than the cocks they met.

The English sportsmen, guided by previous experience, regarding the handicap under which Irish cocks were fought in England, made the odds \$100 to \$80 in favor of the English, but after our first big main with Lord Sefton, in which our cocks were really not in first class condition, I learned enough to overcome the age-old handicap, and we mowed them down like wheat before a scythe.

The first main with Lord Sefton and Capt. B. H. Jones, ended in a draw, but we really won it twice. There were 10 matches: we won the first five, which should have given us the main. I lost a battle on the "poundage" when my cock was "knocked crazy" but amidst the babel of noise, I did not hear the "poundage" which over there is, \$50 to \$1 (ten pounds to a crown), so the artful Gilliver got away with it.

After the main had ended in a draw, I asked Lord Sefton to fight the same two cocks over again, to which he agreed.

When Mr. Atkins, the referee, assured those present that we were fighting the same pair of cocks, the betting started at \$100 to \$25 against me, and before the cocks were heeled, the odds were \$100 to \$20.

If I had lost, I would not have had the price of a postage stamp. I won the fight, and it was the hardest fought battle I ever saw in any pit.

My cock, a slashing fine Duryea, had shown more class in training than any cock I ever fed, and his accidental defeat put an awful crimp in my bank-roll. I won the renewed battle, and won the largest amount of money I ever won on a single battle, before or since.

Never having been a good financier, I took the precaution to leave \$2500 of my winnings on deposit in a Liverpool bank to bet on the first main we fought in England the next year.

But I've gone ahead of my story. While, as I have stated, there is no authentic written records of the status of the sport in Ireland at any time in its history, John Wesley, the Evangelist, who made frequent trips to Ireland along about the year 1748, in his soul-saving excur-

sion, made copious notes in his journal, of the universal prevalence of cock-fighting in Ireland, though it was illegal, that no village, town, city or hamlet was without its cock-pit, which were patronized by all classes, just as they were in England.

How life in all its phases has changed in both countries!

Most of the great old English strains have been ruined by crossing with the Asil, and nearly all the old Irish strains have been ruined by crosses with the English fowl.

The last of the Herrisford fowl were bought for me, by Lord Clonmell. I say "bought" which is hardly true, as the old aristocratic ladies who had them, refused to sell, but agreed to let Lord Clonmell have them, if he would donate \$1,000 to certain charities in which they were interested, which he did.

The lot consisted of five cocks and five hens, ranging in age from 10 months to 4 years.

Only two of the cocks—a brown-red and a yellow birchen—were fit to use, and only 4 of the hens—3 brown reds and one yellow birchen.

These strains were the progenitors of the fowls the late Michael Kearney brought to this country about 50 years ago.

After defeating every first class strain of fighting cocks in England, Ireland and Spain, with the Duryea, and Kearney cocks, and some of my own, Lord Clonmell quit the sport just when the war with Germany was "brewing." Then the Birrill Land Act, in Ireland, made it possible for landowners to dispose of entailed property, Lord Clonmell had 28,000 acres near the town of Clonmel, in Tipperary, and several thousand acres in Kildare, just outside the City of Dublin. He then took up his estate in Warwickshire, England, and just as he was about settled there, the war broke out. He joined his regiment, and served with distinction throughout the war, and, like thousands of other gallant men, has never recovered from wounds and hardship. He was the greatest plunger on the English turf, and bred many great race horses.

He refused \$30,000 (then a record price) for a mare named "White Lilac," which was offered by King Edward VII.

Lord Clonmell is one of the finest and most loyal friends I have ever known.

No matter where he was, whether at home, surrounded by his friends, away on vacation, or in the trenches, he could always find time to send me a few lines, or a long

letter, always cheery and interesting.

He made many voyages to this country and Canada: shot big game all over the world, and as a trap-shot he had few equals. I was his guest at Monte Carlo, at the Pigeon Shoot, in which King Alfonso of Spain, was a participant. He introduced me to King Alfonso, King Edward, and his son, who is now King George V, and nearly all of the foremost sportsmen in Europe, and I was surprised to find them all, without a single exception, more democratic, more congenial and more friendly than the average "Babbitt" in this, my native land.

Cock-fighting is still illegal in Ireland as it is in England, but it is extensively carried on in both countries, privately, and with the same high-class sportsmen in attendance that it has always attracted.

After I had fought three mains in England, in 1905 and 1906, two of which I won, and fought one draw, several of my friends suggested that I write the history of cocking in Ireland, England and the United States. The idea appealed to me, as it had been in my mind for years.

Arrangements were made for me to go through the old books, newspapers, etc., in the British Museum, and the libraries at "Lark Hill," the ancestral home of the Jones family, "Knowlsley," the home of the Lords of Derby, "Croxeth," the home of the Lords of Sefton, "Bishop's Court," the Irish home of the Lords of Clonmell, and other old established homes in both countries, which contained old books referring to cocking.

I spent several months pleasantly engaged in ransacking through these literary treasures, and in 1911 I had the work ready for the printer, and sent it to Capt. B. H. Jones for review. It was to have been published by subscription for private distribution, at the expense of the gentlemen there who were interested in it.

In addition to a compilation of all useful data referring to cocking, it contained the full and complete story of my cocking experience over there, in which the names of all the important personages who had attended these mains were mentioned. All who were consulted about it and who had read the manuscript, except the Earl of Clonmell and the Earl of Sefton, who were the principals in the most important mains, decided that the publication of the names of visitors would bring down upon them the wrath of the UNCO GUID, and it was decided to publish the work, and leave the story of our mains for some future commentator, when we were all dead, to publish the story. I could not then share their views, and protested against deleting a line of my story.

Lord Sefton was then a member of King Edward VII's

cabinet, and all the social, political and sporting world knew of his devotion to the sport of cocking, which he had inherited from a long line of ancestors. However, the opponents of my up-to-the-minute history, won, and the work, the title of which was: "Cocking and Its Votaries" never reached the printer. Several typed copies of it were made, beautifully bound and presented to a favored few.

The war interfered with their plans, whatever they were, regarding the publication of the chapters dealing with the antiquity of cocking. I have seen many references to cocking in the olden times, which could have been obtained nowhere else, except from my compilations, but as they were done in a more artistic manner than I could have done it, I am glad that I was of some service to these chroniclers, not one of whom were cockers, for the reason that a general knowledge of the sport and its importance in the early history of the country, and the high character of its votaries, will eventually destroy the prejudice against it which was fostered by fanatical Evangelists, many of whom are themselves immoral.

A few years ago, Capt. Lawrence Fitz-Barnard, published his very interesting book "Fighting Sports." The first section of which was devoted to cock-fighting. No reference was made to the international mains in which I participated, though he must have known about them, as a picture of William Gilliver and William Griggs was reproduced. That picture was taken the day I beat George A. Mascott, at "Lark Hill." Gilliver and Griggs fed the Muscott cocks, which up to that time were the unbeaten Gilman grays.

There was no reason why Capt. Fitz-Barnard should not have referred to that, as well as the other mains which I won against the best cocks in Europe, in the hands of the best cockers of their day.

There was only one place where the story which was written by William Gilliver and which appeared in "Fighting Sports" could have been obtained, and that the manuscript for "Cocking and Its Votaries," which I placed in the hands of Capt. B. H. Jones, Lark Hill, West Derby, Liverpool.

Gilliver wrote the story for me, at my suggestion, and it was incorporated in the manuscript which I turned over to Capt. Jones.

I am inclined to the belief that Herbert Atkinson supplied Fitz-Barnard with most of his cocking data. Atkinson was never invited to any of the international mains in which I participated in Europe, for the reason that this courtesy was extended only to gentlemen.

After having defeated all the leading cocks and cockers in England and Ireland, with American cocks, Lord Clonmell found it necessary to have nearly 100 cocks and hens destroyed, and gave up the sport. Now after twenty years' retirement, he has just written to me for some of the old stock, which I shall send him, and I think the strains are better today than ever. The improvement is due to the superiority of the feed we have in America, and, perhaps, a dryer climate, which is better for young chicks, but those over there that are brought to maturity on the limestone soil are tough and strong.

Having observed the wonderful improvement wrought in stags which I used to send over there, to fight as cocks, and when I noted the improvement in chicks which were sired by my cocks when brought back, I have sent a few stags over to walk on the limestone hills of Tipperary, which were returned as three year old cocks, and, perhaps, it was due to this plan that I have been able to keep up the quality of my fowl.

At the present time, I do not know of a first class breeder or a first class strain of fighting game fowl in Ireland, though I hope there are many good ones there. For centuries, the most progressive of the Irish people, have left their native land, to escape British oppression; they have gone to every country in the known world, and if they could not take their game fowl with them, they sent for them as soon as they could do so, and wherever they have gone, if they did not find cock-fighting, they introduced it, and established a high code of honor by which the sport was governed.



## COCK-FIGHTING IN COLONIAL AMERICA

---

While cock-fighting had been the favorite pastime of the earliest Spanish explorers, and the first English and Irish Colonists, cock-fighting reached its highest peak under the reign of the Stuart Kings in England, all of whom were cockers.

But in America, as in all countries except England, where cock-fighting had been the chief diversion, no record of the sport has been kept, and the few references to it which we find have been in connection with horse-racing, and horse breeding.

However, we find sufficient data to prove that while the sport was patronized by the English Kings, and the nobility, it was conducted in Colonial America on a higher plane than it was in England.

In America, cocking mains that were fought by gentlemen, were always private, social affairs, while in England, cocking had been commercialized to the extent of charging admission to the cock-pits.

Where mains in England were fought at race-meetings, an additional charge would be added to the price of admission, when the visitor wanted to witness the cocking main, which were usually held in the morning, while the races were run in the afternoon.

The first record of an admission fee to witness a cocking main between gentlemen, was when the first Jockey Club in America, was organized, which was at Charleston, S. C., in 1734. Among the founders of the Charleston Jockey Club, was Col. Mansell, of the famous family of that name in England, whose Pyles, up to a few years ago, were the best cocks in Spain, having been taken there half a century ago, by an English gentleman; of whom, reference will be made later.

Associated with Col. Mansell, were: Major Fenwick, Mr. Churchill, Col. Arthur Middleton, (signer of the Declaration of Independence), Doctor Ravenal, of "Wantoot", Frank Huger, Capt. Boone, Ralph Izard, Cols. Myrant and Williamson.

Maryland, Virginia, New York and Pennsylvania soon followed South Carolina, and established race courses and organized Jockey Clubs, and cock-fighting on a large scale, was a feature of all spring race meetings held in the different colonies.

These mains were usually held in the clubhouses, and were invitation affairs, to which no admission charges were made. North Carolina sportsmen organized a Jockey Club, with Messrs. Floyd, Pope, Taylor, Alston, Chambers, Arrington, Packett, Chambers, Whittaker and Governor Johnson, members and officers. It was at the home of Gideon Arrington, Esq., that I saw and copied the above list of charter members of the Wilmington Jockey Club.

At their first meeting, while a cocking main was being fought, the following proclamation was read: "Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 26, 1774: The Continental Congress lately held at Philadelphia, representing the several colonies from Nova Scotia to Georgia, associated and agreed among other things, for themselves and their constituents, to discontinue and discourage every species of extravagance and dissipation, especially all horse racing and all kinds of gaming, cock-fighting, exhibitions of shows and plays and other expensive diversions and entertainments."

This was, of course, a war measure, cocks were fought sporadically throughout the country during the War of the Revolution, by Capt. Caldwell, of Delaware, whose exploits with "The Blue Hen's Chickens" from Long Island to the Cow Pens, in South Carolina, is of historical record, and others, who deduced from these exhibitions the same instruction in valor that the soldiers of Themistocles' army received from the courage of the fighting cocks which were fought before them for that purpose.

The reference to cock-fighting, in the proclamation of the Continental Congress, is proof that it was universally practiced from Nova Scotia to Georgia.

After the war, cock-fighting and horse-racing were resumed and continued to flourish as long as gentlemen were elected to office and made our laws, but as gentlemen were never in the majority, and with the advent of the notoriety-seeking Evangelical Political Parsons, Wowzers and Rabble-Rousers, the rights for which our ancestors fought among which may be mentioned: "the pursuit of happiness" which was incorporated in the U. S. Constitution, were nullified by the riff-raff and bob-tails of the social world, who are now, as they have always been, in the majority. But we have the consolation of knowing that up to the present day, cock-fighting claims as its devotees, gentlemen of the highest character.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

---

We learn from scraps of history that cock-fighting was introduced into this country by the Spaniards, and for hundreds of years the Spanish influence predominated in many sections, especially in the South and South-West. The first authentic record we have of the establishment of a regularly organized cock-pit was in South Carolina—at Charleston.

In Florida, which belonged to Spain, and Louisiana, a French Colony, and Texas, which then belonged to Mexico, pits were conducted on a grand scale.

While Louisiana was still a French province, the Spanish Grandees established a pit which for more than 100 years, was known as "The Old Spanish Cock-Pit," New Orleans.

In 1892 Capt. Anthony Greene, of California and I leased it for the purpose of fighting a series of mains there, the first of which were three 21 cock mains with Col. F. E. Guest, of Georgia.

The old Spanish Pit, would seat 400 on leather covered chairs. The pit was circular, and 18 feet in diameter, and was lined with red morocco leather. There was a band-stand, and in the old days, a regular orchestra was employed to entertain the visitors between fights. There were training coops to accommodate 200 cocks, distributed in equal numbers in several large, well-lighted, comfortable rooms.

There was a large reception room, dining room and a room dedicated to the "Goddess of Chance" in the way of "Roulette," "Faro-Bank" and "Pelota." When rotten politics showed its hideous head in New Orleans, cock-fighting was made a source of graft, which became such a drain on the revenue of the old Spanish Cocking Club, it went into oblivion. It was through politics that Capt. Greene and I got the lease on the building, and a promise of protection; We got the lease, but not the protection, and our sport was short-lived.

The first English cockers known to fame in this country, were the Claibornes of Virginia, the Franciscos and Hansbroughs, of South Carolina, the Arringtons and Foulkners, of North Carolina.

Artificial spurs had not at that time been introduced into either Ireland or England. And of course, they were

unknown in America, and the cocks were fought here, as they were in Spain, Ireland and England, in natural spurs.

William Claiborne, the founder of the family in Maryland, was the Stormy Petrel of his day and age. Claiborne had established a fur trading post on Kent Island, in the Chesapeake Bay, and when the Lords Baltimore came to take possession of the Colony which had been granted to them by the English King, they claimed Kent Island, and a bloody battle ensued between the forces of Claiborne and Leonard Calvert. Claiborne was arrested and sent to London, where he was tried on the charge of treason, but he was acquitted, and returned to Virginia, but political changes made it possible for Claiborne to take up his residence on the Island, 1637, where the family has resided ever since.

The Arringtons in North Carolina were descended from Nicholas Arrington, who had been a member of the crew of "Pirates" commanded by Sir Francis Drake, when he circumnavigated the globe. Gideon Arrington, whom I knew very well, told me that the tradition in his family was, that the first game fowl seen in North Carolina, were the white cocks, called "Smocks," were brought on Drake's ship from China. They were later known as Thompson Whites. Thompson may also have been a member of Drake's crew. The Thompsons and Arringtons were related. The original name of Arrington was Harrington, and the family was of Irish extraction, like most of the early settlers.

Blucher Hansbrough of Virginia, was over 80 when I knew him 43 years ago. His mother was a Miss Francisco, of Spanish descent, born in South Caroline, where her father had large plantations. Mr. Hansbrough was educated in England, as were many Virginia youths who were sons of wealthy planters. It was from this fine old gentleman that I got my first lessons in cocking.

He had a fine library, which contained all the old sporting literature of England, Ireland and America, as well as of Spain. He had on his walls, many beautiful paintings and prints of famous English, Irish and American cocks, and famous race horses. It was there that I first saw Ben Marshall's great pictures of the Meynell gray cock, and the Weightman tassell cock, and Atkin's fancy looking cocks in action. He had an old copy of Gervaise Markham's book on cocking, and "The Cocker," by Sketchley. Dr. J. W. Cooper's first and second editions of "Game Fowl," and stacks of "The Spirit of the Times," which was the greatest sporting paper ever published. In it were recorded all the important cocking mains fought in this country. It was there that I first heard

of Michael Kearney, John Mulholland, Dennis Mohoney, Geo. Gilkerson, Wm. L. Morgan, Jas. Eslin, Gideon Arrington, Col. Sydney Holt, Geo. Wellslager, John Goss, Patrick Carroll, Jarvis Elise, Geo. O'N. Palmer, Tom O'Neil, Sam Robertson, Chas. Carroll, Chas. F. Brown, John Bohler, Henry Hicks, Major Tom Bacon, Dick Hollywood, Tom Heathwood, Dan Pfeiffer, John Morrissey, Tom Morarity, G. Peck Huddleston, Harry Jennings, Harry Genet (though I had heard the name of Genet before, I did not know he was a cock-fighter), Tyler Suit, Hector Magruder, John Walker, Harry Shinholzer, Ben Daniels, John Hunter (Hunter and Travers) and many others who were extensive patrons of the pit.

It was my pleasure in later years to meet many of these famous sportsmen.

We were at that time residing in Virginia, only a few miles from Stevensburg, the home of Mr. Hansbrough, and whenever I could not spend the week-end in his company, life seemed drab and dull.

Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, had only a few years before, published his books on "Evolution." Mr. Hansbrough had them all, and loaned them to me, which I was obliged to read after the family had retired to bed, as the name of "Darwin" was taboo in Christian homes, the heads of which preferred believing that MUD was a more suitable material with which to make man than was the MONKEY.

No one, I believe, then thought it would ever be made illegal in certain States, to teach his doctrine of Evolution, but it came to pass.

The story of Gregor Mendel's experiments with plant breeding and the results of his investigation, filtered through the hinterlands, and Mr. Hansbrough explained his theory to me.

Our family moved to Washington, D. C., in 1884. Mr. Hansbrough gave me a letter of introduction to his lifelong friend, James Eslin, whom I found to be a charming gentleman, and though 94 years old, his mind was perfectly clear, and despite the disparity in our ages, we became fast friends, and the first great sorrow in my life came when, in 1886, the fine old sportsman died. He died within a mile of where he was born and reared.

His father had been a neighbor and friend of General George Washington, in Virginia. He had served through the war for independence, and bought a farm near Washington where his family were reared. Being an all-round sportsman, he established a race track on his farm, also a cock-pit and for nearly 100 years his home was the Mecca for the sport-loving members of Con-

gress and other celebrities.

Cock-fighting was the national pastime, and interstate mains were of weekly occurrence during the cocking season, which then opened and closed with Congress. I was, perhaps, the first of the modern commentators to refer to General Washington as a cock-fighter. It appeared in an article that I contributed to THE WASHINGTON CRITIC, then a very popular newspaper.

It seems that every drop of vitriol in the world was dumped on me by "defenders" of the "morality" of General Washington. I became the target for the moralists, and even the children in our neighborhood refused to speak to me—I was an "outcast" and I began to wonder if my late friend, Mr. Eslin's story of Washington's fondness for fighting cocks was true. I then commenced to haunt the Congressional library, the Smithsonian Institution and every place where facts relating to General Washington could be found, and I eventually verified Mr. Eslin's story, and wrote another story for The Critic, to which no one replied as the sources of my information were stated. The list of sportsmen included Col (afterwards General) George Washington, Sir Marmaduke Beckwith, Sir Peyton Skipwith, Col. Thomas Randolph, William O. Winston, Philip and Richard Lee, Daniel McCarty, Col. John Baylor, Carter Braxton, Col. William Byrd, William Fitzhugh, Capt. Thomas Turpin, Col. John Willis, Landon Carter, Col. Henry Harrison and Nathaniel Harrison, Peter Conway, Alexander Spottswood, Ralph Wormeley and others.

Horse racing and cock-fighting in those old days were of such common occurrence, that only the outstanding events of interstate character were recorded in the newspapers, but then as now, travelers from Europe upon their return to their homes, wrote stories telling how the inhabitants of this wild and undeveloped colony amused themselves, and it is from such books as Smyth's "A Tour in the United States of America," (written in 1773, and published in 1787), that we find the most authentic history of the sports and pastimes of our ancestors.

Smyth says: "There are races and cock-matches at Williamsburg twice a year. Besides these at Williamsburg, there are races established annually, almost every town and considerable places in Virginia, and frequent matches both on the 'turf' and on the 'sod' for large sums of money depend: the inhabitants almost to a man being quite devoted to these sports, and the quality of their horses and game cocks are of the highest, as might be expected among wealthy devotees."

We can learn from the records all that is necessary

to know about every race horse that performed in Colonial America, one hundred and fifty years ago. We can trace the pedigree of many famous race horses of our day, back to George Washington's imported stallion, Bull Rock, and to Richard Lee's stallion, Mark Anthony, and dozens of other famous race horses, but we have no authentic records of the great fighting strains of game fowl that were imported from Ireland and England at the time these famous race horses were brought over.

Mr. Eslin told me that Lord Fairfax, who was a friend of George Washington, imported game fowls from Lord Derby, and that as a boy, he remembered the Duckwings, Pyles and light reds with white legs, which were bred on his father's farm. He remembered his father's anxiety about the delay in the delivery of a box of Singleton gaffs which were to be used in an important main. His father's gaffs had been ruined in a fire, and there were no gaff-makers then in America.

In those days, it required between six and eight weeks for a sailing vessel to cross the ocean. Nearly all the sea captains added to their income by bringing over game cocks and hens, and auctioning them off at the port of entry. Some Captains enjoyed a high reputation for the class of fowls which they brought, others, the reverse.

Ships from Ireland, usually docked in Baltimore, those from England made Virginia ports. As far back as Mr. Eslin could remember, the reputation of the Baltimore cocks was of the highest and when ships bringing games were due to dock there, the bidding for game fowls was spirited, and \$100 was not an unusual price to pay for a cock and hen of a well-known strain, when brought over by a reliable Captain. One hundred dollars then would buy more goods than \$500 will buy today. Singleton gaffs brought the highest price, usually \$25 for a dozen pairs.

About 2¼ inches was the average length of Singleton gaffs, with ¼ inch sockets.

Mr. Eslin told me that he believed that the use of 1½ and 1¼ inch spurs was caused by the wearing down from sharpening of the long spurs, and not from any other reason; this seems logical.

In the early days, silver spurs were extensively used in America and Mr. Eslin had, perhaps, a dozen or more worn out, bent and broken silver spurs.

These, Mr. Eslin said, were satisfactory when the weights of cocks fought in mains ranged from 3:8 to 4:8. The spurs were strong enough for those little fighters, but when larger cocks came into fashion, the silver spurs could not stand the extra strain put upon them, except

in cases where the blades were extra large, and for that reason, steel spurs were substituted, because they were stronger, the blades thinner and they were much less expensive than silver.

Mr. Eslin said it was not unusual in his early days to walk 250 stags of his own breeding, besides buying about the same number from sporting farmers who bred for him. Thirty-six dollars per dozen was the prevailing price for cocks early in December, and from \$50 to \$60 per dozen later in the season which was due to the necessity for the farmer to pen his stags until the walks could be had, after taking up their cocks. Mains of 21 cocks was the usual number shown, and fighting commenced in the afternoon, and fought until dark, and for that reason, mains were of two days' duration, except when 31 cocks were shown and three days were then required.

Cock-fighting at night had not been introduced in this country, for there was then neither gas nor electric, nor had kerosene lamps been perfected, and candles were the only lights considered safe, and they were unsatisfactory for illuminating a cock-pit.

Eventually gas was introduced in the City of Washington, and night-pits were opened "down town" which attracted great crowds. All of these pits were operated in connection with saloons and gambling rooms. The very names of such places causes one to shudder in horror these days, but I remember them, 40 odd years ago, and there was less crime, less poverty, less immorality than there is today.

Perhaps no man who ever lived fought more mains than Mr. Eslin, or who was more highly respected than he was, and when he died, his estate was worth close to one million dollars. I have often visited the old Eslin property, where I have spent so many happy days, with dogs and gun in the hunting season, and the Eslin home in the cocking season.

It is now the most fashionable residential section in Washington. The Zoological Garden and Rock Creek Park, one of the most beautiful spots in the world, was once the Eslin estate, over which game cocks roamed. Eslin Avenue perpetuates the name of the foremost cocker of the world.

England has had her famous cockers, as has Ireland and Spain, but in most instances, the great cockers of the old world depended upon experts to perform special work, such as mating, breeding, rearing, walking, feeding for the pit, heeling and pitting.

Mr. Eslin was master of every detail connected with



the sport, and it was only when the demands of his business, which was that of manufacturing brick, made it necessary for him to turn the training of his cocks over to experts, many of whom had been trained by him for the work.

When I asked him about his system of breeding, he replied that his system had undergone many changes. In the early days when the choice of brood cocks was limited to a few strains of known quality, they were forced to inbreed, a system of which he did not then approve, which was due more to the general opposition to inbreeding than to any noticeable ill-effects of it in his own flock. He thought it an excellent plan to introduce fresh blood of his own strain, which were, in 1820, nearly pure Irish brown red, but when the source of this supply was stopped for some cause—perhaps by the retirement or death of the Irish Sea Captain, the system of inbreeding was continued, until President Andrew Jackson's great fighting cocks were brought to Washington. They were known as the "Old Hickorys" and they deserved the name. Mr. Eslin handled General Jackson's cocks in their annual mains, which were privately fought. In color, they were black-breasted light reds, with willow legs, and were very likely of Irish origin, as was the great old General. Mr. Eslin bred to several of the Jackson cocks, with good results.

Mr. Eslin related many amusing stories of the first muff cocks he had ever seen. They were, he said, brought from China by an "Irish sea-captain," whose name, I afterwards learned, was John O'Donnell, who operated a sailing vessel between Baltimore and Canton, China, and it was in 1827 that the muffs and black legged, black-eyed black-red fowl with rose combs were brought to Baltimore. Capt. O'Donnell was a famous sportsman as well as a successful business man, and accumulated a vast fortune. The State of Maryland presented him with a tract of land on the banks of the Potomac River, near Baltimore, where he founded the town of Canton—named in memory of the Chinese City.

Canton is now incorporated with the City of Baltimore, and its principal street is named O'Donnell. From the day the town was laid out in 1827, until it was taken in by Baltimore, cock-pits had been openly conducted without hindrance. Pat Garvey's was the most famous, and it was the proud boast of the old Irishman that no man had ever fought more than one dunghill cock in his pit. His idea was, of course, of Irish origin: He believed if a dunghill cock was fought in his pit, it was done for the purpose of cheating his patrons: the supposition was,

that all fighting cocks were game cocks.

Along about that time, the Winans of Baltimore, with their Claiborne top-knots were successfully meeting the best of the old strains.

Mr. Eslin, for some reason, always referred to the Winans fowl as of Scotch origin, and for many years, I thought so too, but I afterwards learned that, while the Winans family were of Scottish origin, their fowls were of the old Kent Island Claibornes, which had been bred by members of that family for centuries, with fresh infusions of English and Irish blood, of the Sir Francis Boynton, John Weightman and Capt. O'Callaghan strains, which had been brought back by Capt. Peter Claiborne, who backed the Negro Tom Mullinix, pugilist in 1810-1811—against Tom Cribb, in England.

The Winans were men of great importance. One of them invented and launched the first submarine cat (Winan's Cove), invented and built the first camel-back locomotive, which was operated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1828. The Winans had an extensive estate adjoining Baltimore and both the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads run through the property. On the Pennsylvania Railroad, the station on the property is Mount Winans, and on the Baltimore and Ohio, "Winans" and "Halethorpe."

The principal opponent of the Winans in cocking mains, were the O'Donnells, Bowies, Tyler Suit, of Suitland, the Halls, Berrys and Magruders.

Many of the Winans mains were fought in Mr. Eslin's pit—which was always a private pit, and admission was by invitation—it was never operated in a commercial way.

George and William Eslin, sons of James, served in the Mexican War, and when they returned home, they brought a jet black cock which, for some reason, they named "General Santa Anna," after the Mexican Commander. The cock was placed in charge of Dick Lee, who was employed as stable boss at the Brick yard. The produce of the "General" were fought and proved to be satisfactory.

One of his sons that had a wry tail, became, perhaps, the best known cock in the world.

There was a famous winning cock at Funkstown, Md., owned by Dick Walker, who was also a veteran of the Mexican War of 1847-8. "Chick" Donaldson, who was one of Mr. Eslin's feeders, and who had also served in the Mexican War, made a match with Walker's cock, whose name was "Tartar." The Eslin cock, which was handled by Donaldson, was sired by the "General" and as yet unknown to fame.

Mr. Eslin, who was present, told me that it was a real cock-fight, and the Eslin cock, in a fearful mix-up, knocked the "Tartar" down and showed no mercy, and upon being asked what cock is that "Chick"? to which he replied: "He's a RED HORSE from Mexico." All the Eslin crowd had served in the cavalry to which they referred as "The Red Horse Cavalry," for, perhaps, the same unknown reason that "Light Horse" Harry Lee and "The Light Horse Cavalry" of Revolutionary fame, was named.

However, the name "Red Horse" stuck, and it sticks today.

A few years after the defeat of old "Tartar", Columbus Eslin, the 3rd son of the old warrior, was attending a main near Philadelphia, between Jarvis Elise, and a man named Bailey, against John Hunter. Dr. J. W. Cooper was present, and asked Mr. Eslin about the fight between "Tartar" and "Red Horse," which the Doctor had heard had been fought for \$10,000 a side, and 10 Negro slaves, to which Mr. Eslin replied that the stakes were nearer ten dollars than fifty; that the match came about at the regular hack meeting, and had attracted no more attention than any other cheap fight fought that day—that the reputation of "Tartar" could not have been very great as the man who bred and owned him made no claims to fame in cocking circles; that he was a farmer, a fine gentleman in moderate circumstances.

Yet this simple statement made by a modest, truthful unostentatious gentleman, as Mr. Columbus Eslin was known to be, did not deter the Doctor from making extravagant claims for the valor and invincibility of the "Tartar" strain, which he claimed to own, and his letters to the sporting papers in which all creation was challenged weekly, continued to appear.

One day, while visiting Mr. James Eslin, Blucher Hansbrough decided to accept the doctor's challenge, through "The Spirit of the Times" in a Pickwickian style, stating that he felt confident that his Grays could defeat the "Tartars" as nothing less than a shower of cinders from a burning volcano could make them leave the battlefield—that they were properly named "Strychnines" as they were rank poison to every living thing in the form of man, bird or beast."

That stopped the Doctor, who was a chicken peddler, and he was never known to fight a main, but he couldn't stop issuing challenges, so he opened up with defi's to the English cockers, through the English sporting papers.

The result of these challenges are referred to by John Harris, of Lisheard, Cornwall, England, whose letter ap-

pears in another chapter in this book.

Mr. Hansbrough made frequent visits to Mr. Eslin, and I made it convenient to be present whenever I heard he was to be there.

The appearance of these two old patriarchs is as vivid in my eyes today as it was then, over 40 years ago, and I can in fancy see them laugh and see the twinkle in their merry old eyes, as Mr. Hansbrough related the story of how he brought a big Grouse Hen Cock to Mr. Eslin, (who had never before seen one) and induced Mr. Eslin to believe that it was a new breed of hen, which he had imported. "Yes, Jimmy," he said, "I want you to put this hen with the best cock you have and give me a stag and pullet from them." "This may be a hen, Blucher, but I'll be d d if it don't act more like a cock than a cock does."

"Well, Jimmy, she does act a bit cocky, and she'll fight like hell for a while, but she'll tame down after a beating."

So the "Hen" was put in a yard with a cock and several hens, and instead of going after the cock, he started chasing a hen. Mr. Hansbrough said: "I forgot to tell you, Jimmy, that she won't let a hen light on the yard." In the meantime, the Eslin cock started crowing, which attracted the "Hen" and soon afterwards the fun commenced. The "Hen" rolled and tumbled the Eslin cock around, completely knocking him out. Mr. Hansbrough picked up the "Hen" and asked Mr. Eslin to try "her" with another cock. "Look here, Blucher, that d n hen can whip all the cocks I have here, suppose we put a 'spanchel' on her and let the cock subdue her." (A "spanchel" is a stick six or eight inches long with strings which are tied to hens' legs to prevent them from setting.) Mr. Hansbrough agreed to that plan, but tied the strings so that they would become untied, and "she" was put in a yard with another cock. After a few "buckles" the strings worked loose, and the fight was on, with the "hen" off to a good lead, and soon had the cock down and out. Mr. Eslin picked up the "hen" and examined "her" from stem to stern, and the only resemblance to a cock that he could find was "her" spurs—no hackle, saddle, coverts or sickle feathers."

"What are the cocks of this strain like, Blucher," asked Mr. Eslin, "why they ought to whip any cocks in the world—how many have you?"

When Mr. Hansbrough had carried the joke far enough he "fessed up" and then each took a drink—or several of them. To fully appreciate the joke, one would have to know these two old "cronies" who were about the same

age, and had been lifelong friends, and looked alike—rather small in stature, great shocks of snow-white curly hair and beards, with blue eyes that never lost their luster.

Years before, Mr. Hansbrough had imported Sumatra game, which were not game at all.

He made several voyages to Ireland and England, and brought home fowls from each place. His favorites were grays, and it was at his home that I first saw the Hugo Meynell dark grays and a strain of Irish black grays, but at that time he was breeding cocks for the Eslins, using their cocks over his hens, and he had on his yards, all colors of the rainbow—Muffs and Tassells.

He had imported the Hen cocks from Wales, at a fancy price, but they were deficient in courage at the end of a hard fight, but won many battles by their speed and wonderful cutting powers.

Old Jack Freer, who came to Washington as stable man for General Andrew Jackson, and who had charge of his game fowls, which were kept at the White House stables, could tell many a thrilling story about the famous General, his race horses and game cocks, and he never failed to wind up his stories, with the statement, which while true, never seems to be referred to by his biographers, and that was—General Jackson, an Irish emigrant's son, a hard drinker, card-player, duellist, race horse owner, cock-fighter and all round sportsman, was the only American General who could win a battle against England, in the war of 1812-14. Freer had General Jackson's recipe for feeding cocks for the pit, written by the General himself.

In the War of the Revolution, nearly all the great officers were cock-fighters, and devotees of sports of all kinds. Every school child in my young days, knew the story of Commodore McDonough's victory over the British on Lake Champlain, after his ship had been shot to splinters and the decks running over with the blood of our dead sailors, and how the drooping spirits of the survivors had been galvanized into action and hope revived, by the crowing of a game cock, whose coop had been shattered, and the cock liberated, and of how he flew from spar to spar, crowing defiance to all creation.

We knew the story of Captain Caldwell, of Delaware, of how he carried his game cocks, which he called the "Blue Hen's Chickens" from battlefield to battlefield, and inspired his soldiers by exhibiting them in battle, as did Themistocles, in Ancient Greece, in his wars against the Persians; and of how a game cock proudly trod the ramparts at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, while the British

were shelling the Fort and issued his challenge, while Francis Scott Key wrote the Star Spangled Banner.

Truly, the game cock deserves a place in the history of our country.

After the death of Mr. Eslin, in 1886, his two surviving sons, Columbus and Charles, carried on the family tradition, but I rather think they missed the greatest pleasure that the sport offers, and that is, the fighting of cocks of one's own breeding.

They fought many important mains, many of which I assisted Dick Lee in feeding, but a majority of these cocks were bred by different men. Blucher Hansbrough furnished the best. In their main with Michael Kearney, at the Old Monkey House, near Norfolk, in 1887, a majority of our winning cocks were bred by Mr. Hansbrough. The main was of two days' duration, and consisted of a show of 21 cocks, fought in long and short gaffs, alternately.

Mr. Eslin won the main, winning a majority in short gaffs, which was opposite to the result which Mr. Eslin expected, as Mr. Kearney's reputation as the premier short heel cocker of New York had long before reached the Eslins.

I had, even at that date, seen many great mains between the Eslins and the Goss "Counterfeits," "Wellshaggs" and Sam Robertson's Muffs, all of Baltimore. Also against the Blackhackles, fed by Pat Carroll, of Philadelphia, against the Suit brown red shawinecks and the Glasscock Dominiques of Virginia, all of these mains I had assisted Dick Lee in feeding, but the Kearney brown reds were a revelation to me: I had never seen such slon-bang, rough and tumble fighters, and whose dying blows would often kill our cocks dead in their tracks.

I had seen my ideal cocks, though they were defeated, they possessed that indescribable thing called "class," and possessed it in a higher degree than any cocks I had ever seen, and I then and there decided that the superior cocks are not always victorious. We (The Eslins) defeated Mr. Kearney five more mains, in New York, Philadelphia and New Jersey, and defeated him in weapons of his choice—1 $\frac{1}{4}$  New York Regulations, but each defeat of those marvelous cocks, only added to my ambition to own some of the strain, and the old saying: "Where there's a will, there's a way," and it soon came to pass that my ambition was gratified, and after 41 years' experience with that blood, I have not altered the opinion of them which was formed in Norfolk in 1887.



*Kearney Slip-spur Blinker. Died Spring of 1890*

I think it was in 1889 that we fought Gideon Arrington, of North Carolina, in Norfolk. We matched 21 cocks, and lost by the odd fight—but here's our "alibi."

We shipped the cocks by steamer from Washington, three days before the date set for the main. The ship docked at Alexandria, where a load of beer kegs was taken on, and hereby hangs a tale.

Towards midnight we got into the Chesapeake Bay, and ran headon into what proved to be one of the worst storms ever known on the Bay before or since.

Col. Web Maddux, Admiral Quackenbush, Bob Lynn, Tobe Wall, Isaiah Stewart and Charlie Eslin were playing poker in the smoking room. I was watching the game from the side lines. The vessel pitched and tossed, but no one seemed alarmed, until those hundreds of beer kegs got to rolling and smashing against the sides and ends of the ship, which sounded like thunder under the sea.

The poker game ended, and I was amused at the expression on the faces of those sinners. I had heard the Captain tell Columbus Eslin that: "You couldn't tear this d—d old tub apart with a ton of dynamite," so I was not scared. Charlie Eslin was standing near a stanchion, which snapped just above the deck.

He said: "Captain, how far are we from land?" "Oh, about 200 yards." "Which way, Captain?" several asked in chorus—"RIGHT STRAIGHT DOWN," answered the Captain—Blake, I believe was his name. He was what we now term "Hard Boiled"—a real He man, who swore the most wonderful oaths I had ever heard. If there was any danger he didn't seem to notice it. Charlie Eslin said: "See here, Captain, I have \$7,000 in my pocket, and I'll give you half of it if you land me anywhere, on land, even if it's up to my neck in mud." "You are perfectly safe here," the Captain answered, "she's riding beautifully."

No one slept that night, old Isaiah Stewart used to operate a sort of dice game: Dice were put into a tin-funnel shaped thing, and the numbers on the lay-out, corresponded with the numbers that would turn up on the dice.

It was from that contrivance that the term "Tin horn gambler" originated. Stewart went to a window to throw away his paraphernalia, and when he raised the window, a wave broke over the side and flooded the smoke room.

When the Captain got through his "sermon" the air was charged with sulphur and brimstone.

The storm stopped as suddenly as it had started, and when daylight appeared, the Bay was covered with white-caps, small boats were overturned all along the route, and



late reports disclosed the fact that many boatmen had been lost in the storm.

We got into Norfolk at about noon, several hours late. The cocks had been knocked about by the rolling beer kegs—not a “crow” issued from the lot.

We hauled them out to the pit and when removed from their narrow coops, they were the most terrified looking things I had ever seen, but after a bit of exercise, feed, and water, they revived and began to act naturally. Columbus Eslin came out the following morning, looked the cocks over, and decided to pay forfeit, and call it off.

Mr. Arrington refused to accept the forfeit, which instantly proved his sportsmanship, an act which has placed him among the few immortals, the nobility of whose character is enshrined within my memory, and his act has been my guide throughout my entire life.

I more than two hundred mains which I have fought, I have never claimed a forfeit, nor won or lost a battle on a foul, or ever disputed a decision of a Referee.

The main between Arrington and Eslin was declared off, but they matched 19 cocks and fought two days for, I believe, \$50 a battle. Mr. Arrington winning by two odd fights. The gate receipts, which were an enormous sum, were equally divided, and, perhaps, covered the expenses.

Another main was made to be fought the following season. After our return to Washington, Columbus Eslin asked me to accompany him to Mr. Blucher Hansbrough's, which I did. The object of his visit was for the purpose of personally selecting the stags and walking them for the main with Mr. Arrington, the next season. We walked about 50, and had 24 sent to Mr. Eslin's. These stags were all sired by a little “Broken-bill” grade Red Quill cock, out of a flock, of perhaps, 50 hens and pullets, nearly all of which were crosses from Eslin's cocks in previous years, originally out of Hansbrough's Meynell gray hens. I made several trips to Mr. Hansbrough's during the summer and Fall, to look over the walks. Very few of the stags were lost, even though the county was alive with foxes, and “varmints,” and when Dick Lee and I went to pick them up in December, we found a lot of perfectly walked cocks.

In those days, fancy poultry were unknown among the farmers, and they were all glad to have the use of a cock to cross with their common hens. I now think that much of the almost universal antipathy to “in—and in” breeding was in reality cock-fighters' propaganda, spread for the purpose of getting walks.

The usual price for a walk at a Negro cabin, was

fifty cents, with a bonus of one dollar, if the cock walked, won his fight.

We could pick our walks, and the first class walk, then, as now, was a secluded spot, off the main highway, near a running stream, where the farmer kept stock and raised plenty of corn, wheat and oats, and where turkeys, ducks, geese and guineas were not kept.

The top floor of Harry Middleton's Hotel, in Ninth Street, opposite the Center Market, was fitted up; and it was there we fed the cocks for the Arrington main.

Middleton's was not really a Hotel, but a large Restaurant, which served meals to hundreds of Market men. The second floor was used for a kitchen. There were six large ranges in a row, each presided over by a cook. The heat filtered through to the cock-house, along with clouds of smoke, and until the ventilators were repaired, our cocks had a most uncomfortable experience from which they never fully recovered.

Which proves that with all the care used in breeding, rearing and walking, all one's labor may be lost in a moment of ill-considered action. The most famous cockers in the world, had prepared for this main for a year, yet they selected a place in which to feed these cocks, which had absolutely nothing to recommend it. The heat of the kitchen, the constant noise of rattling dishes, poor ventilation, and lack of sunlight, except for a few hours in the early morning, made it impossible to get the cocks in fighting condition. These "the greatest cockers in the world"—and I wondered why!

We had a splendid trip by steamer to Norfolk, reached there early in the morning, the cocks crowing gaily. We drove rapidly out to the old "Monkey House" where our cock room had been put in first class order, and Dick Lee said he had never seen cocks improve as rapidly as they did. Columbus and Charley Eslin, Col. Maddux, Harry Middleton, Bob Lynn and a few others of our party came out in the evening. We had kept the cocks out on the ground in sun coops all the forenoon, as the weather was mild, and the ground dry, but Columbus Eslin was not quite sure that Lee should have put them on the ground, after having been kept in a close room for nearly three weeks. He came out early the next morning to look them over, and he seemed satisfied with their condition, and when he learned that Mr. Arrington had up 75 cocks, he felt confident we would win, for, he said, no man can take proper care of that number of cocks, no matter how many assistants he may have.

The main was fought under Southern Rules, as had

been all mains of importance that were fought in the South, for, perhaps, 100 years, and with but few changes, they would today, be the best rules in the world to govern cocking mains. Twenty-one cocks were shown, and while Mr. Eslin was looking for some one to write the descriptions, I offered to do it. "No," he replied, "We must have an experienced man." "All right, Mr. Eslin," I answered, "If you don't find one, I'll do it."

So, it fell to my lot to write the descriptions of 42 cocks. Both Mr. Eslin and Mr. Arrington were pleased with my work. Mr. Eslin asked me where I had written descriptions before, to which I had to confess that I never before had written descriptions, but I had read hundreds of them in the old English Racing Calendars at Mr. Haubrough's.

An Undertaker of Amusements at Paris, having lately fisted up a pit, and imported a number of English game cocks, advertised the public, that he would on such a day exhibit a species of diversion never seen in France. Above a thousand tickets were accordingly distributed, and an extraordinary concourse of Nobility, Gentry, &c. assembled to see this choice sport, of which they had conceived the most flattering ideas. Amongst the rest were many London Gamblers, who proposed the finest schemes of imposing on the French ignorance, with regard to so new an amusement. The cocks were matched and pitted, but to the astonishment of all, refused to fight, and after a trial of the whole importation, these naturally brave animals ran away from each other, and dispersed themselves about the place, to the great disappointment of the spectators, but principally of the gambling tribe, who thought themselves sure of the Louis d'ors in the house. The company grew mutinous, and demanded their money; but the Undertaker representing his vast expences on the occasion, they were prevailed on to accept tickets for a second exhibition, which he assured them would be attended with better success, as the cocks had not had time to recover from their sea-sickness.

I stood by the side of Capt. George O'Neill Palmer, the Referee, and read the description of the cocks as they were brought to the pit.

As the Southern Rules are now obsolete, a word of explanation about them is necessary. On the morning the main is to commence the parties decide by tossing a coin who "shows" first. The party winning the choice generally chooses to weigh first, and consequently obliges the opposing party to "show" first, as the party "showing" first weighs last. When the "show" is made by the party the door of his cock-house is locked, and the key given to the other party, who immediately repairs to his cock-house and prepares for weighing.

Rule 2—is as follows:

"As soon as the cocks are all weighed the judge, the writers and principals of each party and as many besides as the parties may agree upon, are to retire for the purpose of matching."

On the day of "showing" only one battle is to be fought, and the winner of that battle, has the choice of deciding the mode of trimming.

The cocks were in those days, "drawn" considerably, that is, reduced in weight, and, as in the case of this main, which was of three days' duration, the feeders "sprung" them, in many instances, eight ounces; So, a cock that was matched at 5:8, usually weighed around 5:14 on the second day. The cocks were not weighed again after they were matched, but the cocks brought to the pit were carefully examined by the Referee, who had a written description of him.

If a cock was taken sick, one could not be substituted for him. Therefore, it is my argument in favor of these rules, the most competent feeder was invariably successful.

Mr. Eslin won this main. Mr. Arrington won the "opener" the first day, and three straight the second day, which put an awful "crimp" in the bank-rolls of our backers. On the third day, our cocks had improved greatly, and we won 7 out of 8. Lee had got them to "weight" the second day, and held them there, while Mr. Arrington's cocks had taken on weight, so rapidly, that they were loose and "loggy" on the last day.

Among those who were present, were many famous cockers of whom I had read, as well as many others who became famous, afterwards. John Bohler and his step-brother, Henry Hicks, of Augusta, Ga., Charles F. Brown, Judge Dan Gordon, Col. F. E. Crist, Jeptha and Tinsley Rucker, Bob Franklin, Col. Alfred Aldrich, Major Waddell, of Kentucky, the Dwyer brothers, of New York, Sen-

ator Edward Murphy, of Troy, N. Y., Senator Matthew Ransom, of N. C., Congressman Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, John Hunter and Jerome Travers, of N. Y. (the racing and cocking firm of Hunter and Travers) Brandon Mills, Judge John P. Leech, Judge Charles Carroll of Baltimore, Dean Wilson, of Buffalo, N. Y., Jim Dougrey, of Glen's Falls (for whom Dick Lee afterwards fed and won several mains) and many others.

A return main was made between Messrs. Arrington, Hicks and Holt, against the Eslins, to be fought 60 days later, this main to be fought in Richmond, Va. Henry Hicks and Dean Wilson assisted Mr. Arrington with feeding the cocks, which were fed in Richmond. We trained near Washington and shipped to Richmond the day before the main.

When we met Mr. Arrington, he told Mr. Eslin that his cocks were in poor condition—that "too many ideas clashed" and as a result, the cocks paid the penalty.

I thought Mr. Eslin would remember the courtesy which Mr. Arrington had extended him the year before, when his cocks had gone wrong, but he did not, and the main was fought at Putnam's Theatre.

Henry Hicks pitted their cocks and Charlie Eslin pitted for his party. It was a slaughter. The gallant North Carolinian took his defeat with a smile. That was the last main fought between the Arringtons and Eslins. I afterwards spent a week with Mr. Arrington, at his home in Halifax, North Carolina. I took a most extravagant fancy to him, and enjoyed the story of his cocking experiences.

I always regretted that I had unwittingly destroyed the illusion which had been his family tradition for centuries, and that was, his belief that he was descended from Sir Francis Drake.

I was then a school boy, and the biography of famous men was fresh in my memory. I knew the story of Drake and innocently related the fact that Drake was a bachelor, and sent him a history of the old pirate, who was a great sea-fighter and passionately devoted to cock-fighting, and he was credited with having brought the white cocks from China, which were known here as "Chinese Smocks" and "Thompson Whites," and in England as "Pyles." Mr. Arrington's father was Nicholas Arrington, who was the most famous cocker of his time, in the South.

He owned many great plantations in North Carolina, which were worked by hundreds of slaves. He traveled extensively in Europe, and brought home the best game fowls he could buy in both England and Ireland.

A few years before our war with Mexico, in 1847,

Nicholas Arrington made a main with Generals Santa Anna and Benito Juarez, which was fought in Texas, before it was annexed to the United States.

The Arrington cocks were hauled to the battle-ground in wagons. It must have been a great caravan, as it required several four horse wagons to haul the poles, with which coops were made in which to exercise the cocks while en route. The trip required three months.

Some of the wagons were used to haul poles ahead, the distance of a day's march, leaving the cocks behind in rail pens. The cocks were moved in bags, which were made for the purpose, and hauled in a long covered wagon, suspended in pairs, from ropes extending the length of the "Prairie Schooner," as Mr. Arrington called it. Other wagons would then gather the poles, and be driven to the next camping place. Upon arrival at the camp which had been prepared, the cocks were removed from the bags, and put into the pens, and so on to the end of the journey. When they reached the battle ground, Mr. Arrington said, the cocks weighed about the same as when they started, and there was not a feather broken on the trip, which I think, was the greatest cocking expedition ever undertaken. Mr. Arrington won the series of matches, and won so much money that, in order to guard the victors against bandits, the Mexican sportsmen sent a detachment of soldiers with the Americans until they reached the United States.

Gideon Arrington's part of the program was the packing and unpacking the cocks. Their feeder was John Foulkner, an Englishman, perhaps, the father of Jim Foulkner, who pitted the two mains that I saw between the Eslins and Arrington in Norfolk. Mr. Foulkner was then a very old man, perhaps 80, but he was in every way the equal of Charlie Eslin, who was considered FACILE PRINCEPS under Southern rules.

Mr. Arrington did not know from whom his father had obtained the fowl in Europe, but they were crossed with their own strains, which were principally white pyles; but the cocks taken to Mexico were called "Yellow Tigers." These were the color of the cocks which they used in the two Norfolk mains. Many of them had brass-backs, white tails and lemon hackles and saddles, but a majority of them were what we would call, Lemon Pyles. They were great game cocks. He had some good Duckwing Grays, which were bred by a Negro fiddler, who had lost a leg in the war. He had been a slave in the Arrington family, and never left the cabin in which he was born. His name was "Tony" and the cocks which were reared at his cabin were called "Tonys" or "Crippled

Tonys." They were very game cocks, and when crossed with the "Stone Fence," an old Arrington strain, not deep game, but the produce were phenomenal fighters.

In reply to my question, as to why he continued to breed a strain of doubtful courage, Mr. Arrington replied that they were great fighting cocks, perhaps the best he ever saw, and they never quit as long as they seemed to have a chance to win. However, they were never fought in important mains, but as there were more opportunities to fight "hacks" than mains and as these cocks were better when picked up off their walks a week before a "hack meeting," died out, sparred once or twice, they were usually victorious.

I asked him how many years he had bred those cocks. He replied, "We have had them as long as I can remember." (He was then (1890) over 70).

This was my first real lesson in the mystery of breeding.

Here was a strain, originally deficient in courage, but for more than half a century game cocks had been bred to the bad hens, and at the end, as at the beginning, they would quit. He told me that on numerous occasions great fighting cocks of this family had been bred over game hens, and the produce were inferior to those bred from game cocks to short bred hens; thus proving, in this instance, at least, that in the production of superior fighting cocks, the game cocks exercised the greater influence.

When cocks and hens of the short-bred family had been bred together, the produce were absolutely worthless for the pit, and would stand no more punishment than ordinary dunghill cocks.

During the last forty years, I have seen dozens of phenomenal short-bred fighting strains that, for a few years, mowed down all before them, but as courage is the only foundation upon which lasting qualities can be built, the future generation of breeders should not be tempted by the success of short bred strains, to breed them. Their success can only be temporary, and here is a true story which proves the utter impossibility to breed out bad blood, at least during the lifetime of one family.

Mr. Arrington told me that his father believed that long inbreeding originally caused deterioration in both health and courage, and that he, for many years shared his views, but in later years, experience with two families of pure game fowls, had convinced him that when bred and reared under proper conditions, inbreeding was the safest system.

He related a story of some top-knot fowls he had

procured in Baltimore, soon after the close of the Civil War.

They were carefully bred on one of his best yards, and inbred for 15 years, at the end of which time, a majority of the cocks had lost the top-knot, and while the original combs were single, they eventually bred pea-combs, and nearly all his strains carried a dash of this blood, and the pea-comb, or round head was of frequent occurrence.

A few years before my visit, he had procured a very fine little brown red top-knot cock of the Harry Middleton strain. He was bred to a "yard" of hens which carried a dash of blood of the Baltimore top-knot family, none of which had shown the tassell for years, yet nearly all the stags, by the Middleton cock, had tassells, and the pea-comb eventually dissapeared. It appears that no characteristic ever becomes the permanent dominant influence in the Arrington strains of fowl.

Perhaps this was due to the fact that his fowl had not been bred to color; though Mr. Arrington believed that if the "Yellow Tigers" had been carefully mated with that idea in view, he could have developed a strain that would breed true to color, though they were made up of many colors.

The "Tonys" were consistently gray, but producing both light and black grays from the same matings.

James Eslin's story of the origin of the Red Quills, which were at first called "Yellow Jackets" was interesting.

After the Winans had given up cocking in 1842, when they went to Russia to build the first railroad for the Russian Government, their strains were continued by Duffy and O'Neil, the men who had taken care of them for many years for the Winans, and they fought many mains for gentlemen who had been associates of the Winans.

Mr. Eslin procured one of the cocks, which was a red eyed, yellow legged blue red top-knot; a great fighter. Mr. Eslin put him with some of his brown red hens, which carried the blood of the original fowl Mr. Eslin's father had got from Lord Fairfax, who was a friend and neighbor of General Washington. These fowls had many fresh infusions of Irish blood, and in addition, they carried the "Old Hickory" blood of General Andrew Jackson's, and an occasion infusion of Hansbrough's Meynell grays, and the Mexican cock. The produce of the Winans cock were 100% of one color the first cross: they were unlike any known fowl in either strain, and of a color different from any then known, and none like them has ever apeared in strains which were not of this blood. The cocks were salmon color, with bronze tails, yellow legs and red eyes.



They were not only a distinctive color, but their action and conformation as well as texture of flesh was different from any known fowl, and in addition, they were the most successful strain of their day.

The blood was the most potent of any strain that we knew of. When the Wellslager (properly Ohlenschlager) blood was introduced into the Red Quills, the only change was, the color became darker and their eyes black. The decline of the Red Quills dates from that cross, whatever year it was made, which was prior to 1885.

I have seen nearly 100 stags on Blucher Hansbrough's farms, sired by a grade Red Quill cock, out of 40 or 50 hens of different strains, yet every stag would pass inspection as a pure Red Quill. One of the handsomest flocks of Red Quill colored stags I ever saw on Columbus Eslin's yard, were sired by an O'Neil White cock, out of a flock of hens, not one of which carried more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the Red Quill blood.

I have walked grade Red Quill stags—hundreds of them—over all sorts of dunghill hens, and perhaps thousands of their sons possessed every Red Quill characteristic except courage.

James Eslin was not a better breeder than Gideon Arrington, yet he accidentally produced a distinct breed which, under favorable conditions, could have been perpetuated through all the ages, barring the usual infirmities incident to the diseases to which all fowl are liable.

The first time I met Mr. Jarvis Elise, of Downingtown, Pa., was at a main which he was fighting the Eslins in the George Washington Hotel, Bladensburg, Md., a few miles from Washington City.

Pat Carroll, of Philadelphia, fed and pitted the Elise black hackles, and Dick Lee fed and Charlie Eslin pitted their cocks.

The black hackles were a distinct breed, mahogany red, dark legs and daw eyes, which gave them a weird appearance.

The main was fought the year James Eslin died, 1886, and it was there he received the injury from which he died.

He was seated at the pit-side, and one of the cocks struck his knee, drove the gaff in, blood poisoning followed, and he died a few days later.

The main was a show of 21 cocks, and lasted two days, and it was on the last day that Mr. Eslin received his death blow.

Mr. Eslin and Mr. Elise were great friends, and had been since their first main, which was fought at Gray's

Ferry, near Philadelphia, in 1857, twenty-nine years before.

It was really an international main. Mr. Elise had just emigrated from England, bringing with him the Doctor Bellyse fowl, which were known here as black hackles.

Thomas Davis, who had been feeder for the Lord Sefton of the time, gave the fowl to Mr. Elise. Lord Sefton had discarded them after he had obtained the Lord Derby light reds, in 1834. After the death of the master of Knowsley.

Now that I know both the Lord Derby and black hackles, I wonder why they were discarded. There were never better or gamer cocks than the black hackles, while the Derby light reds were and are today, among the greatest fighters I ever saw, but now, as always, they are deficient in courage. Mr. Eslin won the Bladensburg main, as he did every main he fought the black hackles, but as Mr. Eslin said, the difference was in superior condition, and not superior cocks, as his cocks had been improved many times by infusions of black hackle blood.

Mr. Elise was a courtly gentleman, and always seemed glad to help the youngsters by answering questions about breeding, etc. In reply to my first question, his reply was so clear and so promptly given, that it made a lasting impression upon my mind. I remarked: "Mr. Elise, I heard Mr. Eslin say to you that your cocks look the same today as they did in 1857. How do you breed them?"

He replied: "I in-breed every way except from brother and sister, and at times I have found it necessary to mate brother and sister, and I have never noticed any signs of degeneracy; the principal thing about breeding, is to be sure your brood stock is sound. I asked him if he single mated. "Yes," he replied, "always, for brood stock, but I put 4, 5 or 6 full sisters under a cock, to produce large numbers of stags, but no pullets are reserved, and unless a cock so bred proves an exceptional fighter, I never use them as brood cocks."

Pat Carroll fed and pitted the Elise cocks for nearly 50 years. A few years later, after defeating Mr. Carroll two mains in Baltimore, I joined him in many mains, which I helped him condition, and I then knew why the Eslins, with Doctor Harris and Dick Lee feeding, had always whipped the black hackles.

Mr. Carroll worked his cocks too hard, fed them too much, had them muscle-bound, too corky and his method of running the cocks backward and forward on the work-bench, made them hit short. They could take an awful beating, and they had to, when they met the free hitting, conditioned cocks Eslin set down against them.

Of course, I could not offer any suggestions to this great old cocker. He was anxious to teach me all he knew about feeding, and I absorbed it all, but often wished I could tell him what Dick Lee did with cocks, but never did, and he never asked me, though he believed that Lee was the greatest feeder of them all. Over a period of 50 years, with black hackles, Carroll defeated nearly every cocker he ever met, except Eslin. He fought the best in America, from Montreal to New Orleans.

It was on a steamer, bound from Philadelphia to New Orleans in 1860, that he fell through an open hatch and received the twist in his neck, which caused his head to be held as though he was always looking over his left shoulder.

He was born in County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1819. He was virtually "reared" in Matthew Herrisford's cock-house, and when 14 years old, he went along as helper for Mr. Herrisford, who fought a main in the old Chester, England, pit against Doctor Bellyse's cocks, and the next day Lord Derby fought a main in the same pit, and was beaten by Joseph Gilliver, who fed for John Weightman, and Gen. Leigh. Carroll remained in England, and helped different feeders, including Tommy Bourne, Tom Davis and Martin. He took up pugilism and made a great record, but as fighting in those days was with bare knuckles, he broke the bones in both hands and was obliged to quit the prize ring. He was a light weight then, but when I first knew him, he weighed over 200 pounds.

Mr. Jarvis Elise brought him over to America to feed and handle his cocks, and win, lose or draw, Mr. Elise considered Pat Carroll the premier all-round cocker of the world.

Along about this time, John Hunter, a wealthy sportsman, and Herman Duryea, made a main for a lot of money, the amount of which I have forgotten, if I ever knew.

Mr. Carroll sent for me, perhaps, more for companionship than for any service I could render him as an assistant. When I met him at his home, he told me that he was preparing to feed Mr. Hunter's annual main, and he would go next day to Mr. Hunter's place near Germantown, to put the cock-house in order to receive the cocks, which would be shipped there from New York State.

I accompanied Mr. Carroll to the Hunter estate, and I had never seen such a perfectly arranged and fitted-up cock-house.

The feeding coops must have been made by an expert cabinet maker, and the room was finished in natural wood, and varnished.

There was a pit adjoining the feeding room, the bottom of which was covered with heavy carpet.

There was another feeding room adjoining the pit, fitted up the same as the one which we were to use. The building had been originally used for a stable, and the second floor was occupied then by the coachman and his family, but the family were not then occupying the dwelling. Mr. Hunter sent out a cook, an old Negro man, so we had no occasion to leave the place.

The cocks arrived—30 of them—all of which looked as though they came out of the same egg, so much alike were they—black brass backs, with yellow legs, red eyes, white feathers in wings and tail, and cut out snow-white.

Mr. Hunter came out a week after their arrival, to see them spar. They could fight. They were not rugged cocks, such as I had been accustomed to feeding.

I asked Mr. Hunter what strain they were. He merely looked at me, and did not reply to my question.

When we were alone, Mr. Carroll told me that he had fed a main of these cocks for Mr. Hunter every year for more than 20 years, and he had asked the same question that I had asked, and for reply received only a stony stare, and he had never again inquired, and furthermore he never knew from Mr. Hunter whom he was fighting until he met his opponent at the pit. The day before the date set for the main, Michael Kearney came with the Duryea cocks, which he put in the room adjoining the pit, and brought along his own bed, and set it up in the cock-house.

Mr. Kearney, whom I had met several times before, was not a very sociable man. He always seemed to take himself very seriously. Mr. Kearney and his helper, Mr. Carroll and myself spent a few hours together after supper.

Mr. Carroll was one of the first cockers outside of New York, to lose a main to Mr. Kearney, soon after Mr. Kearney's arrival from Ireland.

Indeed, for years, Mr. Kearney had defeated all comers in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and elsewhere.

The crowd were on hand at the appointed hour. Nearly all of them wore silk hats and side whiskers.

A tall, slender young man was pointed out to me as being Herman Duryea, for whom Kearney was feeding, and I believe this was the first main Kearney had fed for him.



*Herman Duryea*

The main started finally, on the hour scheduled: I had never seen so much money bet before; it was a stubbornly contested main, and the last battle decided it in favor of Duryea, and the winner was a brown red cock of Kearney's.

Many years afterwards I learned that the Kearney brown-red cock was used by Duryea, over a yellow birchen, (ginger) round head hen, and from that meeting the invincible Duryea white hackles were made.

Later in the same season, Mr. Columbus Eslin fought Mr. Hunter at the same place. Several of the Hunter cocks were furnished by Jarvis Elise.

This time I helped Dick Lee. Carroll fed and pitted the Hunter cocks. Our cocks were a mixed lot, some of which were bred by Col. Maddux, whom, I believe, made the main. However, we won nearly every fight.

There was one Hunter brass back that won on sheer gameness—it was the last fight in the main.

After we had put our cocks in the traveling coops, Mr. Columbus Eslin hunted up Mr. Hunter, whom he found lying on a couch.

He was a very old man—perhaps, 80, and was very feeble. Mr. Eslin asked him for the little brass back cock, which Mr. Hunter refused to part with, saying: "Why should you want a cock of mine? Yours are much better." To which Mr. Eslin replied: "Our cocks are not as game as yours."

"It seems to me, Mr. Eslin," Mr. Hunter replied, "that with the improved fast heels which have lately come into use, gameness is not essential to success, and you have proved it here, since you tell me that your cocks are not as game as mine."

That, I think, was the last main fought by Mr. Hunter. He, with his partner, Mr. Travers, were the most successful turfmen in America, in their day.

The "Travers Stake," which is an annual race at Saratoga, commemorates the memory of Mr. Travers.

As an instance of the rugged honesty of Pat Carroll, the following story is worth telling.

The next year after the main with Mr. Eslin, Mr. Hunter ordered Pat Carroll to destroy all of his cocks and hens.

He never kept more than half a dozen hens, I was told, so the job was not a big one. Carroll went to where they were kept, and had all the hens that could be found destroyed. A few days later, the gardener, who had the fowl in charge, brought a hen to Mr. Carroll's home, saying she had been setting on infertile eggs, and in that way they had missed finding her.

I had arrived from Washington the same morning, with a lot of stags which Mr. Carroll was to use in a main. The Hunter hen was in a cock-coop. I took her out to look at her, and asked Mr. Carroll what she was, to which he replied, "She's the last of John Hunter's strain, and she was brought in for me to kill, as Mr. Hunter ordered," explaining the slaughter of a few days before.

"Are you going to kill her?" I asked. "Sure I am."

No more was said about it, but I decided that she would not die with a "sore throat."

When I was ready to start to the depot, I offered Frank Carroll, Pat's son, \$5 if he would bring the hen to the station—"Not for five thousand, Andy, the old gent would drive me from home." So, while the old gentleman was busy elsewhere, I wrapped the hen up in my overcoat, and told them good bye—I had got about a block away, when Mr. Carroll called to me to come back, but I moved faster, finally got a chap driving a wagon to take me to the station. The train was not due for half an hour, and I was uneasy about what would happen if Carroll reached there before I got away. I saw him alighting from a hack, and went out another door, got a hack, drove over to the Pennsylvania Station, and went home over that line, instead of over the Baltimore and Ohio, as had been my custom.

The next day Mr. Carroll arrived at my home in Washington. Of course he came to get the hen. He had to make his report to Mr. Hunter, and could not do so, and have to admit that one of the hens had escaped. I refused to give her up, telling him I would return the hen after getting a brood of chicks from her. I argued with Mr. Carroll, defending my position, which I knew was untenable, but excused my act on the grounds of my love for game fowls: that he was not guilty of wrongdoing.

However, Mr. Carroll reported the incident to Mr. Hunter, who remembered me only as Mr. Carroll's helper: I doubt if he knew my name, but Mr. Carroll felt better when the great old sportsman smiled, and said he hoped I would have good luck with her.

I have had no occasion to offer an alibi for her produce, for 40 years.

Two weeks later Mr. Carroll came to Baltimore to fight my stags, in a main, which he won. Among the great breeders of that time, was Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Baltimore. He was a very pleasant, companionable old gentleman; born in Ireland, and came to America with his parents, during the famine in Ireland, in 1848. They settled in Albany, New York, and followed the family

profession of school teachers. After the Civil War, the subject of this story, came to Baltimore, and found employment as bookkeeper for the Canton Copper Works, near Pat Garvey's pit. The Kirkpatrick family had brought with them a strain of fowl which were known in Ireland as "Flarey Eyes" and in Albany, New York, as "Albany Flat Heads." Their first big main was fought against John Stone's cocks, which they won.

After coming to Baltimore, Mr. Kirkpatrick, who was known only as "Kirk," never fought any mains. His business made it impossible for him to devote any time to feeding mains, but he bred about 50 stags every year, which he walked in pens, and hacked them off at Garvey's and other pits in Baltimore. He usually brought three stags, and \$5 was his limit. He fought purely for the love of it. He was an old man when I first knew him, but he was one of the best pitters I ever saw. It was known by all patrons of the local pits, that Mr. "Kirk" had never lost the odd battle of the three stags which he always brought and he never missed a fight from the time he made his first appearance, until 1888, when he lost all his hens, which were smothered with snow in the great blizzard of that year—March 12-13. I will never forget the date, for we (the Eslins) fought and defeated Michael Kearney, in New York, on March 12.

I was an inquisitive youngster, and was always seeking information from experienced cockers, as to their methods of breeding, and Mr. Kirkpatrick was such a genial old gentleman, and so honorable, that it was a genuine pleasure to meet him.

I asked him the usual question which was always uppermost in my mind—and that was, how he bred his fowl. He was the staunchest advocate of in-breeding among my acquaintances, who would condescend to impart any information to a youngster.

As to the origin in Ireland, of his strain, he did not profess to know anything. He never knew any game fowl except his father's strain, though he had seen many other strains in Ireland, he was interested only in their own, which he thought were a little better than any others, and after coming to this country, he had never seen any fowl that he considered as good.

After he had lost his hens in the blizzard, Mr. Kearney came to Baltimore to see a main.

He and Mr. Kirk sat together at the pit side and talked game fowl throughout the main. I sat near Mr. Kirkpatrick, and while I did not join in the conversation, I heard and enjoyed it all. Mr. Kearney offered to give Mr. Kirkpatrick a cock and hen, to start him over again.



"No, Michael," answered Mr. Kirkpatrick, "I would not know what to do with them—I never had but the one strain, and I am now too old to learn the game over again, which I would have to do with a strain, such as yours, which are a heavy-fleshed fowl."

Mr. Kearney had lost several mains up to that time, and he was plainly worried about his fowl. Mr. Kirkpatrick advised him not to cross them, saying, whenever a strain goes so far back that it seems to need a cross, it would be better to kill them off than to waste time experimenting with crosses. Several years later, when nearly 88 years old, Mr. Kirk altered his views on breeding, due, perhaps to association with the Eslins after he moved to Washington.

Mr. Kearney did not agree with him, and referred to the Duryea Whitehackles which were then making a reputation.

"Well, Michael," continued Mr. Kirkpatrick, "your brown reds will help any strain, but I don't think any strain will help your brown reds. I found it so with my 'Flarey Eyes' and I have seen in this pit, stags sired by my cocks, out of all sorts of hens, and I seldom see a bad one, but no cross I have ever tried helped my fowl, and many times I thought they needed a cross to increase their size."

Kirkpatrick must have been right, for after 1890, I never saw Kearney fight any brown reds that fought like the old strain, or even looked like them.

At one of the Eslin-Kearney mains in New York, I met Wm. L. Morgan, whom, I believe, had lately moved to East Orange, N. J., from New York State. He was a very pleasant, mild-mannered man, and we spent a few hours discussing the sport in different sections of the country. He had some success with the Gilkerson fowl, which were then known as "North Britons" and not as Whitehackles, which they were.

I had, up to this time, met nearly all the foremost breeders and cockers in America, and had discussed breeding with all of them, and there was not much difference in their systems of breeding, and they all, without a single exception, advocated in-breeding when a "Nick" was obtained by crossing. All the great breeders had made their own strains and stamped their "individuality" on them.

John Hunter and Michael Kearney were the only breeders who would not discuss the question of breeding with me.

About that time my old antagonist in cocking—who was also my friend—Arthur B. Suit, entered into partnership with Mr. Kearney. He had hundreds of the best

walks in Maryland, and he shared them with Mr. Kearney. Suit had fought Kearney three mains in New York, with John Evans feeding, and lost them all, and it was after these losses that he went in with Kearney, and they had quite a run of luck.

I saw dozens of the stags Kearney sent to Suit to walk. They were all light reds, cut out white, but they were not rugged as were the Whitehackles which Kearney commenced fighting soon after his alliance with Mr. Duryea, and I doubt if they were of the same family of fowl.

I had no trouble in beating them.



JAMES M. O'CONNOR

CAPT. ANTHONY GREENE

ANDREW P. O'CONNOR

During the winter of 1892, Capt. Anthony Greene, of Sacramento, California, came east with a lot of grade Jap cocks to fight Suit and Kearney. Perhaps no main ever fought in this country attracted more attention. It was fought in January of that year in Frank Ward's pit in Newark, N. J.

We (the Eslins) had beaten a main of grade Japs the year before (Jan. 7th, 1891) in Richmond, Va., for John Lindsay. They were, I think, P. W. Carew's cross of Jap and Blackhackle.

I remember the date, because it was the date on which Bob Fitzsimmons defeated Jack Dempsey, "the Nonpareil" for the middle weight championship of the world, in New Orleans.

The first cock I fought out of the John Hunter hen, before mentioned, was named "Jack Dempsey." He won on the count, stone blind, with both legs and both wings broken. The Jap simply broke him all to pieces, then went to sleep—but he was also badly hurt and died a few minutes after the heels were removed.

We did not think much of those Japs, but my sympathy was with Capt. Greene because he had the courage to cross the continent in mid-winter, with his cocks, and back them for all the money that the New Yorkers and Marylanders would produce.

There was no doubt in my mind after the main, about the quality of Greene's Japs. They seemed to have everything first class cocks required, and it was a matter for almost universal regret among fair sportsmen, that Mr. Greene was deprived of a well-earned victory.

William L. Morgan was the first Referee and Frank Kelley the second. Among the famous cockers whom I met at that main were: Capt. Anthony Greene, Tom Norton, Joe Wingate, Patrick W. Carew, then editor of THE GAME BREEDER, Jim Dougrey, Dennis Maloney, P. J. Dougherty, Tony Billingham, Michael McGrath, and others who were great cockers in those days, but whose names would not now mean anything.

None of the Eslins went to the main, but they were anxious to hear all about it, outside of what the newspapers had told, and I went over the whole story for them. I was then a very busy cocker myself, and two months after the Suit-Greene main, I fought Suit and Kearney in Garvey's pit, and beat them worse than Greene did. I think that was the last year Suit and Kearney fought together.

Suit was the "goat" in the Greene main. Suit is dead, but I want to state that Suit was not a party to the raw deal given Greene. I knew Suit nearly all my life; fought

him 12 mains and won eleven of them, and I never knew of any unsportsmanlike act ever committed by him. He was the soul of honor, and he was not afraid to fight any man in the world in any sort of weapons.

He was a well-bred gentleman and his family had been contemporary with the Claibornes of Kent Island. One hundred and fifty years ago, the Suit "Shawlnecks" were mentioned in the Maryland Gazette. The family owned thousands of acres of land near Washington, and the village of "Suitland" is older than the Nation's Capitol.

I fought Suit the last main he ever fought, which was at Norfolk, Va., in 1900, or 1901. Mr. Kirkpatrick (to whom reference has been made in connection with the "Flarey Eyes") joined him in that main against me, and pitted the Suit cocks against Capt. George O'Neill Palmer, who acted for me.

Shortly afterwards Suit was elected Sheriff of his home county, Prince Georges, and died in office, several years later. During the last ten years of his cocking life, he fought an average of five mains a year, and won most of them. At the time I fought him in Norfolk, he had won 16 consecutive mains, with John Evans, feeding and pitting for him. He had discarded all crosses, and devoted his time to his brown-reds (Shawls) many of which cut out Whitehackle. Most of them had top-knots. They were a distinct breed of consistent fighting game fowls. Suit believed that they were nearer to the original Kent Island family than any cocks then living. Mr. Suit's father-in-law, James Pumphrey, of Washington, was also a member of an old Maryland family of cockers, and bred Pumphrey Shawlnecks. He operated a large Livery Stable on the corner of 6th and C Streets, N. W., on the 2nd floor of which he conducted a private pit, for more than fifty years, which, after illuminating gas had been introduced in Washington, cock-fighting at night became the fashion, and it was a common saying on Capitol Hill, that whenever a quorum was needed in Congress or the Senate, the members could always be found at Pumphrey's Cock-Pit. He was a handsome, dignified old gentleman, and had a flare for wearing big diamonds on his finger and in his shirt, and I used to think he was the neatest and most graceful man I ever saw in a cock-pit. His sole ambition late in life was to whip Michael Kearney a main of cocks, but he never succeeded in doing so.

He was the only cocker of the old school in Washington, who consistently fought the same strain, of the same color, year after year. His cocks were intensely game, but never seemed to be fought in good condition.

Mike Horrigan, a horseshoer, had his shop next door to Pumphrey's Stable, and he ran a pit in a large back room.

Only Hack-fighting was held there, and the most successful patron of his pit, was Thomas Stack, an old shoemaker, from Ireland, whose black grays are as fresh in my memory as they were 40 odd years ago.

Just as sure as one of Tom's cocks was cut down, he would commence offering odds that he would not be counted out, but no one ever seemed to think they would be. I used to sit for hours in Tom's shop and hear him talk cocking. He was a philosopher, and, with the possible exception of Blucher Hansbrough, he really knew more about the "science" of breeding than any man of his time. He bred his fowl in a city back yard, and he had the same old black eyed, black legged gray necked hens when he died that he had when I first knew him, and I never remember seeing a pullet on his yard. He thought it best to keep proven hens together, and breed a young son of one of them as long as the hens produced vigorous stags. He would hatch the chicks out at his home, and send them to the country to develop. He would let the stags run together without ever having seen a hen since they were weaned. When the stag-fighting season opened, which was in March, he would bring in 7, keep them in pens a few weeks, with a hen for company and inspiration, condition them and he usually fought the lot at one of the pits, and continued that system throughout the season. He was very successful, and getting a stag from him was out of the question. I know, because I often tried to get one.

Perhaps, the happiest day of my young life, was the day I took five stags by the Kearney (Slattery) Slip-Spar blinker cock, out of the old Jim Eslin 1885 Red Quill hen, to Horrigan's pit, and matched them all with my old friend, Tom Stack, and beat him every fight for \$10 a battle, in 1½ inch heels. One and one-quarter inch gaffs were seldom used in Washington, then, except in mains.

I called on the old man a few days later, and found him in a melancholy mood. Nothing like that bad streak of luck had ever before happened to him, and he couldn't understand it. Finally he asked me what strain the stags were from.

Well, I just couldn't tell him all the truth, so I replied, they are Eslin. He knew I had been a regular visitor at the homes of the Eslins, and had helped Dick Lee feed several mains.

He was not quite sure that I had told him all the

truth about them, for he said: "I have seen Eslin's cocks fight for 35 years, and I never saw them fight any that were as good as the stags you fought; I never saw such broad shoulders and backs on their cocks, and you can feel sure that you have better fighting fowl than they ever had."

This statement pleased me, because I felt he was sincere, and I knew he had seen all the best cocks that had been fought there since he landed in Washington, in 1848—that memorable year, when so many thousands of Irish families emigrated to this country to avoid the horrors of the famine.

I told him I was going to take the same stags to the pit the next fighting night.

"Well, Andy, " he replied, "I'll be there to back you this time, and I'm not going to fight any more, because I know now I can be licked."

The stags repeated their previous performances, and emerged without getting a feather ruffled.

I asked Mr. Stack for a hen and offered to let him take his pick of my stags.

He said: "You can have the hen, but take my advice and don't cross your fowl, and I won't take your stags, because I am too old now to start a new breed, so I'll just go on and breed my fowl as long as I live; a cross might not do them any good unless I was lucky enough to pick the right hen and you pick the right stag to mate with her; I have known but few crosses that would last."

He gave me the hen, and repeated his advice not to waste any time with crosses. He died the same year.

The hen looked more like a Henny cock than a hen. She stood up, breast out, tail up, wide and fan-like, long spurs and crowed incessantly.

Arthur Suit stopped at my home one day, and admired the hen. He had seen dozens of Stack's cocks fight, but had never seen one of his hens.

I loaned her to him: He mated her with a brown-red top-knot cock, and proceeded to breed a strain of grays so much like Guineas that he named them "Keets" and for 10 years they were about the best cocks around Washington.

Suit and I continued to fight mains, but as further proof of his high character, he never fought a descendant of that hen against me.

In later years, the name was corrupted to "Katys."

The first full main of them as cocks, were fought against Ernerst Manlick, of Marietta, Pa., and they won every fight, and the same season he beat Pat Carroll,

I went over to Columbus to see Charley Brown, and

of Philadelphia, with the same cocks.

Suit had established a new strain, different from any color I, or any one in Washington, had ever seen. The hens were gray "Dominiques" and with the exception of a light gray bar on the wing tips, the cocks were gray "Dominiques" with willow legs the first year, but afterwards, without any other cross, 90% of both cocks and hens bred white legs and red eyes.

The strain did not last, which was another one of the mysteries of nature, and bore out the truth of Mr. Stack's warning to me. He said: "You will get great fighters, but the strain won't last."

Upon what grounds he based his prediction, he did not say, and as it did not sound logical to me, I did not ask him any questions.

In the early 90's I met John Bohler, of Augusta, Ga., for the second time, when I had an opportunity to draw him out on the question of breeding game fowls. He was responsible for the Warhorse strain, which earned their right to a place in the cocking history of America. Henry Hicks, who was half brother to John Bohler, had been taught the art of feeding cocks, by an Irish soldier of fortune, named O'Neill Gildea, who, returning to Ireland, after nearly four years in the Confederate Army, sent Mr. Bohler some dark red fowl of a famous winning family, which eventually became known as "Warhorse". Major Thomas Bacon, of South Carolina and Mr. Bohler were partners in cocking for many years. Bacon was well known in the north, and had no trouble in securing his choice of any fowl he fancied, so Mr. Bohler told me, and in that way, many fine cocks found their way into Georgia and South Carolina, and among these, were cocks from the Eslins, Wellslager, Goss, Middleton and perhaps others, including John Stones.

It was the irony of fate that it was not until after the death of Major Bacon, and the retirement from the sport by Mr. Bohler, that the fame of the Warhorse spread beyond the boundary of their native states.

When I went to Augusta, Ga., in 1891, to feed a main for Henry Hicks, I did not see a cock that even remotely resembled the dark red Warhorse.

If Jim Clarke, of Dawson, Ga., or Jim Hammond, had any dark colored fowl, they did not send them to Hicks for his main: The Hammond cocks were Dominiques, and the Clarke cocks were light reds, grays and blue gray, which I understood were Murtishaw fowls. That main was to have been fought with Charles F. Brown and Charles Hollifield, at Macon, but the Shawlnecks were taken sick, and the main called off.



spent several days with him, for the purpose of learning his story of his Shawlnecks, and his system of breeding.

An old Negro, Andrew Barnes, of Macon, Ga., who fed mains for Mr. Brown many years before the Civil War, and also afterwards, had told me much of their early history, which was verified by Mr. Brown.

Barclay and Twiggs had the same strain that Brown fought, but it was in a main which Mr. Brown fought against Major Bacon, that the Brown Shawlnecks got their name, as they cut out White hackle, and in those days, cocks were cut out in full regulation fashion.

A Mr. Shinholzer, of Macon, Ga., claimed to have brought the fowl from Maryland, and no one whom I met ever disputed his claim.

Messrs. Brown, Barclay and Twiggs (or Triggs) continued to breed their strains in different sections of Georgia, and with cocks from these strains and Major Bacon's, Mr. Brown maintained the reputation of his strain. He was an advocate of in-breeding along the above lines.

Many of the Barclay and Twiggs cocks had tassells, which Mr. Brown did not care for, but from the same strains, he procured good plain heads.

I also met Col. Grist, on that trip. He was about the most successful breeder then in the South. He bred several strains, grays, light and dark reds, and claimed to in-breed "twice in and once out."

That is, he would breed a son of one of six sisters back to his mother and aunts, and a stag from that mating back on the same yard of hens, and a brother of the original six hens to their granddaughters.

He considered this system of in-breeding close enough.

While he had many different colors, all the fowls on different breeding farms were apparently of the same family.

Perhaps no breeder, at any time in the history of cocking, enjoyed so great a measure of success in the commercial field as did Col. Grist.

Bob Marx, who kept a pit in San Antonio, and whom I met shortly afterwards, was Col. Grist's best customer, often ordering one hundred to be shipped at one time. They were sent with the understanding that Mr. Marx would return, for breeding purposes, a few of the outstanding fighters, and in this way, Col. Grist could head each of his brood yards with cocks of exceptionable fighting ability, of his own strains.

Up to this time, when I was about twenty years of age, I had met and discussed cocking in all its phases, with most of the men whose names today are written in the brightest and most glorious chapters in American

cocking history: they were not only great breeders and cockers, but they were men of the highest character, therefore, useful citizens in peace and in war. Perhaps, no fancier, who ever lived at any time in the world's history, has enjoyed a wider acquaintance among celebrities in our sport, than I have, and now as I journey toward the sunset of life, I look back upon the years that have passed, crowded with triumphs and trials, and nothing can warp me from the belief that all true sportsmen are lovers of truth and fairness.

## THE ANCIENT LAWS OF BREEDING

---

Those who advocate the frequent introduction of fresh blood into their strains of pit games, advance many sound arguments in its favor, basing their claims for the correctness of this system, upon the ancient laws governing the mating of members of the human family, citing, even the Barbarians, with whom cock-fighting originated and who at a very early period in the world's history, recognized the evil effects of marriage between closely related members of their tribes, and, according to Sir William Jones, in the Institutes of Manu (Chapter iii, 33) they enacted strict laws against incestuous marriage.

They very likely followed the same system of mating their animals and game fowls. Sir William Jones, who is a recognized authority on Asiatic history, says: "Marriage by capture is enumerated among eight forms of the nuptial ceremony used by four classes." This system of acquiring a mate was followed, in order to avoid inter-marriage between members of the same tribe.

"In the description of this marriage called *Rachasa*, we have the exact prototype of the Roman and Spartan forms, in a code of laws a thousand years older than our AERA."

The Athenians, when at the height of their intellectual and physical powers, were legally permitted to marry half sisters on the father's side. The Spartans married half sisters on the mother's side. The Assyrians and Egyptians married full sisters.

The Arabians married half sisters on the father's side, and the same system was followed by them in the breeding of their horses.

Neither the Arabians nor the Hebrews were addicted to cock-fighting, and while the Hebrews are not credited with the development of any useful breed of animals, they were responsible for the idea of the hereditary transmission of temporary mental qualities, which had much influence in the breeding of animals and game fowl in England, and perhaps, elsewhere, where the Bible was considered the inspired guide, here and hereafter. The Bible was written 4004 years B. C., and nearly 2,000 years later, the story of Jacob's marriage with two sisters, both of whom were his first cousins, appeared in the society notes, in Genesis.

Jacob acquired his wives by purchase—he labored seven years for his uncle Laban, for his daughter Rachel,

and after Jacob had fulfilled his part of the contract, Laban waited until night, and sent his daughter, Leah, into Jacob's tent.

"Now it came to pass that in the morning, behold, it was Leah: and he said unto Laban, what is this thou hast done unto me? Did not I serve with thee for Rachel? Wherefore then has thou beguiled me?"

And Laban said: "It must not be so done in our country, to give the younger before the first born. Fulfill her (?) week and we will give thee this also, for the service which thou shalt serve with me yet seven other years."

"And Jacob did so, and fulfilled her week, and he gave him Rachel his daughter to wife also." Laban had been "putting over" on his son-in-law, what we in this age, call "fast ones" but in some way, which the commentator, who happened to be the author of the Ten Commandments, failed to mention. Jacob had acquired (?) a knowledge of biology, and proceeded to make use of it in a cattle deal with Laban, after the latter had refused to permit him to return to his own tribe with his wives and children.

So they entered into a partnership, and things commenced to happen, and business "picked up" for Jacob. The agreement was that in the division of the new-born cattle, sheep and goats, those which were born speckled and striped, belonged to Jacob, and those of solid colors were to be Laban's. So Jacob commenced gathering rods of poplar, hazel and chestnut, and peeled them, leaving white streaks showing through the bark; these were placed before the cattle: "And he set the rods which he had peeled (piled) before the flocks in the gutters in the watering troughs, when the flocks came to drink: that they should conceive when they came to drink.

"And the flocks conceived before the rods, and brought forth cattle ring-streaked, speckled and spotted. And it came to pass whensoever the stronger cattle did conceive, that Jacob laid the rods before the eyes of the cattle in the gutters that they might conceive among the rods. But when the cattle were feeble, he put them not in: So the feeble were Laban's and the stronger, Jacob's."

According to the Biblical story, the scheme worked to the advantage of Jacob.

The early Greeks and Romans also believed in the theory of the hereditary transmission of temporary mental qualities. Socrates resented an interruption of one of his discourses, by a rude young student—and said: "Surely, young man, thy sire was drunk when he begat thee" and Shakespeare makes a character in "Cariolanus," say: "Come on ye cowards, ye were got in fear, though ye were

born in Rome."

Early breeders of race horses and fighting cocks, in England, borrowed this idea from the Arabs, who applied it to the breeding of their horses.

They believed that if a stallion was mated with a mare, while he was excited and full of energy, though not exhausted after a race, he would transmit these qualities to his progeny. Likewise, if cocks mated with hens, were kept in full view of each other, with their fighting spirit constantly kept at its highest pitch, the produce from such matings would be endowed with the desired qualities. The plan, however, did not work out as satisfactorily as it was reported to have worked for Jacob, in his cattle deal with Laban.

The Biblical story is referred to here, not on account of its value, because science has proved that it could not have been true, but merely to prove that the question of breeding has had a place in the minds of men as far back as ancient history has been traced.

We, in our day, may think the ideas regarding breeding, of these pioneers, was crude, but whatever their system was, all the game fowl which we now have, were descended from the strains which were bred by sportsmen who worked along intelligent lines.

All experienced breeders believe that regardless of what the origin of game fowl were, man's only share in their development was in domesticating the fowls, and breeding them to type: With the development of their courage, he had nothing to do, except in many instances, to spoil it by injudicious crossing.

It was believed a few centuries ago, that with the introduction of artificial weapons in Europe, high courage ceased to be as essential to success in the pit, as it was under the ancient system of fighting cocks in nature's weapons.

The latter system is most severe, I believe, but there are many strains in Spain that cannot be made to quit in natural spurs, but they will not stay through a gruelling battle against artificial weapons. Yet, they are considered by the Spaniards, gamer than the gamest strains in England and Ireland, claiming that fighting in natural spurs requires a higher type of courage than is necessary when cocks are fought in metal spurs. With them, I do not agree, and I doubt if they really believe it themselves.

I have known many instances where Spanish fowl were crossed with high-grade game fowl of European origin—that is, English and Irish strains, and I have never known a strain that was improved by the cross.

## CROSSING PIT FOWL

---

As all my early success with game fowl was due to crosses between strains that were different in every important point, except high courage, I should be an advocate of crossing, and I must confess that I am, until the desired type of game fighting cocks are produced, and then a judicious system of inbreeding should be strictly adhered to as long as the strain retains its vigor.

Forty years ago, when there were so many high-class in-bred strains, crossing was not as hazardous as it is today, and while every cross then was not successful, I never heard of an instance where the mating of a game cock and game hen produced cocks of a low order of courage. We hear of it quite frequently these days, but we know it is not true.

After forty years of the most intense inbreeding, I am sure that it is the only system by which the desirable qualities of strains can be maintained.

There has never been a year when I have not made crosses between cocks and hens of my own old strains, and frequently with cocks which I know were bred right, which were presented to me by real friends. I have never known a "first cross" that did not produce good fighters, and with only one exception, game cocks, but none of the crosses were as good as the strains which we made with the Slaterry (Kearney) Slip Spur blinker cock, and Eslin Red Quill hen. While I never saw a pure Red Quill cock in battle, many cockers whom I knew very well, told me they were more like the Kearney brown reds, when at their best, than any cocks they had ever seen. So, the bringing together of these two strains, produced a family of fighters which were, I was told, superior to either strain.

In 1892, I bred a cock which was presented to me by that great California cocker, Captain Anthony Greene.

In breeding, he was out of a hen of the August Belmont strain, by a Jap cock, of the Shamo strain.

I mated the grade Jap cock to four of my best formed Black and Tan hens. (Kearney-Eslin). The produce consisted of forty of the most beautiful stags I ever saw.

I sent 25 of them to Capt. James Gee Oakley, of Alabama, who put them on first class walks. In 1894, we made a 21 cock main with L. H. Hanna, Esq., of Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Hanna was the surviving member of the famous firm of Sledge and Hanna.

Capt. Oakley had fought several of the grade Japs in hacks, to test them. In those days, Capt. Oakley was one of the great plungers of the South, and he matched a blinker Jap for \$500 a side, and won. He was satisfied with their gameness and fighting quality, so we made the main with Mr. Hanna, to fight at the Montgomery Park race track at Memphis, for \$200 and \$2,000.

I think we had up 15 of these grade Japs, seven or eight of which were matched. Mr. Hanna showed a great many small cocks, thus eliminating the largest Japs. I fed them at the race track, and had them, in what I considered, good condition.

However, they were very ordinary fighters, while absolutely game, they lacked the spirit with which I was familiar in the Black and Tans. Nearly all of them were defeated, but their gameness was greatly admired.

Mr. Hanna and several of his friends visited my cockhouse the following day to see the wounded cocks. I cut them all out, gave them a real test, which they stood with the highest courage.

Ounce for ounce, they were stronger cocks than the Black and Tans, and I then learned that great strength is not essential to success in the pit. A few months later, I decided to satisfy myself as to the quality of the grade Jap, in a test with five Black and Tan cocks, in blunt  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch spurs. I fed both lots of cocks, and as the try-out was in private, with a few friends present, there was no favoritism shown. The test convinced me that the grade Jap could not win one fight out of five against the Black and Tans. I then destroyed every grade Jap, except one hen, a sister in blood to these cocks.

I bred a Red Quill—Colored Black and Tan cock to her for four years. She produced good, honest, consistent fighting game cocks. After she died, I bred the same cock to one of her first daughters. The cocks were big, soft, clumsy and poor fighters, and the last of them were fought in a long heel main, in the Theatre at Monongah, West Virginia, in a 15 cock main against Hannigan and Spillman. I won the main, but all the grade Japs lost. I then destroyed all that family of grade Japs, and have had no cause to regret it, but it can be truthfully said, no cocks I ever saw were gamer, under any and all conditions, and when I say "game" I mean the sort that will stand a test as long as he lives, be it one or seven days.

A few years later, Capt. Greene was having great success with a cross of Japs and Charley Brown's Shawlnecks. He sent me a pair of hens of that family, to breed under a cock of mine.

I mated them with a little Kirkpatrick-Costa Rica cock, that weighed 3:10. I walked 20 stags of that mating, got back 15, and during my absence in England, my brother, James, shipped them to Capt. Greene, to Seattle, Washington. With these 15 cocks, and a few of his own breeding, he won three 13 cock mains, beating the "Mugwumps," "Red Cubans" and Pierce Shufflers, and closed the season with 12 live cocks of the 15 Jim sent him.

Unfortunately, we destroyed all the sisters to these phenomenal cocks.

They were the last grade Japs bred by me.

We have always believed that if we had bred the Greene original grade Jap cock to our Kirk-Costa Rica hens, the result would have been more satisfactory. The hens of that family were very small—few of them weighing over 2:8, and the Jap was a whale of a cock.

Capt. Oakley bred from a few of my Black and Tan—Jap cocks, over as good hens as there were in the world. A jet black, round head cock from one of his matings, was loaned by Capt. Oakley to the late J. P. Mayberry, who bred him over hens that were sired by a Red Horse cock of mine, and the produce earned world-wide fame, as "Mayberry's Black Roundheads." They were absolutely unbeatable during the life time of Capt. Mayberry, and they were as game as cocks ever get to be, until crossed with bad cocks.

During my first years with the produce of the 1885 Eslin Red Quill hen, I fought a great many cocks that were Red Quill in color. Their success was widely heralded throughout the cocking centers of this country, and I received many inquiries concerning them, among which was one from Judge Dan Gordon, of Alabama, who wanted to buy a pure Red Quill cock.

Alabama was at that time virtually headquarters for Eslin Red Quills, due to the long and intimate association between U. S. Senator W. C. Sherrod, Sr., and the Eslins. In replying to Judge Gordon, I stated there was not, as far as I knew, a pure Red Quill cock in the world, but I had some grade Red Quill stags, and I would give him one.

The Judge did not want to accept him as a gift, but as I would not sell, he accepted him. I shipped, what I considered a good stag, but he did not please the Judge, who preferred high stationed fowl, but he must not have known anything about Red Quills, if he did, he would have known that they were a very low-set family of fowl. He did not breed to him. Later in the year, his friend, Col. F. E. Grist invited him to send over some cocks and stags for the final hack meeting of the season.



Among the lot sent by the Judge, was my grade Red Quill stag. He was fought and defeated.

The following story was well known to hundreds of Southern sportsmen, being a favorite story of both Judge Gordon and Col. Grist.

When Capt. Anthony Greene and I went to New Orleans, in the winter of 1893, to fight Col. Grist a series of three 21 cock mains, in the old Spanish cock-pit, the story of my stag was told there, to, among others, W. L. Allen, originator of the famous Allen Round Heads.

This is the crux of the story, told by Col. Grist: "We fought the Red Quill stag early in the morning: he was defeated and thrown into an adjoining room, apparently dead.

"We fought thirty-five or forty cocks and stags, and stopped when it was too dark to see. We had dinner, and afterwards, a poker-game, which lasted well into noon the next day. Some of the boys went to their homes, some of them turned in at my house, and slept until late the next morning. Judge Gordon was among my guests. There were a few cocks fought that he wanted to send home to use the following season over some hens. We repaired to the cock-house, and the weather being very hot, the stench issuing from the room was sickening.

"The Negro boy who was employed by me to attend to the fowl, had got drunk, and could not be found. In some way, the doors of the cock-coops were left open, and I never saw such a mess—dead and dying cocks all over the floors of both rooms, which was as silent as the grave. We heard a weak crow, which was the only sign of life among them. I searched around and found it was the Red Quill stag. He was the only thing in the place that would show fight.

"I told Judge Gordon, the stag may not be a fighter, but he is the gamest thing I ever saw, and if he lives, I will mate him with the best hens I have. He was carefully nursed during the long summer months, and by Spring he had recovered. I bred him to my favorite hen, and then put him over a yard of hens. Nearly every stag he sired was just like him, except their legs were yellow. The produce from that Red Quill cock are the best and gamest fowl I ever saw." Hens from that cock were the foundation upon which Allen's Roundheads were made. The record of the Allen fowls prove that when they were at their best, they were wonderful fighters.

While fighting a main against Doctor Boteler at Garvey's pit, twenty-five or twenty-six years ago, I fought a Whitehackle cock that got his top beak knocked off the

first pitting, and he was kicked around the pit for over an hour. The odds against him were \$100 to \$1. When those who backed my cock "whispered" their advice to me to give up the fight and save this wonderful game cock, I replied, as soon as his head clears, he'll win. His flesh was as "responsive" in my hands, as when first pitted—that is, he had not loosened up, which is a sure sign that a cock has control of his muscles.

Finally, he "awoke" and he must have thought he was back on his walk, as he started "talking" as cocks talk to hens. When pitted on the score, he tore across as though he had never been touched with a gaff, and his blows could be heard clear out on the street, 100 feet away. He won in that pitting. He was of the "Picket" family. Col. W. H. Perkins, of Richmond, Va., (who is brother-in-law of the famous Lady Astor, of England) asked me for the cock, which I gave him. He wanted him for Dr. F. S. Rowley, of Rock Hill, S. C. Col. Perkins shipped the cock to the Doctor, who bred him to Jim Norwood's Warhorse hens, and produced some wonderful fowl. Charley Moore, of Spartanburg, S. C., had some black fowl from Mr. Mayberry, of Alabama, and got a cock from Dr. Rowley, bred as above, and mated him with the Mayberry hens, and produced the Black Bee Martins, which were one of the best and gamest strains I ever saw.

I fought Mr. Moore three mains, and while I defeated him, his loss was due largely to inferior condition. Mr. Moore and I had arranged to enter into a partnership to fight a series of mains with cocks of his breeding, but he was then in poor health, and died shortly afterward. Here was a mixture of several strains, all of which were different, yet they blended perfectly, and the result was, a distinct strain of jet black, yellow legged cocks, that cut out snow white. I cannot help but credit the "nick" in Mr. Moore's strain to the Kearney slip spur blinker—Eslin Red Quill blood through the Mayberry black Roundheads and the same Kearney slip spur blinker—Eslin Red Quill blood in the "Picket" cock which Col. Perkins sent to Dr. Rowley. The Whitehackle came through the John Hunter black-brass back Whitehackle hen. Mr. Moore inbred his strain for several years, and his last matings were superior to the first.

These are only a few of the many remarkable results of crosses that have been made in a hap-hazard "unscientific" manner with fowl which originated with, and which were developed in an equally unscientific way by me.

Mr. Moore was discouraged with his fowl, after losing three mains to me, and he thought his fowl needed a cross.

"Well, suppose they do, what sort of a cock or hen do you think would be suitable?" I asked him. He didn't know. I advised against a cross, at the same time telling him he could take his pick from any cocks I had in the coops. He selected a brown-red that had defeated him twice; bred him to one hen, reared one brood. Among them were five stags and three pullets. He cut out the stags, as I advised, found them game, but inferior to his own. I suggested that he reserve one of the stags, and when two years old, mate him to his sisters, and trap-nest them. He died before he bred that pen. He returned my cock after he bred to him the season I loaned him the cock.

I bred to the same cock for three seasons, and fought him twice afterwards in mains in which his sons distinguished themselves, and his blood is in all our brown reds.

So, a cock that may prove to be a failure when bred to some hens, will, if bred to the right hens, prove his quality.

The trial of stags does not always give a true line on the quality of a cross. The experiment which was made by Mr. Moore, proved the truth of this statement.

We found that the produce from my cock did not mature early, but as cocks, they were all that could be desired.

However, if the hens to which he was bred were from an early maturing strain, the results would have been different: it has so happened in several instances.

Several years ago, William Ward Lauder, of Baltimore, who has enjoyed an enviable reputation as a consistent breeder of high-class cocks, a capable feeder, and a master-pitter under Maryland rules, and who has been one of my most loyal friends for nearly 40 years—produced marvelous results with a cross made between a cock and two hens, of totally different blood-lines, which were bred by me.

He has always had the pick of any fowls on my yards—a privilege which he alone, of all my friends, has enjoyed. He selected two young white legged spangle hens, which we named "Checkers" and "Domino," and a Roundhead cock, ten years old, a great winner, bearing the scars of many battles. Among them, the loss of an eye and a crooked leg. He had won his last battle, after his leg had been broken in two places, and the cast which was placed on it slipped, and when it knitted, the toes and spur were twisted out of line. I advised Mr. Lauder against breeding from him, with the hens he had selected, but as he is a strong-willed chap, with ideas of his own,

I did not further interfere with his plans. He produced six stags, walked them in pens, and as he conducted a pit near Baltimore, he started fighting the stags at eight months of age. The six stags won 38 fights as stags, and twelve as cocks, and not one of them was ever defeated. Mr. Lauder had an attack of sickness which necessitated a long stay in a hospital. He wrote me to come out and get the hens and their produce, immediately, stating the reason.

The letter did not reach me for several days, and when it did, it was too late. Mr. Lauder had destroyed every chick, and sent them to a soap factory.

I have tried the same cross every year since, with cocks and hens of identically the same blood lines, but every cross has been mediocre.

All of my young chicks are hatched here at my residence. And kept in wire runs until they are a month old, when they are taken to a corner of our farm, which consists of several acres of "lake" swamp, and a pine thicket: it is the best and safest place I ever had for the purpose. I usually keep an old battle-worn cock there. The pullets are brought home when four or five months old, and only stags are left there, under the old cock in the Fall. This season I happened to have a vigorous birchen stag there in May, June and July.

One of three brown-red hens that were sent there with their broods, weaned her chicks prematurely, commenced to lay in the dense underbrush, and the most diligent search for her nest, failed to locate it. In due time she brought off her brood. They were the only chicks there that were not marked, so I let her rear them. In the brood, were three stags and three pullets, all dark brown round heads (the hens were Kirk-Costa Rica-Herrisford Irish brown red). The stags were walked on poor farms, where they had to rustle for their feed, during the early Spring, Summer and Autumn. They were brought in early in December, and sent with several other cocks to the late Patrick Clisham, a life-time friend of mine, who was one of nature's noblemen; but he never thought it worth while to tell me, or any of his friends about the performances of any fowl sent him: if they were good, it was all right; if the reverse, it was all in the game. Whenever he fought my two cocks, he would tell his friend, John W. McHale, who has done more to popularize tournaments than any man in the world, not excepting Col. McCall, and Mr. McHale would write me. All told, these two cocks won fifty battles in Clisham's pit, for sums ranging from \$10 to \$100 a battle, and they were never beaten.

The following Winter, after sending Mr. Clisham these cocks, I entered one of his tournaments. Among the cocks I took up, was the sire of the two phenomenal winners, and four of his sons, out of his mother.

I have never seen cocks perform more indifferently. They were defeated without any trouble by their opponents, but they made wonderfully game fights, and I refused \$100 for the sire of the two winners of 25 fights each, and four that lost in the tournament, but I let him stay in the pit and die as all game cocks should, when they cannot win. A trip of 250 miles had thrown my cocks out of condition. I have every drop of blood on my yard, which coursed through the veins of the two great winners, for from 25 to 42 years, and I have mated cocks and hens, containing all the blood in these two cocks, but I have never been able to reproduce anything even approaching them as killers.

Had I reserved the sisters to these great cocks, and bred one of their brothers to them, the strain might not have been lost to the world of cocking.

Perhaps the Kirkpatrick-Costa Rica strain, which were produced by us prior to 1890, have had more influence in the development of great fighting strains, than any fowl during the last fifty years.

I sent cocks and hens of this family, which also carried a dash of the slip spur blinker and Red Quill blood, to Fred Saunders, of Salem, Mass., and Joseph Wingate, of New Hampshire, and the crosses from them revolutionized cocking in New England and later, in the South. Saunders sold the little cock I gave him, to Frank P. Casey, of Blackstone, Mass., who bred him to his hens, and with his produce, Mr. Casey won 18 or 19 consecutive mains. W. L. Allen got some of the blood from Fred Saunders and Allen got a throw-back to the Red Quill through the Grist hens, and the result was the best winning strain ever bred in the South up to that time.

It was a stag sired by an in-bred Kirk-Costa Rica cock out of a Lord Clonmell-bred hen, that I presented Col. John H. Madigan, about 18 or 20 years ago, that formed the foundation for his wonderfully successful strain of "Clarets" that have won more money than any fowl ever bred in this country, with the possible exception of the Duryea fowl—and that blood was in the hen I gave Col. Madigan.

She was a hen that would produce champions from any game cock to which she was mated.

The year I gave the stag, pullet and the hen, their mother, to Col. Madigan, I fed and handled a main of cocks for "Tobe" Hester, against J. A. Kidwiler. We

fought at Monroe, La. Kidwiler beat us six straights out of eleven—the remaining five matches were not fought. Our cocks had been on the railroad six days and five nights, without feed or water; when landed at Monroe, they were so badly dried out that I asked Mr. Hester to pay forfeit, but he was one of the sort who would go through with any deal to which he signed his hand, and there was no use to try to convince him that giving up the forfeit under such conditions was always recognized as fulfilling a contract.

John Pohlman, of St. Louis, had an entry in the tournament with Steve Ginn's Sons, and we had our cocks in the same building. The year before I had sent Mr. Ginn three stags, sired by a Picket cock, out of the hen I gave Col. Madigan. Mr. Ginn did not like the low-stationed stags, and did not breed to them, but put them on good walks. He died in the meantime, but his sons knew the cocks, and sent them to me, to Monroe, along with their cocks, to John Pohlman. As my cocks did not arrive until six days later, I asked Pohlman to feed them along with his entry, which he did. These three cocks would have fought the first three weights in the Kidwiler main, but Hester would not let me put them in. He said: "I'm advertising that I fight the kind of cocks I sell, and sell the kind of cocks I fight, and to substitute these Whitehacksles for my cocks, would be as unfair to me as it would be to my customers." Good old Hester—The world needs a lot of his kind!

Boyd and Latimore won the tournament. I went to Boyd and offered to fight him three cocks for \$100—best two out of three. He said: "Andy, they're fighting here for as much as \$500 a battle, and I want to get all of it I can, but if these small cocks are not matched, I'll fight you for \$100 a battle."

Col. Madigan heard the conversation, and as he had lost \$2,000 to Lunday, backing my cocks against Kidwiler, he asked: "What sort of cocks have you?"

I told him. He said, "Go ahead and match him," which I did. The first cock at 4:11, the second at 4:14 and the third at 5:2.

John Pohlman pitted them. Money went up in bundles, with Boyd the favorite.

I have seldom, if ever, seen cocks win under more grief than these three cocks suffered, and to say that they were dead when the heels were cut off by Nick Ramsey, tells the whole story.

I think Col. Madigan got back most of his money. I asked him if he would accept the mother of these cocks.

He would, and I shipped her, with her son and daughters, which were sired by a "Kirk" stag, that had won as a cock in a Montgomery tournament, in a battle against a Howell Pyle, pitted by Arthur Wright, of Knoxville, Tenn., in a battle which lasted nearly five hours.

The Kirk-Costa Rica-Red Quill-Kearney family were in every way truly remarkable, and the Costa Rica hen was the dominant influence from the first year to the present day. She was one of a trio which was presented to Capt. Oyster, U. S. A., while he was on a mission for our government, to Costa Rica, by a Persian gentleman, who was on a similar mission for his government, to that country. In color, she was jet black, with yellow legs, and a pea comb. She weighed about two and one-half pounds, but on account of her heavy plumage, she looked much larger.

Capt. Oyster sent them to his brother, D. W., who resided in Washington, D. C. Mr. Oyster did not want them, because they were too small to match. He gave them to Mr. Columbus Eslin, who bred her to a great cock of his own, and asked me to put her, with her brood at one of the barns, at the Soldiers' Home, Washington. When she weaned her brood, I got a brood from her, by the Kirkpatrick stag, and returned her to Mr. Eslin, and crossed her produce with the Kearney-Eslin (Black and Tans) but the produce were always Kirk-Costa Rica in appearance, conformation and action, and their gameness was inexhaustible.

Our most satisfactory cross from them was with the inbred Lord Clonmell-Duryea hens, and to this mating, may be credited the wonderful Clarets developed by Henry Deans (Hank) and Col. Madigan.

This season, Col. Madigan sent me a marvelously beautiful white-legged Claret cock; a blinker, winner of four fights in mains and tournaments, and a successful sire.

I bred him to a hen that I thought would suit him; her produce were a variety of colors when hatched. I then bred him to a "Kirk" hen. She layed 11 eggs, sit on them, and brought forth eleven chicks, which were exactly like all the "Kirks" from this line we have ever bred. They were a sturdy flock, and when two weeks old, they wanted to roost on the top branches of the highest pine trees on our farm.

Every present indication points to a complete reversion to the Kirk-Costa Rica, which were long, hard feathered, hard, wiry-fleshed nervous cocks, and for many years, we thought them one of the best pit families we ever bred, but as they were very small, we bred only one or two

broods of them each year.

So, about crossing, I have no advice to offer, except, get the best fighting game fowl you can, breed them carefully, by single mating, select what you consider the best types, and in-breed brother and sister.

Walk a few stags on some distant soil and different climate from your own, and when matured, bring them home and mate them with their sisters the first year.

If they are perfectly sound physically, there will be no danger of deterioration during the average life-time of the breeder. While many of the greatest fighters I ever bred, or ever saw, were so bred, and many of them were sired by battle-worn cocks, and out of old hens, I would advise against following that system.

The strain which we made from the "Hermit" stag, (whose pedigree will be found in another chapter) and the John Hunter hen, proved that the strain, while never in a class with our Black and Tans, outlasted them, for the reason that the "Hermit" had then not been injured in battle, as he was later in his useful life.

I think the "Pickets" are today, after over forty years of the most intense in-breeding, better than they ever were, and it must be remembered that there is only the blood of one hen in this family, and that one, the John Hunter hen.

She has been the dominant influence in the production of color, which is evidenced by the fact that I can mate cocks and hens from this strain, which show a tendency to revert to her, and within four or five years, produce 90% black brass-back Whitehackle cocks. I have no objection to the color, but I do object to their confirmation, which, while it was all right for the in-bred Hunter family, the crosses would eventually inherit all the weak points of the strain, and few, if any of its good points. By adhering to the Kearney-Eslin type of the Hermit cock, which has been easy to do, I have been able to perpetuate them, and retain their chief characteristics, and they are the cleanest hitting, most careful single stroke cocks I ever bred.

Some ten or twelve years after loaning me the stag, Mr. Kirkpatrick joined Arthur B. Sutt in a main against me, which we fought near Norfolk, Va., Mr. Kirk furnished several cocks, of his own breeding, which were descended from the last cock of his in-bred strain, over Goss Counterfeit hens. I don't remember whether he bred them, or whether they were bred by Sutt. The cross had attracted considerable favorable attention, none of which I had seen fought before I met them in the pit in Norfolk.



I defeated them all. They were game enough, but poor judges of distance, and there was too much waste-motion. I fought two little, in-bred Costa Rica cocks in the main, one at 4:4 against a 4:8, and a 4:5 against a 4:10.

They both won on their merits.

Mr. Kirk asked me their breeding. I told him. He recognized the "Kirk" in their fighting. While he had told me many years before that he advocated in-breeding, his views had undergone a radical change. I knew from his conversation that, since he moved to Washington, he had absorbed many of the Eslin ideas, one of which was, that Roundhead cocks could not be in-bred for any great length of time, and he advised me to cross them with some larger straight-comb strain.

I had met Wm. L. Morgan a great many times, and we corresponded for many years. He too, was of the opinion that Roundhead fowl required frequent crossing with straight comb strains. Some years later, Edward Hanna, a famous race horse trainer and cocker, who was an intimate friend of Michael Kearney, related a conversation which he had with Mr. Kearney, in connection with breeding, the crux of it was, the Duryea Roundheads required frequent crossing with his straight comb fowl, to keep up their quality.

I did not believe the story. I know Major Carson and Mr. Duryea were intimate friends, and I related the Hanna story to him, and asked the Major to casually and diplomatically, inquire of Mr. Duryea, just how his cocks were bred. He did so, and the following letter was his reply.

Hickory Valley, Tenn.

Dear Major Carson:

January 7, 1914. .

I am sorry that I cannot get interested in race horses here; but the ones I have in France, take all my time.

In fact, I find, year by year, that I can't give half enough to the development of this place. It's about the only section in this county that I know of, that really seems to be on the boom. I would willingly think of your yearlings, if I could race them in France, but they are ineligible, and I have 30,000 acres here, where I think I can raise as good horses as you can in Kentucky. I know, and have proved that we can raise as good cattle as I have ever seen, and I have never seen better horses and mules for their class.

If I were racing in this country, I should breed here. I am awfully sorry to hear what you write me about selling your place.

I didn't let Vanderbilt have my cocks last year, but

backed a main made by a man named Hatch and Kearney fought the cocks—all full brothers, and the same year. I didn't see it, but they all tell me it was the best main I have had in ten years. I got Kearney to send his son over with the cocks that didn't fall in, and with some cocks I bred in France, we fought some matches there—not a main. We licked them straight fights until they stopped betting and then experimented in heeling and giving weight. They are past-masters in heeling cocks, but know nothing about game fowl. However, they are a bright race and caught on quickly.

They know nothing of condition or weight, and think nothing of giving away a pound: but their system of heeling, if you let them use their own heels, is most ingenious and deadly.

They all think if we fought a main with my cocks in fix, and let them heel them, that they would win 80% of their fights and want me to go in for a big main, but gentlemen in France don't fight cocks, and there is quite a sentiment against it and I shall only fight a few for fun. Mr. Bird is right in a way—about 30 years ago, I got the original hens I now have from Charles Coolidge, and after I fought my first big main with John Hunter, I crossed one of them with a brown red cock I got from Kearney that fought in that main. That must be 28 years ago, and from that day to this, there has been no outcross—simply a matter of the most minute and careful selection. Nothing that we didn't think was absolutely first class ever stayed on a walk or breeding farm, and consequently, hundreds got the axe, both males and females. The Belgian cocks are all dunghills.

With kind regards to Mrs. Carson and the family, believe me,

Very sincerely,

H. B. DURYEA.

This letter was written by Mr. Duryea, with his own hand. While I did not like Mr. Duryea, I can pay his memory this compliment—he was absolutely truthful, born a gentleman, educated at Harvard University. As a breeder of bird dogs and race horses, he was the equal of any man that ever lived; as a breeder of game fowl, he was in a class alone.

He developed one strain, and never bred any others, and during his entire cocking life, he lost but one main, and that to John Hoy, when Kearney wanted to pay for-fee, due to a stable of sick cocks.

I consider Mr. Duryea's letter the most valuable contribution to game fowl literature that ever appeared in print.

## GAMENESS

In the early days of cocking in England, cock-fighting was considered a "Game" just as Tennis, Rugby, Hockey, Cards, etc., and instead of being referred to as Game Cocks, they were called "Cocks of the Game," and it was not until the reign of King James I, that they were "christened" game cocks, and the word from that date had a different meaning, because the word game then, as now, meant high courage, and it means the same in all languages throughout the world.

Hundreds of words in daily use in the most polite and cultured society, had their origin in the cock-pit.

Many renowned students of natural history maintain that gameness was perfected by man. Their claims would be entitled to more respectful consideration by breeders who have devoted their lives to the perpetuation of this monarch of the feathered tribe, if they had furnished any evidence in support of their claims. Quails were fought in China centuries before cocking was referred to in *The Institutes of Manu*, 1200 B. C., and if man had the power to create gameness as we know it in game cocks, it seems reasonable to suppose that they would have improved the courage of quails, which were also fought by the early Greeks and Romans.

Mr. Darwin, in his account of his discovery, (*The Origin of Species*), said: "My first notebook was opened in July, 1837. I worked on true Baconian principles, and without any theory collected facts on a wholesale scale, more especially with respect to domesticated productions, by printed inquiries, by conversation with skillful breeders and gardeners, and by extensive reading . . . . . I soon perceived that selection was the key-stone of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants." This is the crux of Mr. Darwin's story. I can believe that "selection" is the only basis upon which breeding can be successful, and by what Herman B. Duryea, referred to as "the most minute and careful selection" breeds can be improved in color, plumage, conformation and health, but with game fowl, gameness must be a fixed and hereditary quality. That quality is arbitrarily settled by nature, and with it, there is not one scintilla of evidence either in Mr. Darwin's work, or anywhere else, to support the claim that gameness is man-made. If it were possible fifty, one hundred or one million years ago, for illiterate Barbarians, to develop gameness in fighting fowl, it is a reflection

upon our boasted intelligence, that we are inferior to those savages, because we cannot breed out the bad stock in strains, by the most careful and intelligent systems of mating. By continuous breeding pure game fowl to what we call "dunghills" we can develop cocks that will take their death in a long, severe and distressing battle. So, here, to all appearance, we have proved the truth of the Darwinian theory. But mate a brother and sister of these "man-made" game (?) cocks, and the progeny will be deficient in courage, and absolutely worthless for the purpose for which game cocks are bred.

Where the breed is pure and undefiled, inbreeding does not affect their courage, and the only true test for the highest type of gameness, is close in-breeding, for the first mating of brother and sister, if the parent stock is impure, the breeder will know from the usual test, of their lack of courage.

About twenty years ago, a trashy publication in South Carolina, stated in an editorial that: "All strains of game fowls will occasionally produce quitters."

He was an ignorant editor who received his inspiration through the business office; the statement was not based upon any substantial evidence, but it was the only way he thought he could satisfy his subscribers, who complained about the inferior quality of fowl sold to them by the most extensive advertisers in his storm center of misinformation.

I was publishing THE ARENA, in Norfolk, Virginia, at the time, and it occurred to me that the most effective way to disprove this false claim, was to submit it to the foremost breeders of the time, and publish their replies.

The letter from Mr. W. L. Morgan, I had stereotyped at a cost of \$150, and it appeared in THE ARENA just as he wrote it with his own hand.

East Orange, N. J., Oct. 10, 1910.

My dear Mr. O'Connor:

Your letter of the fifth received. I am afraid that anything I may say will be of small interest to fraternity at large.

My experience in over sixty years' cocking has shown me a number of strains of cocks that never produced a quitter.

Of course they must be fought in good health and condition.

You can only breed cocks just about so good, or in other words, first class in their fighting ability and a high grade of gameness; if you try to do more than that you are apt to go the other way.

The trouble is, men try to breed cocks instead of hens: All the goodness you can get into a hen the better, and a dozen proven hens will last a man a good many years.

I mean proven through their sons, and to get such a yard of hens, all must be bred separate the first year. It is a lot of trouble, but pays in the end.

You take six full sisters, and you will find that there is one in the bunch worth more as a breeder than the other five, and when you get a yard of that kind of hens, you can put the father, uncle or brother right with them and keep them together as long as they hatch healthy, strong chicks: And a stag from this mating can be put on to the hens as soon as necessary. A hen's breeding life is about three times as long as the cock's, and you can, by saving your first pullets each year, keep up your proven hens. . . . .

Faithfully,

WILLIAM L. MORGAN.

Columbus, Georgia, Oct. 7, 1910.

Mr. A. P. O'Connor,  
Norfolk, Va.

My dear friend:

I have your letter of recent date, in which you request my views regarding the hereditary gameness of fowl. I can speak only of my own strain, and it is indeed a pleasure to state that my "Shawnecks" have never sulked, stopped fighting, or quit fighting in my hands. I have fought thousands of them, and the modern idea which is being advanced by interested parties, that all strains will occasionally produce quitters, is too absurd to discuss. Hoping to see you at Monroe, believe me,

Always your friend,

CHARLES F. BROWN.

No. 105 East Rochester, N. H., Oct. 8, 1910.

Dear O'Connor: :

Your letter of October 5th to hand. I stand as you do regarding game fowl. I firmly believe a thorough game strain, of which there are many, will prove game through and through, in health and condition.

Your friend,

JOSEPH WINGATE.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1910.

Friend O'Connor:

Yours of the 8th inst. received, and contents noted.

Your idea of breeding agrees with mine. I never had any doubt of the gameness of my fowl, when I knew the

stock I bred from were game.

About 18 years ago I bought of the late P. W. Carew, some Mahoney "Gulls" and Genet Pyles, and never while I bred them, did I see one show any sign of sulking or quitting, and mind you, up in this part of the country, anybody in the cocking business that don't show up during the holidays with a few of his stags to fight, would be considered afraid, and at best the stags could not be more than 7½ or 8 months old.

What you mention, I firmly believe. That is, that you cannot get dunghills from game fowl, neither can you make game fowl out of dunghills.

It is hardly worth while asking the average breeder for his opinion on the subject, for only a few have the same strain long enough to be able to intelligently answer your question.

Your friend,

MICHAEL CONLEY.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 12, 1910.

Editor The Arena:

Replying to yours of the 5th inst., I will say that I have bred game fowl all my life, and my father before me is a true cocker now at the age of 86. My youngest boy is now 26 years of age, a natural-born cocker.

We have never shown a quitter or sulker, and I know from breeding the past fifty years that a game strain will not produce quitters.

The trouble with our sport is, there are too many incompetent men that like to see their names in print, and they really don't know what they are writing about. Along comes an ink-slinger and tries to patch up matters for the peddlers by saying "occasionally all strains produce quitters." I say no game strain will breed quitters, but cocks must be fought in good condition. . . . .

Your friend,

JOHN H. KUHN.

Dawson, Ga., Oct. 11, 1910.

Dear Andrew:

In reply to your letter regarding gameness as a fixed characteristic in certain strains, I beg to say that from personal experience, I cannot go back very far, but my father, Dr. W. A. Lunday, has bred fowl for forty years, and his opinion, as well as Jim Clarke's, coincides with your claim for game fowl.

I fight on an average of 150 cocks a year, of my own breeding, and I have never known one of the old family strain to quit. Any sick cock would quit, but cockers

don't fight sick ones. Hope to see you at Monroe.

Your friend,

CROWELL C. LUNDAY.

New York, Oct. 20, 1910.

No one who knows anything about game fowl, or the breeding of them, would make such a foolish statement as that printed in the paper you sent me. It would be a waste of time to answer it.

Yours truly,

MICHAEL KEARNEY.

Cock-Spur Cottage, Tamworth, Eng.

November 1, 1910.

My dear O'Connor:

. . . . . There are now and have always been many badly bred strains, and among the good ones, there are many different degrees of gameness. Sporting farmers that I know, who have walked game cocks for a great many years, and to see the hens bred from game cocks year after year, you would not want to see better. The farmers sell the stags and cocks to young sportsmen, and many of them make game fights, and if not killed outright, many cockers would be tempted to breed from them, but in reality they are no gamer in breeding than the bad ones from the same matings.

There are game strains here that I have known for upwards of sixty-five years, that nothing but death will stop. It is not right to publish in a newspaper that all strains will produce some quitters, or dunghills, because every careful breeder of long experience knows that it is not true. . . . . Yours ever,

WILLIAM GILLIVER.

Lark Hill, West Derby, Liverpool.

8th Nov., 1910.

Dear Andy:

. . . . . It is indeed quite unfortunate that a magazine with such a wide circulation should disseminate such false statements, as that about which you request my views, which, however, you know very well, but if it is a written statement you require, I gladly give it in the interest of young European breeders who may be influenced by such doctrine. Therefore, you may quote me as denouncing as utterly false, the claim that "all strains will occasionally produce quitters." I know many strains which, for the last 40 years, have never shown the least inclination to quit under the most severe punishment. . . . .

Ever yours,

B. H. JONES.

Greenwood, Miss., Oct. 10, 1910.

Dear O'Connor:

In reply to your letter of Oct. 5, I will say, a cock, or a main of cocks in proper hands will not show a quitter: If we are to judge the future by the past, and the histories of so many strains with which I am acquainted, has long since convinced me of the above facts. Take for instance, the great main fought by the Eslins against the Claibornes. Neither side produced quitters. Charles F. Brown against Major Bacon, neither side produced quitters. Charles F. Brown against Tom O'Neal, neither side produced quitters, and these cockers showed and fought the strains which they have always fought in big mains. I mention the names of only a few of the great breeders who have produced strains of world-wide reputation, but there are many others, who have equally pure game fowl.

When the hens and cocks are kept pure, they will not breed quitters, and this fact is so thoroughly proven that I did not think there was a man in the world who doubted it.

..... Whether you raise and walk one stag or one hundred, put them on walks. .... When two years old, get them in condition and fight them, and if one out of the lot quits, then, you have dunghills, and you can't breed it out of them. You may take the gamest of those brothers and the best fighter. He may win a dozen or more fights: you breed him to a game hen, and nine chances in ten, his sons will not stand as much punishment as a barnyard cock. A sick cock is never fought by a cocker but a sound, healthy cock must stay. Wishing you much success,

Your friend,

HENRY GRIMME.

My experience with fowl of my own breeding, has convinced me of the soundness of my argument in defense of gameness as a set characteristic in pure bred fowl.

I enjoyed the friendship and confidence of all the famous cockers whose letters are here presented: they were not only capable breeders and successful cockers, but they were gentlemen of high character.

With the exception of the Kearney-Duryea strains and the strains from which they descended, I considered the Wm. L. Morgan fowl among the best cocks in this country, and it has always been a mystery to me, why Mr. Morgan claimed that a dash of impure blood was advantageous, and he considered his best fighters, those cocks which were about 7-8 Whitehackle and 1-8 dunghill. While he claimed that he never parted with any fowl containing the bad



cross, many of them must have passed out of his hands. Tommy Rogers, who successfully fed the Morgan cocks for many years, told me the strain is virtually extinct as a pure breed.

Whether their passing was due to Mr. Morgan's frequent infusions of cold blood, to produce the sort of cocks he professed to prefer, we do not know, but we do know that as active contenders in the pit, they do not occupy a very exalted position, but we frequently see crosses of the Morgan fowl which seem to be all that a cocker could desire in a strain of first class fighters. How game they are, we do not know.

History proves that in countries where the proper tribute was not paid to gameness, cocking has ceased to attract the attention of first class sportsmen, and it became a gambling instrument, which appealed only to that class which is now, and always has been, a detriment to this ancient and honorable pastime.

The decline in the interest of cocking in England, according to the highest authorities in that country, is dated from the introduction of Asil crosses. For many years these crosses were invincible, the pure old strains were neglected, and many of them became extinct.

The trouble came when the Asil crosses required fresh infusions of game blood. The honest, careful breeders refused to part with their pure strains; the Asil breeders could obtain none of it, and in the end, their speedy, strong cutting Asil crosses, became as Samson, when his hair was bobbed by the siren.

## DETERIORATION OF GAME FOWL

---

The deterioration of game fowl may be traced to many causes, and the ailments to which game fowl seem to be heir, are so numerous, and so devastating, that the fact that they are still the most rugged of all domesticated fowl, is a tribute to the breeders who have, for so many years, avoided the rocks and reefs upon which whole families of utility poultry have been wrecked.

From twenty to forty years ago, there were annual epidemics of cholera, roup, chicken-pox, vent gleet, white diarrhea, tuberculosis, rickets, limber neck, tape worms, among farm flocks of poultry, and the cocker, then found difficulty in placing his stags on farms among healthy hens. The farmers then had no interest in poultry, and the farm flock, in many instances, roosted in damp, unsanitary, dark sheds, which were cleaned of manure only in the spring, when it was needed on the farm.

The fowl were fed on grain that could not otherwise be used. When disease killed the fowl, their carcasses were thrown on the manure-pile, to rot and become fertilizer. The maggots which took possession of the dead chickens, were considered good feed for the flock.

These conditions were not confined to the South, alone, but were universal.

Eventually the Department of Agriculture employed expert poultrymen, who preached cleanliness and sanitary surroundings, and pure-bred fowl.

In those days the price of eggs ranged from 5 to 10 cents per dozen.

The country store was the market, and the merchants traded merchandise to the farmers' wives for eggs. After bacon and eggs formed a partnership, and became the great American breakfast, eggs gradually rose in price, and the farmers became interested in the financial possibilities of the despised flock of poultry.

As the Department of Agriculture advised the farmers to use thoroughbred cocks, and change every year, in order to avoid in-breeding, I found it easier to select the most desirable walks. I always carried with me, bundles of government publications dealing with poultry and their care, and I distributed copies all over the sections where I walked stags. The result was, the poultry quarters were whitewashed frequently; the grounds were kept clean and the poultry were regularly and properly fed. To these

improved conditions, we attribute much of our early success in winning mains, because we got the best walks to be had, and we paid liberally for them. Fifty cents then was the top price for a walk, but in addition to that, we gave those who walked our stags, settings of White Leghorn eggs, and we always had little boxes of candy for the children.

When our stags were five or six months' old, we would put one under each cock, so when we removed the cock, the stag took the walk.

We usually carried along an old "catch cock" to use to pick up the walked cock, and when we caught him, we would let the stag have a few rounds with him to put his courage on "straight" and it is a good thing to leave a stag crowing and full of fight on his walk.

The Eslins used to give us dozens of their stags to walk, until after our first main against them, and we were glad when the "break" came, as we always had complaints from the farmers about the Eslin stags. They were cooped in filthy runs, fed only corn, and when walked, they fought the hens, at feeding time.

Deterioration had even then marked the Eslin fowl for an early doom. Of course, I did not know the cause, but they attributed it to in-breeding, and as they were considered by those who knew them, the world's greatest cockers, their words were law.

There was one lot of a dozen stags that I walked for them, that were pale, felt dried out and weak. Three or four of them died shortly after I walked them. I always left postal cards addressed to the Eslins, with those with whom their stags were walked, and instructed the farmers to mail it if the stag became sick. I met Columbus Eslin one morning at Middleton's (which was the meeting place for cockers). He had, the day before, received three cards, advising him that his stags had died.

We drove out to the walks. I took along stags of my own to replace them. He advised against putting stags where there might be diseased fowl, but I knew the places were not only clean, but splendid walks.

Within a month or so, all the Eslin stags were dead. I took one of them to the Department of Agriculture to have him dissected. He found that he was infested with worms of a variety which Wickware has since classified as "cecum worm." They were from 1-8 to 1-4 inch in length, and were found in the blind gut—millions of them. I reported the result of the examination to Mr. Eslin, who did not believe chickens ever were killed of worms.

The fowl from which these 12 stags were bred, in-

cluding the stags, were kept at a farm in Maryland, where a pack of fox hounds were also kept, and the supposition was, the grounds were infested with canine worms, which were picked up by the chicks. Whether the cecum worms originated from them or from turkeys which were also kept there, I do not know, but during the last twenty years, Bacteriologists in the Pathological Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry, have traced the origin of "Black Head" a fatal disease, in turkeys, to the cecum worm, which affects the intestines and liver.

At another time, Mr. Eslin had a favorite young hen, whose broods died in from one to three weeks after birth. I had a splendid place in the Soldiers' Home Grounds, where I single-mated a pair of fowl. Mr. Eslin asked me to let him put his hen and cock there one breeding season. I removed my pair, and put his there. She layed regularly, seemed to be in perfect health, and her mate was one of the best Eslin cocks I ever saw.

I bought broody hens and set the eggs under her, never more than seven in order that they would be fresh.

I think, including the brood she brought off, she produced 31 chicks, all of which died as before, between one and three weeks.

The next season, Mr. Eslin asked me to breed her to a cock of mine, which I did. The result was the same. He never got a chick from her. I took her to my poultry expert friend at the Bureau of Animal Industry. He could see nothing wrong with her. I asked him if a post mortem examination would be worth while. He thought it would, so she was sacrificed to science.

He found that her ovaries were shrunken and diseased, but he did not know the cause, but it is now known that chicks which recover from white diarrhea frequently retain the causative organism, *Bacterium pullorum*, in their bodies, where it localizes in the active ovary. Chicks bred from hens so affected inherit white diarrhea, for which there is no remedy.

Within recent years, Rettger, a famous expert on poultry diseases, has supplied the U. S. Department of Agriculture with a complete set of drawings, showing the diseased ovaries, (as well as those that are healthy), with a description so plainly written that any one may understand it. The post-mortem appearance—"The diseased ovary presents a characteristic appearance. The partially or wholly developed yolks are angular in outline, shrunken, hard and discolored to a dark-brown or greenish color. At times yolks containing a dark fluid are present."

The infection is widespread throughout this country.

and is responsible for enormous losses.

Perhaps this disease alone is the principle cause of deterioration among game fowl.

The disease of the ovary was known to W. B. Tegetmeyer, who was a "recognized authority" on poultry disease, in Europe, 75 years ago. Of diarrhea he wrote: "Symptoms—The symptoms of diarrhea, or looseness, are so evident as to render description unnecessary.

"Causes—A too scanty supply of grain, which necessitates an excess of green food, or an unwholesome dietary of any description, are the usual causes of this complaint." He also tells us that treatment is simple. He was as far wrong in his diagnosis of what he termed "Inflammation of the egg passage" and the cause of leg weakness as he was about diarrhea and roup. All of these, as well as many other diseases, contributed a share in the deterioration of game fowl, and it was charged up against inbreeding.

Of course, where diseased fowl were mated, inbreeding hastened the decline, but it was discovered that cross-bred fowl were frequently diseased, for a hen, or a flock of hens, whose ovaries were affected as chicks, by white diarrhea, would produce weak chicks, many of which would die, regardless of the soundness or the breeding of the cock to which she, or they may have been mated. That was proved with the Eslin hen, for the cock of mine to which she was bred was perfectly sound and was not related to her.

It is claimed by many experienced breeders of game fowl, that the breeding from old, or battle-worn cocks has been the cause of more trouble on the brood-yard than every other cause combined.

We attributed the deterioration of the Black and Tans to this cause, not because we were sure of it, but because we could not think of any mistake that we had made in breeding them.

The old 1885 Eslin hen to which frequent reference has been made, was sired by a very famous fighting cock, called "Yellow Jack," and Mr. Eslin told me that he was about ten years old when he sired our hen. When we got her in 1885, she was older than we like to breed from today. As the elder Eslin selected cocks for breeding from those that pleased him in the pit—and that is my idea of the proper place from which to select them, the 1885 hen was very likely descended from a long line of cocks that had been wounded in battle. The Slattery-Kearney slip-spur blinker was rated the greatest fighter of his time; whether he had been severely wounded in any of his numerous

battles, we do not know, but his sons, out of the 1885 hen were the best, strongest and soundest cocks we had ever seen in our brief experience, and the produce of this mating were brothers and sisters, and afterwards, son to mother, son to aunts, and in every way, that would produce fowl bred as were the originals, that is, fifty-fifty.

The Hermit cock was cut to the "water's edge" on five different occasions, only three of his eight fights were easy, yet in his last year as a brood cock, he sired as good stock as he ever sired.

We had but few confidants, that is, there were only a few breeders with whom we discussed our breeding system. They were high-class gentlemen, and all were successful breeders. They told us we were breeding too close. We were always experimenting with crosses over the straight Black and Tan hens, with the best Eslin cocks then living. We bred to a Warhorse cock bred by Col. Sydney Holt, of North Carolina; We bred from a pure Mahoney Gull cock; We bred to Goss Counterfeits, Harry Middleton's Brown-Reds, George Wellslager's and Pat Carroll's Black-hackles, but none of the crosses were first class, when compared with the fifty-fifty produce; that is, the in-bred fowl from the 1885 hen and Slip-spur cock. So, we listened respectfully to our friends, and brother James and I would have many a laugh over the idea that we were breeding too close, as expressed by our friends. When the strain collapsed in 1902, there were no outward signs of deterioration. The chicks were born sound, they matured into beautiful cocks and hens, but they seemed to accumulate more flesh and were larger, and more fluffy and had softer plumage than they should have. If there was ever anything we learned about cocking, it was, we knew fighters, and regardless of the poor opinion Mr. Eslin, Arthur Suit, Dick Lee, John Evans, Wat Hillary and other experts had of us as feeders, our record proved that our cocks always out-wore their opponents in battle, and that to us was satisfactory, though we never stopped trying to learn just what to do with a main of cocks in the cock-house, and no matter who we fought against, we were favorites in the betting.

So, when the Black and Tans hit the downward grade, we were the first to notice it, and we noticed it in the cock-house, and the result was, we fought very few of them.

One of our tests for soundness, was, to withhold feed from our cocks for from 24 to 36 hours—giving them plenty water.

When they were hungry after their long fast, we would

give them whole corn as long as they would pick up a grain, and if they had not digested it in 12 hours, we threw them out of the feeding room.

This might have been a bad system; however, it was the only test for internal fitness that we knew, and take it from me, cocks that could digest a crop full of corn, could stand our physic, our feed and our work, and no matter how long the battle lasted, or how severe the punishment they received, they'd come back with a smash, if they had a leg to stand on.

It was in the feeding room that the first signs of deterioration was manifested, among the Black and Tans.

Crossing them was out of the question; We had, as has been stated, tried many crosses, using the best cocks produced by the foremost winning strains of their day. They were all game cocks, and for their class, they were all right, but our standard for fighters were the Kearney Brown-Reds, and our produce from the Slip-Spur and the 1885 hen, but all these crosses lost many battles that could have been won by the Black and Tans.

After we bred the imported Irish brown-red cock to a Black and Tan hen, in 1907, the strain showed signs of improvement, and we were convinced of that which we had always believed, and that was, a fresh infusion of Kearney brown-red blood would restore them to their normal condition, and we were right, because the Irish cock was of the family from which Kearney's descended.

As Mr. Kearney had no success with any brown-red cocks he fought after 1890, something must have happened to them. During the last forty years, I have known many great strains that lost their "punch" and passed out of the arena. I never knew why, but I knew of several great strains that were spoiled by crossing, that a fresh infusion of the blood from which they originated, would very likely have restored them to usefulness. In 1902, or thereabouts, Mr. Duryea had Mr. Kearney select a yard of his strain, that were bred at Red Bank, N. J., for Mr. John E. Madden, a famous turfman, of Lexington, Ky.

While Messrs. Duryea and Kearney lived, Mr. Madden had great success with his cocks, winning many mains. Since the death of these gentlemen, the Madden cocks have deteriorated, not in the loss of health; though they are inbred, as Mr. Duryea directed him to breed them, they will average larger size now than they were ten to twenty years ago, which is one indication of deterioration: the muscles become soft, and the cocks have lost their "balance," which is essential to the success of any strain.

The last two mains I saw them fight against Garth,

they were as strong as the strain ever was: they could take a severe beating and when apparently through, they would deliver blows hard enough to kill any cock, but they could not execute—that is, they had lost their “balance” and could not point the spurs.

Strains can be spoiled very quickly by improperly mating, especially in-breeding.

Many breeders believe that any cock and hen of the same in-bred strain will “nick,” which is a mistaken idea. Strains, though long in-bred, will produce many cocks and hens that are different in texture of flesh, plumage and conformation, but in color and general family characteristics, they are alike.

In 1907 I bred a Picket cock to a Picket hen. The cock was so clever, that we named him after the cleverest fighter that ever lived—Jim Corbett. I bred to him as a stag. After he had won several battles without ever feeling the point of a gaff, I considered him so good that I sent him to my friend, B. H. Jones, Liverpool, England. He had my Picket fowl, which he preferred to the Duryea's. “Jim Corbett” was mated with a seven-year-old Picket hen, that was a great producer.

The year that Jones had a dozen stags by “Corbett,” I had a main of cocks sired by him.

My friend, J. M. Hillsman, made a main with George Wilson, of Philadelphia, which was fought in Baltimore.

Hillsman had walked these stags, and we intended to use them all in some big main, and the opportunity arrived.

I fed the main in Richmond, Va. The cocks were brought in from splendid walks.

In due time I commenced to work them: I found them clumsy on the work bench—alighted flat on the pads of their feet, with a thud, and with every fly in the air, they thumped the cushion, and tilted backwards. None of them were shown in the main. When sparred they rolled and stumbled, were off balance and couldn't fight. I dissected several of them, and found great lumps of hard fat in their bellies. They were pot-bellied. Where this deformity came from, I will never know, because I had bred always to the best made cocks and hens, and their sire “Jim Corbett,” was one of the best cocks the strain ever produced.

I wrote to Jones about it. He had walked his stags at Goodwood, the Duke of Rutland's estate. Jones had no other stags to replace the sons of Jim Corbett on his walks, so he left them there until the next cocking season. Joe Gilliver went down and picked up the cocks, which his father and himself were to feed for a main.



Gilliver was not told anything about them, for the reason that Jones wanted to know if Gilliver would notice it. The only work Gilliver gives cocks, is sparring. Jones was present when they were sparred. They all noticed their lack of action. The second time they were sparred, they were of course, better, and so were the other cocks in training, but the sons of "Jim Corbett" made a poorer showing than they did at first. Jones had said nothing about them to Gilliver up to the day of the main.

When the cocks for the show were selected, Gilliver did not list one of the eight "Corbetts" for the main. Jones asked his reason. Gilliver said: "They are badly balanced, fall on their tails and were pot-bellied." Jones then read my letters about them to Gilliver. Jones asked him if he had ever before heard of such a freak of nature.

He replied that he had, and that he "believed many of the once famous strains had been lost through one error in mating, and this error was repeated in the strains until they were past redemption." Had the line of "Corbett" been continued two years, the strain would have been spoiled.

This being true, it is reasonable to believe that there are many twists in the laws of breeding which the breeder does not understand, and may affect game cocks in other ways, which in the end causes deterioration.

I am convinced that pit game fowl deteriorate without the loss of courage or constitutional vigor.

All breeders must have noticed that there is often a great difference in the early vigor of chicks by the same cock and out of the same hen, hatched the same year. This, I believe, is due to the difference in incubation and the care of the chicks by different hens. I cannot explain it, but I know there are such things as "good mothers" and "bad mothers."

Only today I had proof of this—if proof were needed. A heavy rain storm came suddenly. I have several hens carrying chickens, all about the same age, running together on a corner of our farm, where there is a large pool of water, a pine thicket, and swamp. It is the best place to raise chickens I ever had.

Three old hens, from an old strain—always nervous and excitable, became "stampeded" by the storm, and if I had not got them into their hovers, many of them would have been lost. Four hens, which are members of equally old strains—one of them a pullet, with her brood hatched this morning, covered their chicks perfectly, and not one of them had a wet feather after a very severe rain and

wind storm. Nothing is more debilitating to young chicks, than to be drenched with rain and become chilled before the down fluff is replaced by feathers.

I will not say that the breeding of old, battle-worn cocks and hens bred from battle-worn sires, does not militate against health and vigor, but it seems natural that it should.

However, since many of the most famous winning strains in the world, were so bred, it may not be out of place to mention a few authenticated instances of this sort. THE SPORTING MAGAZINE (London) for May, 1792, published an engraving of an O'Callaghan Yellow Birchen cock, from a painting by Cook, that won eleven battles in the Westminster Cock-Pit, London. When he was five years old, he was placed with four hens of his breed.



*O'Callaghan Yellow Birchen Cock*

Thirty-six of his sons were fought in a six-day main against the Cheshire Pyles, in the Westminster Cock-Pit, thirty-two of which won. As it was customary with Irish breeders to breed to winning cocks, it is reasonable to suppose that the hens to which this great cock were bred, were sired by battle-worn cocks.

There are many instances recorded in English and Irish cocking lore, of a similar nature, yet we are advised by all experienced breeders to avoid this very thing, but it is part of the cocker's nature to want to breed to great fighters, and perhaps all great strains were descended from cocks of the killer-type. I have never bred to either a cock or hen that couldn't fight, and I never will. An unfought brother to a great fighter is recommended by experienced breeders,—and this seems the logical thing to do, but I like to know that my brood cocks can win and have won.

The Duryea cock, which Mr. Duryea sent, with his mother, to the Earl of Clonmell in 1902, had won 14 battles in Mr. Kearney's hands, for Mr. Duryea. He won in the first main against the Earl of Sefton and B. H. Jones, and later won a 16-cock Welsh main, beating three cocks, after which I brought him back to Virginia, and he continued to sire great cocks up to the year of his death, and today, I consider his produce the greatest cocks in the world. He was descended from the same family of Kearney Brown-Reds as that from which our Black and Tans were descended, and perhaps, from the same cock.

With improved sanitary housing conditions—open front, balanced feeds, and the virtual eradication of the devastating diseases of forty years ago, I think the health of pit games has been improved, much more than the utility breeds which are egg machines, with a useful life extending not over three years. At least, the poultry experts advise the marketing of the utility breed of hens after their second or third year, assuming that their enormous egg production under artificial conditions renders them unfit for breeding purposes.

Pit game hens are useful for many years; in fact, the breeder of pit games seldom knows the value of his hens until their sons have been fought and just at the time when they should be in their prime, which may be three or four years of age, utility fowl are fit only for the meat market.

As breeders of pit games, who breed exclusively for their personal use, are becoming more interested in single mating every year, there is not now the danger of whole flocks deteriorating now as formerly. Each hen's brood

is marked, and a careful record of the performances of cocks from different hens, though they be full sisters, are kept.

Deterioration, as has been pointed out, is not always manifested in a decrease in size of body or bone, or the loss of health and vigor, but to causes, the origin of which I do not know, which render cocks which are physically sound to all appearance, unfit for the cock-pit. However, where such strains retain their health, vigor and game-ness, there is always a chance that they can be used as the foundation upon which to build a useful strain.

On the other hand, where there is a loss of constitutional vigor, to destroy them will be an act of mercy. It is just as much of an impossibility to restore them to usefulness, either by in-breeding or cross-breeding, as it is to restore the color to a faded rose.

## MYSTERIES OF THE BROOD YARD

---

In spite of the growth of science and its theories, the uncertainty of breeding high-class game fowl remains almost as great as ever. High-bred cocks are mated with hens equally high-bred, and a worthless crop of fighters are often the result.

Frequently apparently worthless cocks and hens are mated, and a lot of high-class cocks are produced.

These results leave us all still wondering where lies the priceless secret which defied our ancestors, and still defies science.

Now, after over forty years' experience breeding game fowl, I am wondering, whether, after all, the great secret of success does not lie in the frame structure, conformation and balance.

Hundreds of years ago, breeders established a "standard of perfection" for conformation, which included, according to the elder Roscoe, who was game breeder for Lord Derby for 50 years, the following requirements for the light red, daw-eyed, white legged fowl: "They are of good sound shape, well put together; have fine long heads, long and strong neck; hackle well-feathered, touching the shoulder; wings large and well quilled, covering a short, stiff thigh; back short; belly round and black; tail long and sickled, being well-tufted at the root, shank rather long and white, with white feet and nails, the whole, free from all coarseness."

The color of the Lord Derby Reds was: Face bright red; breast and thighs coal black; hackle and saddle-feathers bright orange-red; back intense brown-red; lesser wing-coverts and point of wing deep maroon; greater wing coverts marked at the extremity with steel-blue, forming a bar across the wing; primary wing-feathers bay; tail iridescent black; one or both pinion feathers is usually marked with white."

It may be argued that color has nothing to do with quality, but it is a fact that all the foremost fighting strains known to history, have bred quite true to color, and it is equally true that no strain that has produced a variety of colors has ever been considered first class. Therefore, color must be considered, at least a mark of refinement and care in our breeding plans.

Lord Derby was, by common consent, the foremost cocker of his time, and Roscoe, the premier breeder, and the physical description of the light reds, must have been

correct.

The physical description of the John Weightman yellow-legged brown red tassels, which were annual opponents of the Derby fowl for many years, and frequently defeated them, were a low-set, rather delicate family of fighters. The Cheshire Pyles also bred true to color and conformation, and they were considered the most deadly heeled cocks in England. They were very high in stature, narrow shoulders, deep-keeled, very nervous, irritable and easily become man-shy. With all these faults, Lord Derby preferred them in his most important mains.

I have before me descriptions of all the foremost strains in England; no two of which were alike. The Irish strains were separate and distinct breeds, in color and conformation, and perhaps, in origin.

So, here we have proof that the conformation of the Derby light reds, which were a first-class fighting strain, was totally unlike the Weightman, Boynton, Bellyse, the Pyles, and others, but as each strain earned fame in the pits, we are at a loss to know what particular quality each separate strain possessed, which enabled them to distinguish themselves in the pit.

I have had the skeletons of several famous fighting cocks mounted, and I have studied every bone, every joint, in both "perfectly" formed cock-skeletons, and the skeleton of a hump-back, that was one of the greatest fighters I ever bred. Perhaps the man who mounted the skeletons erred in his work, and set them up as he thought they should be, and not as they were in the flesh, but at any rate, I have been unable to penetrate the secret of their power, and I have arrived at the conclusion that whatever the conformation of a winning strain may be, it should be preserved by inbreeding to the type that the strain was made with.

However, I would not breed to deformed fowl, and I do not believe any good strain was ever made with "Hump-backs" or fowl otherwise deformed, regardless of how great they were in the pit.

In the early days of cocking, before artificial spurs were used in Ireland and England, thick-bodied cocks, which were strong and rugged, were favored, but in Spain, where natural spur-fighting is still in vogue, their cocks are high of "station" and delicately moulded, yet they are deadly cutters, and are endowed with wonderful endurance for such diminutive fighters.

With the introduction of the fast gaffs now in almost universal use in this country, extreme speed seems to be the quality required.

With the development of this high-speed, I believe the modern system of feeding has had as much to do with it, as breeding. This belief is based upon this fact: I have seen cocks of my own breeding, which I never considered extremely fast, trained by the modern quick method; that is, ten or twelve days and fought high in flesh, with light exercise and stimulating feed, show as much speed, with accuracy, as one could wish in this speed-mad age.

Of course, extreme speed can be developed by selecting the fastest cocks produced in any strain, for a few years. but it is doubtful whether accuracy in hitting can be maintained. Extremely fast cocks "crowd" in too close to be effective.

Ten or twelve years ago, I bred a yard of Lord Clonmell's Duryea fowl in South Carolina, in a sandy section, where neither clover or blue grass would grow.

The Duryea fowl are of medium station, very level-headed, deliberate, aggressive fighters.

The climate in that section of the state was mild in the late winter and early spring, and my breeder was through hatching chicks by the middle of March. We kept no other hens on the farm, so, when the breeding hens became broody, they were set.

The chicks got off to an early start, and for the first four years they seemed to grow taller every year; their bodies grew slender, their plumage shorter, and in five years the strain had changed completely in conformation; their flesh, which was naturally heavy, became light, and with the change in texture of flesh and conformation, they became highly nervous, and would stand only ten or eleven days' training; they were extremely fast in battle, high-breakers, and in long gaffs, they were remarkably successful, and to friends in Mexico and Cuba, to whom I sent many of them to fight in slashers, they were almost unbeatable. When fought in fast short spurs, they did not do well, for the reason that they "crowded" in too close. This, I think, was due to the fact that in this section they were fought at night, and I have observed that cocks usually fight faster and closer together at night than they do in day-light.

I sent several cocks of the same strain, bred in this section to the same friends in Cuba and Mexico to try out, and they considered them as good as the South Carolina bred cocks. I learned nothing from that experiment, for the reason that I do not know the class of cocks which mine met in battle, but the breeding experiment in South Carolina furnished additional proof of what I had learned



many years before, that soil, climate and food are determining factors in conformation, texture of bone and flesh.

I have always made a practice of breeding cocks and hens together, when their produce was satisfactory, as long as the parents retained their vigor. Some seasons these matings would produce a majority of stags, and other seasons, a majority of pullets, and I have observed that in the years when the pullets were in the majority, the stags, their brothers, would be inferior in quality to those bred the years when the stags were in the majority.

At times, the best stags I bred were from old and battle-worn cocks, out of very old hens, when I felt sure it was a mistake to mate them.

Herman B. Duryea told Major Carson that the best cocks he ever bred, were the first lot sired by the old Kearney brown red cock, out of his birchen Whitehackle hen. The following year, in accordance with the age-old custom, he bred the sire to one of his daughters, and a stag back to his dam. Both matings were inferior, and at two years of age, three cocks from the original mating were paired with three of their sisters. One mating produced exceptionally fine cocks, and indifferent hens; Another mating produced exceptionally fine hens, and indifferent cocks, and the third mating produced both good cocks and good hens. His foundation stock were selected from these matings, and they have never since had an outcross. Mr. Duryea said: "Within seven or eight years my fowl had lost all resemblance to the sire and dam of the original mating, and for more than twenty years there has been little, if any variation in either their color, conformation or constitution."

There are hundreds of instances recorded where all the established laws of breeding have been violated, and phenomenal cocks have been produced, as the following incident proves.

Hon. Thomas J. Judge, a prominent lawyer, of Birmingham, Alabama, tells an interesting story, in a letter to his friend "Tan Bark" of Philadelphia, who is, himself one of the most careful breeders in the world, as well as the foremost writer on cocking of our time.

Mr. Judge wrote: "The cock that won the shake fight for Ward, winner of the Orlando tournament, and without cutting off the gaffs, won the loving cup from Stackley and Boone—had a brother that has won two fights, and a blood brother that has 'eight notches on his gun.' None of these cocks ever had a walk: They are the biggest, strongest cocks I ever raised. Now to show you how scientific (?) I am as a breeder. They are the sons of

two pullets about nine months old, from a stag not over six. They stole their nest while running with this stag and produced this result."

Of course there were many generations of careful breeding back of Mr. Judge's stag and pullets, but as proof that he did not consider them good enough for his brood yard, he killed and ate the pullets, their mothers, and gave the stag, their sire, away.

In my early twenties, I felt that, as far as I was personally concerned, the breeding problem was an open book to me, and I thought I was competent to instruct breeders of pit game fowl in the Art, or Science, or whatever we term it, but now, after more than forty years with fighting cocks, I am less confident of my ability to instruct the future breeders than I was then. Therefore, I shall not undertake to give instructions for the breeding of fighting game cocks.

I cannot now recall any useful information pertaining to breeding, that was imparted to me by a single one of the hundreds of really great breeders with whom I have conversed, on the question of breeding, except Mr. Hansbrough. I was then about fifteen years of age.

His advice was—"Get a pair of fighting game fowl, that are in good health, and from a family of physically good, strong, active, cutting game cocks, and in a few years, you'll have sufficient experience to formulate a system of breeding of your own. The fowl I have here, while they win a majority of their mains, and are apparently game, I would not advise you to start your foundation with them, for the reason that there are too many crosses in them; they do not breed true to color, nor are they uniform in conformation. There are better fowl in the world than these, and you will have to find them yourself, and when you find, and procure them, do not risk spoiling them by crossing."

A few years later it came to pass, that I did see the class of fowl which filled my eye. They were the Kearney Irish brown reds—though they were defeated by my friends, the Eslins, I preferred them to the winners.

Now, after more than forty years with fighting cocks, it would be easier for me to write a book as large as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary about cocks and cocking, than to write one page and attempt to describe the actions of these cocks in battle.

I knew thousands of cockers and fanciers who saw these great cocks fight, and they were above the average in intelligence, yet not one of them could, or would try to describe these marvelous cocks in action.

No matter what physical condition these cocks were in, whether blind, broken leg, wing, uncoupled, rattled, the New Yorkers never stopped offering \$100 to \$80 on Kearney: There was never any stage in a battle while they were alive that they couldn't kill an opponent provided both legs were not broken, and there was never a moment while they were in the pit that they were not trying to hit.

I never saw Kearney fight a main of them in condition against the Eslins, who defeated Mr. Kearney six straight mains, and a majority of the cocks fought by the Eslins were bred for them by Mr. Hansbrough.

What happened to the Kearney brown reds, I never heard, but after 1890, he did not fight this famous strain.

I heard in Ireland, that after Matthew Herrisford's death, about that time—1888 or 90, none of his fowl were sent to Mr. Kearney. When Lord Clonmell got the last of the breed, a relative of Mr. Herrisford, presented him a piece of a table leg, of Norway Teakwood, in which was embedded a spur from a brown red cock. He struck at a puppy than ran under the table, which was in the garden. Teak is as hard as oak, and it does not seem possible that a cock could have the power to even make a dent in it, yet this spur must have been driven in half an inch. The "relic" was mounted in silver, and was used for a paper-weight.

The Herrisford fowl that Lord Clonmell gave me, were inferior to the old Kearney brown-reds, in every way, except in gameness, though in color and conformation they are the same as the Kearneys of 1888, including the Red Quills, though not as bright red as the Eslins. I think they have improved considerably during the last twenty years, and they have unquestionably improved our Black and Tans, which were, when at their best, as good as the Kearneys ever were, until we spoiled the strain by, perhaps, breeding year after year, from cocks that had been severely wounded in many battles, bred to hens whose sires had also been dangerously injured in battle.

They, themselves (the Black and Tans), were descended from the Kearney slip-spur blinker, a winner of eleven battles in Mr. Kearney's hands. We heard that this slip-spur blinker was the last Herrisford cock Mr. Kearney got, and that he was brought over by Mr. Robert Quinn (Bobby) who must have been 80 years old, when I saw him in 1888. I would like to think it was this cock whose spur was driven into the table-leg.

I saw him whip four cocks for Eslin, and he was the only cock I ever saw that could kill cocks, and drop them

in their tracks, so dead that there was not a dying tremor to mark their passing.

Mr. Slattery, who bred from him for Mr. Kearney, told us he was blinked on the yard, as a stag, and that no cock had even wet a spur in him, as far as was known.

Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Rickmar, of New York, who borrowed this mounted cock from Mr. Harry Kearney, I am able to present a picture of him. Only those who truly love great game cocks, can understand the thrill of joy which entered my heart as I put my hands on this stuffed cock, over forty years after I had seen him fight and then bred a great hen to him under difficulties.

Mr. Herman B. Duryea had him mounted for the late Mr. Michael Kearney.

*See cut of Kearney blinker cock on page 95.*

## BREEDING GAME FOWL

---

Whatever views we may entertain respecting the origin of pit game fowl, there can be no doubt as to the matter of fact that breeders must have always proceeded on the principle of selecting the best individuals in each generation, and single mated them.

The foundation upon which all successful strains of lasters were made, included first, absolute gameness for without gameness of the highest type, the strain cannot last.

The founders of the breed must be not only game, but they must be perfectly sound physically, and descended from a long line of sound ancestors. This essential for success with game fowl is of more importance than for any other family of fowl, or any breed of animals, for the reason that the perpetuation of the most desirable characteristics of a successful family of game fowl, depends upon inbreeding, and inbreeding cannot be successfully followed unless the parent stock are pure and unadulterated game, sound in every organ, and from healthy ancestors, because, inbreeding intensifies all the bad qualities as well as the good.

Many of the most famous strains of fighting game fowl were the produce, as the result of a cross between two or more strains, which were different in color, conformation and action; the only similarity being in their courage and the sound constitution of the parent stock.

The progeny from these successful matings were, in many instances, unlike their parents—they formed a group of individuals marked off from their progenitors by the possession of certain characteristics which they in turn transmitted to their off-spring, when full brother and sister were mated, for, in no other way could the desired qualities be perpetuated.

It is this transmission of the desirable peculiarities which is the essential characteristic of a breed.

Many successful breeders assert that the law of heredity proves that "like begets like," otherwise the existence of breeds would be an impossibility.

If it were true that "like begets like," that is, if the off-spring were in all cases identical with the parents, it is evident that neither by man's interference, nor by the operation of nature, could a breed arise.

It seems, then, that were it not in the nature of all

organic beings to produce their kind in the manner formulated in the principles of heredity, and were it not for the continuous slight infringement of it expressed by the variability, breeds could not have arisen. The three laws of nature with which the breeder must familiarize himself, are—heredity, variability and atavism.

According to Charles Darwin, the successful breeder has before his mind an ideal form—a model on which he attempts to mould his strain. "To be successful in this respect a man must not only possess in the highest degree the power of discrimination, enabling him to determine which individuals are tending in the right direction, that is, which most nearly approach his ideal, but he must be able to decide, in the most judicious manner, as to which of his selected individuals ought to be paired together."

Mr. Darwin's theories may be applied to the breeding of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, or utility poultry, but they cannot be applied to the breeding of pit game fowl. The "conformation," plumage and general appearance of a strain of fighting game fowl may be improved by crossing with individuals which may possess every outward quality, yet be deficient in the most essential quality, which is courage. Many of the most successful fighting strains of game fowl the world has ever known, were ill-shaped, and of delicate constitution, notably, the Cheshire Pyles, which have been admired in England since the days of King Charles II.

They were the most deadly heelers of all time, and when crossed with other game strains, they transmitted their deadly heels, along with ill-formed bodies and delicate constitution. By "delicate" I do not mean unsound or sickly: They had narrow shoulders, deep keels, narrow breasts, small bones, thin "wing-buttis," and long, thin necks—which was opposite to the generally accepted standard for conformation of perfectly made fighting fowl.

William Gilliver, who, himself, devoted every year of his life to cocking, and whose ancestors had been cockers for more than 300 years, told me that he believed that the deterioration of the leading strains in England, could be traced to injudicious crossing with the Cheshire Pyles, but that where they had been kept pure and uncrossed, they were as formidable in the pit after over 200 years of inbreeding, as any cocks in England.

However, all the crosses with the Cheshire Pyles were not failures, as for instance, the Doctor Bellyse strain, which were made with a cross between the Cheshire Pyles, and a deep black red strain of black-legged fowl.

Doctor Bellyse died in 1834 (or thereabouts). For fifty years, or more, he walked annually 1000 cocks, and fought Lord Derby a series of mains, consisting of shows of from 31 to 61 cocks. Joseph Gilliver, uncle of William Gilliver, fed for Doctor Bellyse, and according to the statement of William Gilliver, Lord Derby never defeated the Bellyse cocks when fed by his uncle.

The Bellyse fowl were brought to Pennsylvania in the early fifties, by Jarvis Elise, and for nearly fifty years they enjoyed a national reputation as "Blackhackles."

I have known the strain for over 40 years, and bred them, both pure and crossed with my own brown-reds, and while the Blackhackles were a dark mahogany red strain, I have seen both cocks and hens molt out snow-white in their two and three-year-old form—but the cocks, though they were cotton-white, the underfeathers of the snowy outside hackle, would be jet black.

The strain was always delicate, but over a period of nearly half century, during the Golden Age of Cocking in this country, they won 75 per cent of their mains, in the hands of Patrick Carroll, of Philadelphia, who fought them for Mr. Elise.

I have personally known nearly all the foremost breeders of America and Europe, for over 40 years, no two of whom followed the same system of breeding, yet they all at one time or another produced invincible game cocks, but only a few of them were lasters, and these few, were perpetuated through an intelligent system of in-breeding. As far as I know, the only distinct breed of game fowl ever developed in this country were the Eslin Red Quills—by that, I mean distinctive in color, conformation and texture of flesh, which was very hard. They were a family of small fowl, ranging in weight between four pounds, and five and one-half pounds.

Originally the cocks were robin-breasted, with a darker shade on their hackles and saddle feathers, and their backs, a rich dark brown, tails bronze, legs yellow, eyes red, and the quills were all the same color; dark red.

I never saw a pure bred cock of the breed, and the description which I give of the cocks, was that which I admired so often, of a painting done by a famous artist, long before the Civil War. West, I believe, was the name of the painter.

The only pure bred hen of the breed I ever saw, was presented to me in 1885 by Mr. James Eslin. She was partridge colored; red eyes, and yellow legs, with an olive cast.

The strain, according to Mr. Eslin, were made with

a blue-red yellow-legged top-knot cock of the Winans strain, bred to several of his brown red hens, which contained the blood which his father had bred for many years, dating from the Lord Fairfax and General Washington strains, to which he himself had bred numerous Irish cocks, a cock which his son had brought home from Mexico, after the close of our war with that country, also with cocks presented to him by Jarvis Elise and perhaps others, including the Wellslagers and the "Old Hickory" of General Andrew Jackson's famous strain. The Winans cock, we have reason to believe, contained the Sir Francis Boynton Red Dun (Blue Red) the John Weightman tassels, and the Colonel O'Callaghan's Yellow Birchens, from Ireland. William Gilliver, who knew Weightman, told me the latter's fowl were made with the famous Park House Red tassels and the Nunis yellow birchens. Ben Marshall painted a famous Weightman cock, in 1812. The original painting was acquired by the Jones brothers, of Lark Hill, near Liverpool. The cock was a brown red, quills in wing and tail were red, and his legs were yellow with dark spots, and termed "carp" color.

The Boynton, Weighman and O'Callaghan fowls were brought to Maryland in 1811 by Capt. Peter Claiborne, who went to England and backed the Negro pugilist, Tom Mullineax, in his two fights with Tom Cribb for the championship of the world, in 1810 and 1811.

It had always been my ambition to write the history of the world's most famous strains, and early in life, I commenced gathering data direct from the most famous breeders of their time. I felt quite sure that if such a history were written, it might be of use to future breeders, as a guide to the potent blood lines which entered into the make-up of successful strains, but a life-time of experience has convinced me that it is impossible to do so, and I have arrived at the conclusion that the breeding of game fowl consists of 90 per cent luck and 10 per cent judgment.

The Eslin Red Quills, which were unquestionably one of the greatest strains of fighting game fowls the world ever knew, proves that. Here was a strain, tracing its ancestry back to Lord Fairfax, General Washington, General Jackson, General Santa Anna, Dr. Bellyse, Sir Francis Boynton, John Weightman, Col. O'Callaghan, the old Kent Island Claibornes, and, perhaps, dozens of other famous strains, the blending of which, in the melting pot, produced the Red Quills, a distinct breed, unlike any other fowl ever known, and so potent, that even today, after a lapse of nearly 100 years, specimens of the color may yet



be seen, and none of them could possibly contain more than one tenth of one per cent. of the original Red Quill blood.

My own experience proves that the production of my own great fighting game strains was 99 per cent. luck.

After Eslin's first great main in Norfolk, Va., with Michael Kearney, I had an ideal fighting cock in my mind. I had seen many great cocks fought before that main, in 1887. The Esliins defeated Kearney then, and they defeated him five mains afterwards, but the defeated Kearney Brown Reds impressed me as being the greatest game cocks I had ever seen.

Since then, I have seen cocks fought all over America, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain, England, Ireland and France; I have fought about 200 mains, great and small, and I have never had any reason to alter my opinion of the superiority of the Kearney Brown Reds.

So, my only advice about breeding game fowl, is, make up your mind about the sort of fighters you like, and get them. A strain of cocks can show more real class in defeat than in victory, but in order to stay in the game, you must win more than you lose.

My idea was, that we defeated Kearney with superior condition, which I now know was the correct analysis of the conditions.

I lost all interest in my own fowl, and I didn't know a strain in the world that I'd have as a gift—I wanted Kearneys, but there seemed no way to procure any of the strain. I saved all the money I could, and at every main, I would watch the men to whom Kearney talked, and I would go to them and offer them \$50 or \$100 or all I had, if they'd get a cock for me from Kearney, but none of them would—they all laughed at me.

On March 12, 1888, Eslin and Kearney fought a main in New York city. They gave Kearney a most unmerciful beating in blunt 1¼ inch spurs.

A heavy snow had commenced to fall just as the main started: by morning, the earth was covered to a depth never before seen in this country—it is still referred to as the Blizzard. Roscoe Conkling, a great statesman and a great sportsman, who attempted to cross the street, was lost, and smothered in the snow.

Telegraph and telephone wires were down, and New York was isolated from the rest of the world.

We stayed in the pit nearly all next day. During the enforced stay, Charlie Eslin and Mr. Slattery, a great friend of Kearney's, became very friendly. Mr. Slattery bred a yard of Brown Reds for Mr. Kearney, and he loaned

Mr. Eslin the best cock I ever saw. He was a little slip-spur blinker, and had defeated us six times; twice in Norfolk the season before, once in long gaffs, and once in 1¼ inch. He had won twice in the main we had just defeated Kearney. Mr. Eslin got the use of him for one month. He mated him with three hens, one of which Tommy Howard had sent him from England a few years before. She was a blue spangle; none of the hens were worth a damn.

Charlie Eslin and I were in partnership in the ice business, but there was no demand for ice at that season of the year. We kept the horses in his barn, which was in 10th Street, N. E., twelve squares from my home. I was a daily visitor to his place, and never tired of looking at the slip spur cock. I asked him to let me put my old Red Quill hen in the box stall with the cock, for a few minutes each day, but he refused.

I had kept the old hen which his father had given me three years before, clean, expecting to breed her to a cock that fought in our last main with Kearney, but he was so badly crippled, though he won, that he would be no use to me that season.

Mrs. Eslin and I were good friends—and I prevailed upon her to let me have the key to the box stall, in which the slip spur cock was kept.

Mr. Eslin was an inveterate poker-player, and whenever he played, he was sure to sleep until noon, and it was then that I would bring my old hen to the barn, and throw her in with the cock.

She was apparently charmed with his attentions, and he with her, as the three old hens that were with him were not congenial. They had been running under stags until the day they were put in with the Kearney cock, and they seemed pleased to be able to avoid his attentions by remaining on the perches except at feeding time.

My old hen commenced laying a few days after her first visit to the slip-spur: Every egg hatched a strong chick, all exactly alike, with a dark brown stripe extending from their heads to their tails: All were born with yellow legs, but the color gradually changed, and at maturity, they were all dark olive, with white toenails, and every stag had one snow white feather in the left wing. They proved to be the greatest fighters I had ever seen, and many famous cockers proclaimed them the best fighters they had ever seen.

The -Eslins thought they were the same stock as our Black and Tans, and they never asked me any questions about them, and I did not tell them anything.

My brother, James, and I, were puzzled about mating a suitable cock to the pullets.

All the experienced breeders with whom I had discussed breeding, had advised against the mating of stags and pullets, and especially opposed breeding brothers and sisters. Even Mr. Jarvis Elise, told me that while he had often been forced to breed brother and sister, and that he had not observed any signs of weakness in the progeny from such matings, he was opposed to it.

But very early in life, we had found that "experience is the best teacher."

The year we got the use of the slip-spur cock, we were walking some stags, and at one splendid place, we remembered that the old man had no hens. We tried to buy a common hen to put with a stag there, but failing to do so, we thought of a crippled Black and Tan pullet we had in the fattening pen, where we kept all pullets intended for the table.

She was a beautifully made thing—out of the old Red Quill hen, and by the Rat Killer cock. So we put her in a bag, intending to leave her with the stag—which happened to be her full brother, until we could buy a few common hens. The place where we put them was a few miles beyond Bladensburg. We gave the old man, to whom we referred, as "The Hermit," a few dollars to buy chicken feed.

Time passed quick'y, and in the winter following, when we went out to pick up cocks for a main, the Eastern Branch was out of bounds, and impassable, so we did not get to "The Hermit's". Along in the early Spring, the old man sent word to us to come out and get the chickens, as he was sick, and unable to attend to them.

We had to'd him to eat the eggs, and not to try to raise any chickens, and when we drove out, we took along only two bags, but when we arrived, we saw nine of the most beautiful stags we had ever seen. Their combs were as red as fire, and as large as we ever saw on leghorns. There were four pullets, perfect beauties. The Hermit told us the pullet had "stolen her nest," which he was unable to find in the thick underbrush, and she came to his shack one morning with 13 chicks.

He had fixed a barrel for her to stay in at night, but she could not be "induced" to even look into it, and through the wet, cold, disagreeable Spring, she had kept them in perfect health, only coming to the shack for food in the evening. As he had no out-buildings, or hen house, the fowl had roosted in the cedars and pines all winter. He had fed them on whole corn from the time they were

able to swallow it until we took them away.

We put the stags in pens, 8x4x4. We were afraid to cut their combs and gills, fearing they would bleed to death, so we decided to "hack" them off for a few dollars each. We put them in the training coops: They became as tame and gentle as stags ever get to be, but they refused to eat anything except whole corn.

We worked them along for 12 or 14 days, and they were ounces larger when we took them to the pit than they were when we put them in "training." We fought them all one night at Garvey's, and they all won as they pleased.

A few days later, Dick Lee came to see us about getting a few cocks to put in a main which he was feeding against Mr. James Pumphrey. We offered him the stags, which he refused. We asked him how much money they were fighting for. He replied \$10 a battle and \$100 on the odd; show 13, 4:4 to 5:4.

When we offered to take the main off his hands, he let us have it. We put up a few more stags, and got them in pretty good condition. We matched eleven, and won six in a row, which gave us the main. We hacked off five for \$10 and \$20 a battle, and won them all. So, with this experience, we decided to mate the largest of the stags by the slip-spur Kearney cock, out of the old Red Quill hen, with three of his sisters. These fowl were all early May hatched, and we kept the pullets so fat they did not lay until April, when we wanted them to lay. We were through breeding them by the last of May, each pullet set and reared their broods. The November following, we had 30 of the finest and most robust stags, and 12 pullets we ever saw, and they were as good as they looked.

When they were nearly a year old, we loaned Pat Carroll a main of them which he fought in Pottsville, Pa., winning every fight in the main. He always called them "Busy Bees." We fought them all in hacks and mains as stags and as cocks.

Forty years ago, there were numerous pits in operation around Washington, Alexandria, Va., Baltimore, Bladensburg. We patronized them all, met all comers and we considered ourselves lucky whenever we could get on a main, and when Jim and I were in our "teens" we were fighting the so-called champions and beating them, and within five years we established a record of winning 32 consecutive mains in public pits, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, many of whom are still living.

Our list included every first-class cocker and combination of cockers in Washington, Virginia and Maryland.

with George White of York, Pa., and Pat Carroll of Philadelphia, included. Among the leaders in Washington, then, were, of course, the Eslins, Dick Lee, John D. Evans, Watson Hiliary, John Jones, George S. Smith, Arthur B. Suit, Col. F. W. Maddux, Dr. W. E. Boteler, Fred Spindler, Pat Garvey, Jas. Pumphrey and others of lesser fame.

I bred one of the stags by the slip spur, back on his mother, the old 1885 Eslin Red Quill hen. She had always produced great cocks, but her sons by her son, were soft, "dead" in my hands, when handled: they had no "nervous energy" whatever that is, and her stags from that mating were hacked off.

They fought better than we thought they would, but their quality was so much inferior to our matings, that we destroyed her entire brood.

One of her sons by the slip spur cock, we walked at "the Hermits". (He was not the sire of the wonderful stags to which reference has been made) and put him with the John Hunter hen that I took away from Pat Carroll.

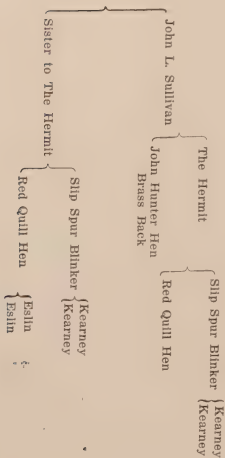
The result of that mating consisted of four stags and five pullets. They were light gingers, with olive legs: the pullets were light cream colored buff. ---

We walked the stags, one of which was lost on his walk. At that time, the three American champion pugilists were, John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe, and we named these stags in their honor. "John L. Sullivan" was a big stag; he won two battles, and died on his walk. "Jack Dempsey" fought in a main in Richmond, Va., in a main against Jack Lindsay, January 7, 1891—the night Bob Fitzsimmons defeated the original Jack Dempsey for the middleweight championship of the world. My Jack Dempsey was more fortunate: He won the hardest up-hill battle any cock could possibly win: He met a grade Jap that broke both legs, both wings and blinded him; He actually got tired punishing his helpless victim, lost the count, and the battle, when strong enough to whip another cock—apparently, but an hour or so later, he was found dead in his coop.

Jack McAuliffe was fought in a main the same year, got his neck broken the first buckle, when he turned on me, after being pitted.

Before he was walked, after winning two battles, we bred "John L. Sullivan" to a full sister of "The Hermit" and reared eight stags, one of which we named Jack McAuliffe 2nd, and the following pedigree is the foundation of a strain of Whitehackle fowl, which we believe were as good as any cocks in the world.

Jack McAuliffe, 2





THE PICKET COCK  
175

For over forty years this family of our fowl have not had an outcross, and we consider them today, as good as they ever were, and we have had more pride in this, than in any other family of our fowl, for the reason that their color and general characteristics originated with us.

As will be noticed in their pedigree, there were no light red Whitehackle fowl among them. The John Hunter hen was a black brass back, of a Whitehackle family of yellow legged fowl, yet, within ten years after we got the hen (1889) we had made a strain of light red, yellow and white legged Whitehackles, and during the entire life of the strain they have produced very few brass-backs, though we can at any time, by selecting cocks and hens, produce a majority of brass backs.

Outside of the John Hunter blood, these fowl (which we call the Pickets) contain the same blood—slip-spur Kearney Eslin Red Quill—with which our Black and Tans were made, yet every cross which we have made between these two families, produced stock which were inferior to either strain, in every way, except in gameness. Forty years' experience has not enabled us to produce fowl that are as good as our first strains, which were the result of "accident," "luck," or whatever head it comes under. We attribute our early success to the fact that we were fortunate in bringing together long in-bred strains of the best and purest families, and our crosses, while really great strains, could reproduce themselves by the closest system of in-breeding, and when crossed with each other, no branch of the different families of which they were composed, become the dominant influence.

I have read every standard work ever printed in the English language pertaining to the breeding of animals and fowl, all of which are useful, interesting and instructive in every branch of the breeding industry, except the breeding of fighting game fowl, for the reason that nothing I have ever read, intelligently explains the hereditary transmission of courage.

No two strains of great game fighting fowls that I have ever known, possess the same quality of courage.

There is as much difference in the quality of courage among game fowl, as there is among men. Take Georges Carpentier, the great French pugilist. Billy Papke, of Illinois, made him quit in a boxing match, as did Joe Jeanette, of New York. Yet when his country became involved in the World War, he volunteered, and enlisted in the most dangerous branch of the service—the air—and won the highest honors his government could bestow for courage.



The Elise black hackles will always live as one of the gamest strains within my memory, yet I have seen them, during moulting season, the most abject cowards.

In the winter of 1890, we fought a main of stags against Pat Garvey, and defeated him every fight in the main.

We were having breakfast in a dining room next door to Garvey's pit, after the main. The morning was very cold—below zero, I believe.

Mr. Garvey threw the beaten stags into a corner of an outhouse, adjoining the pit. While we were at breakfast, the old man came in the room, and asked me to go with him to see the stags, which I did, and even now, after a lapse of 40 years, the sight causes cold chills to run up my spine. There were the stags, heaped in a corner, a few of them living, frozen stiff, and rats gnawing into their vitals. Mr. Garvey held two of them together, with their entrails protruding, yet they tried to fight—there was absolutely no limit to their courage.

They were sired by an old Blackhackle cock of Pat Carrolls, out of a Goss "Counterfeit" hen.

We related the occurrence to Mr. Columbus Eslin. He had never heard of such gameness.

We were fighting a main at Garvey's the next week. Pat Carroll came down to pit for us, and I said: "Mr. Carroll, we are fighting this main for \$20 a battle and \$200 on the odd, and all the gate money goes to the winner, and if I win, I'll give you all the gate money for the use of the cock Mr. Garvey has, for the season," to which he replied, "Mr. Eslin has offered me \$50 for the cock, but you can have him, whether you win or lose tonight."

We won the main, which was finished at about eight o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Garvey had his horses hitched to a light surrey, and Mr. Carroll and I rode with him to where the Blackhackle cock was kept. He took along a stag to put on his brood hens, and he handed the stag to me, and asked me to catch the cock.

When I approached him, he threw up his hackles and commenced to "sing" and ran away. This was early in the spring: He was in good health and his behavior surprised me. Mr. Carroll, who had known the strain for half a century, was himself puzzled, and Mr. Garvey seemed pleased over the actions of the cock. However, I caught him, and told Mr. Carroll that I would go through with my part of the agreement. My confidence in this instance, was in the integrity of Mr. Carroll, whom I had always found to be the soul of honor.

I carried him home, put him in a training coop, and to my surprise, the next morning when I visited him, he was full of life: crowing and when shown a cock, he was ready to fight.

As both my brother James and myself had always been strong advocates of high courage, we did not enthuse over this cock as we had enthused over his sons: However, we decided to mate him with a daughter of the slip spur blinker cock, out of the Red Quill hen.

The breeding season passed; our acquaintances and friends, including the Eslins, were told that we had bred to the Carroll cock. In those days, nearly all the breeders whom we knew around Washington and Baltimore, bred all their hens to one cock, and they, of course, thought we bred the same way. When the stag-fighting season opened, which was in March, it seemed as though every cocker who knew us wanted to make stag mains. The news, in some way, had been broadcasted that the cock we got was not the sire of those wonderful stags Garvey bred.

As was our custom, we met all comers, and we won all our mains, but up to July we had not fought a stag by the Blackhackle cock of Carroll's, but on the 4th of July, we used five of them in a nine stag main with Suit and Evans, and we won it in straight battles, and every fight was stubbornly contested.

Suit asked us if these stags were got by the Carroll Blackhackle cock. We told him they were. We never bred gamer fowl than they proved to be, by every test, but they were inferior in quality to our Kearney-Eslin, and we did not breed many of them, but we kept the Blackhackle blood for fifteen years, experimenting with one brood every year, and the longer we bred them the more fault we found with them with respect to conformation; They were ill-shaped—narrow shoulders and deep keels, and the last year we bred them from a brother and sister, nearly all the cocks at two years of age, were black red spangles, one moulted out snow white all over, but when cut out, his hackle was black. According to both Mr. Eslin and Mr. Carroll, there had been no white blood put into the strain, as far as they knew, since Doctor Bellyse made the strain, prior to 1810, with the Cheshire Pyles and the Doulston black reds. While our cross in every way resembled the original black hackles, they had become absolutely game at all seasons of the year, where the original Elise cocks would go under during moulting season, as well as at other times.

Mr. Carroll often told me that: "I can take the gamest

cocks in the world and inside of three days I'd send them to you singing and under hack, without a gaff touching them.

He told me that every year at the close of the cocking season, Mr. Elise would put all his cocks and stags in feeding coops, keep them without feed or water for three days, then spar them all, day after day, and put them under hack, and within a few days he could run 100 or 200 cocks and stags together on the same farm, keeping all females away from them.

When the fighting season opened, a main of these cocks would be picked up, put in pens with a hen, and within two weeks they were ready for the training coops.

This system, perhaps, accounted for the timidity of the strain. Before Mr. Carroll's death, he was convinced that the treatment which temporarily destroyed the courage of the Elise blackhackles, would not "work" with our crosses with the blackhackle strain over the Kearney-Eslin fowl.

The Morgan Whitehackles were also a timid strain: I have seen many of them "hack" when in perfect health and plumage, and I related Mr. Carroll's story to Mr. Morgan. He had known many successful cockers who followed the same system of "hacking," but that he had not done so and he could not account for the timidity of his cocks, many of which I consider among the greatest fighters and gamest cocks I ever saw.

Mr. Morgan told me that he believed a "dash" of cold blood was advantageous, and he followed that system throughout his entire life. It was a bad system, and I seriously doubt if Mr. W. L. Morgan actually believed it himself, for the reason that I never knew a breeder who placed higher value on true gameness than he did. The only article he ever wrote for publication, he wrote for *THE ARENA*, in 1910, and which was re-printed in *THE COCKERS' HANDBOOK*, and it is reproduced in this work. Whatever his breeding system actually was, his advice on breeding and his views on hereditary courage are worth preserving.

Mr. Morgan thought the George Gilkerson North Britons, from which his strain descended, were of the Lord Derby strain. Both William Gilliver and John Harris, knew George Gilkerson, both of whom sent him several lots of game fowl. Those which John Harris sent to him were of the Coath and Holford strain, which were of Derby origin, and Mr. Harris considered them "the best pit games in England" fifty years ago. This statement was made more than twenty years ago, which would set

the date back over seventy years; which was about the time William Gilliver entered the service of Lord Sefton, whose fowl are said to be Lord Derby's strain. They were a clear black breasted light red strain of white leg, daw eyed fowl, and cut out white hackle. They were unquestionably the greatest fighting cocks I ever saw, but when hard pressed, they would sulk, and when they showed signs of sulking, Gilliver would pick them up, and lose the fight, rather than risk an actual run-a-way. He told me that he had handled the same strain for fifty years, and they were never before defeated the odd battle: that they were the same then as always—great fighters, but lacked the high courage of our cocks.

After I returned home, I sent Lord Sefton a cock and four pullets of our "Picket" strain. Mr. Gilliver mated them for Lord Sefton: He bred a Sefton cock to my hens, and my cock to his Sefton hens.

The result was interesting. The cocks bred out of my hens and the Sefton cock were no gamer than the original Seftons, but the cocks bred out of the Sefton hens by my cock were unbelievably game day after day. All the produce out of my hens by the Sefton cock had white legs and were in every way like the uncrossed Sefton-Derbys, and every cock sired by my cock out of the Sefton hens, had yellow legs, and all were coppery-light reds; with white in wings and tails.

The English way of testing cocks is severe. They make sixteen cock Welsh mains, and the winner must defeat three cocks.



*Yellow Birchen Cock (Irish Tribe,) winner of 16-cock  
Welsh main. Bred by Arthur Paris.  
Painted by Marshall.*

The Jones brothers, who were cocking partners of Lord Sefton, took my four hens, and bred a cock of mine to them, and convinced both Gilliver and Lord Sefton that they were as game as the cock I sent with them.

Gilliver in-bred the same branch of the family, which were made with my cock, and Sefton hens, for five years, and from the first season of IN-BREEDING to the last, the produce were inferior both in courage and fighting ability, to the original Sefton-Derbys, and all crosses made with my fowl were destroyed.

After the death of William Gilliver, the Jones brothers mated up a yard of my pure "Pickets" for Lord Sefton. Joseph Gilliver succeeded his father as breeder and feeder for Lord Sefton, and for twelve or fifteen years, they have been the best game cocks in England, but Lord Sefton continues to breed his white-legged Derby strain, and wins with them.

Captain Fitzbarnard, in his book "Fighting Sports," which has enjoyed an extensive sale, draws upon his imagination for the following assertion (Page 27): "Now, here's a curious thing; you have two perfectly game strains, you have never known a runner from either, you cross them, and SOME OF THE PROGENY WILL RUN. I HAVE SEEN IT, NOT ONCE, BUT MANY TIMES."

During the last forty years, I have made many crosses with game strains, and I have never known such matings to produce runaways. During all these years, I have never bred but one dunghill cock that reached the pit.

In 1902, H. D. Morrill, of Marion, Ohio, sent me what he said was cock bred by a full Jap and out of a Mulholland gray hen.

I bred the cock to a Picket hen, and got one brood of chickens, in which there were five stags. I fought three of the stags, each of which won three fights, and died a few days later. They "showed" fight as long as they lived. I reserved two of the best stags, put them on good walks, and in 1904 I made a 15 cock main with D. H. Pierce, of Appleton, Wisconsin, which was fought at Oshkosh. We matched 13 cocks: in my show, were five "Pickets" bred the same year I bred the same old hen to the grade Jap cock. Five "Pickets" won, and a gray cock bred by my friend J. M. Hillsman, of Richmond, Va., who furnished all the cocks for the main, except the five "Pickets," and the Grade Jap cock. I lost the main by the odd fight. The grade Jap cock had broken his opponent—which was an "Old Family" cock, bred by Billy Groves—all to pieces. John Mackin, who pitted my cocks, had the Groves' cock down and all he needed to win was—17, 18, 19, 20, but the Jap walked away—instead of continuing the count. Mackin turned to me and asked "who bred this cock?" I replied that I bred him. For some unaccountable cause, the cocks were breasted again and the Groves' cock, though he did not fight, was given the count, and I lost the main by a "nod."

When we returned to Chicago, I took the Jap out of the coop, and he was full of fight, but when set down to a hard hitting cock, he quit. He had not been severely punished in the main. When I returned to Virginia, I fought the sire, which was one of the best fighting cocks I ever saw, and after killing two cocks, for \$25 a battle, I cut the heels off him and matched him for \$10, naked heels against a cock armed with 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  spurs, and he beat him. The next day, he refused to fight.

Fitzbarnard evidently got his idea about the produce of two game strains producing runaways, from Gilliver's

experience with my fowl and Sefton's, which are rated as first class game stock by those who do not know as much about them as Gilliver knew.

So, after a life-time experience breeding fighting game fowl, with only one bad cross, the best advice I can give present and future breeders, is, select your stock from a strain of consistent game fowl that can win 51% of their battles, for a strain that can do that, will win 100% of their mains.

But as that is nearly impossible, select them from a breeder whose reputation entitles him to respect, not only as a careful breeder, but a fair, honest, truthful man. The fowl he would recommend are, first of all absolutely game, of sound constitution and of good "conformation" and of a family that breed fairly true to color and general characteristics.

The history of the most successful strains the world has ever known, proves that perfect "conformation" is not standardized. Two of the greatest fighting cocks I ever bred, were hump-backed, one of them was a Black and Tan, and the other a "Picket"—a 4 lbs., 4 oz. black brass back, that won 15 or 16 fights in one Baltimore pit—4 of them in one night, and then he was matched for \$1,000 against a cock of equal fame, but this time the "Hump" was scheduled to lose. He was not trained and those on the "inside" bet several thousand dollars against him. He was heeled with spurs from which the temper had been taken, yet, with all these handicaps, and the referee "fixed," the Hump won by killing his opponent in the first buckle.

I did not see either of these great cocks fight. I gave the Black and Tan "Hump" to Jack Jones, of Georgetown, D. C. After Jones death, Wat Hillary got him, bred from him, and afterwards loaned him to John D. Evans, who fought him in a fake main with George S. Smith and R. A. McIntyre. It was the first main Smith and McIntyre fought together, preparatory to launching their advertising campaign for the sale of bogus "Black and Tans." Evans had been a great cocker and an honest man, but through dissipation he had fallen to the lowest level, and when Smith and McIntyre proposed this fake main, they found a willing tool.

So, among the cocks provided Evans, was my Black and Tan, "The Hump." To make their scheme safe, they also supplied Evans with gaffs from which the temper had been drawn.

The Smith party won every fight in the main (?) except one—that one winner was The Hump; His spurs

bent the first buckle; every one present saw it, and protested, as he had been heavily backed to win by all who knew him. He was then four years old. He rattled the Smith cock to death the first blow he struck; Evans, who was pitting the "Hump" picked him up, unhurt, but when pitted, he had his leg broken, but his opponent was dead, and even the fixed referee could not help him win.

The truth of this story was vouched for by, among others, Joseph Fields, Wat Hillary and James Fontaine, and was published in pamphlet form by me in connection with the origin of our Black and Tans. Both Fields and Hillary swore to the truth of the story of the "Hump" and their affidavit was included in my pamphlet. In the end, Evans proved that he possessed more manhood than did his co-conspirators, because he committed suicide.

The "Picket Hump" was given to Pat Garvey's successor, and all of his fighting was done in that pit, in the presence of hundreds of Baltimoreans, all of whom are now familiar with the "frame up."

It is not pleasant to record these incidents, which were two of the only three affairs of the kind I have ever heard of, and reference to them is made here in support of my claim that the generally accepted standard for conformation, while I approve of it, and try to breed cocks along the recognized lines, the fighting heart may be often found in a deformed body.

All the fowl I have bred since 1886 were descended from the following hens, and none others: The James Eslin Red Quill hen, and black hen. The Columbus Eslin Costa Rica hen, the John Hunter black brass back hen, a Duryea hen and a Kearney hen, presented to me by The Earl of Clonmell, also a brown red hen and a yellow birchen hen, of the Mat Herrisford strain, to which reference has been made. These represented what were, in my opinion, the best families of fighting game fowl I ever saw.

I have made numerous crosses between these strains and I have never developed a strain from any cross that were an improvement over the in-bred strains, except the cross with the Herrisford brown red cock, over a Black and Tan hen, in 1906 or '07. The Herrisford brown red hen was bred to a Black and Tan cock, but the produce were inferior fowls, and were destroyed.

About twenty years ago, a friend sent me an in-bred Mansell Pyle cock and hen, from Europe. I had defeated them in a main for Lord Clonmell. With the exception of the Gilman grays, which we also defeated, the Mansells were the gamest cocks I saw in Europe, and I have never seen gamer than either of those strains anywhere in the



world.

I bred the Mansell Pyle hen to a "Picket" cock. The produce were game enough, but they were inferior to either of the originals, and were destroyed. I bred the Mansell Pyle cock to a "Picket" hen.

The produce were good, and I am still breeding them, and they continue to improve.

I am particularly interested in them, for the reason that they are the only great family of fowl that I have ever bred, that were not produced "accidentally." I have named them "The New Hope Strain."

In color, they are light reds, birchen spangles, and many throw back to the Mansell Pyle cock, and occasionally, a black brass back appears, a throw back to the John Hunter hen, of 1889.

Many of them have white legs, which they inherit from Hen No. 7, but yellow legs and red eyes predominate.

The first cocks of this family that fought in a main, were against Dr. C. L. Robinson, of New York, at Pater-son, N. J., in 1918. They all won, and Doctor Robinson was so favorably impressed with their action, that he visited me for the purpose of buying a cock and hen. I presented him with a brother to Man o'War, that we called "One Round Hogan." He was a 6 lb. blinker, and had won 12 or 13 battles, in "hacks." Three brothers of Hen No. 7, won 24 battles. One of them I sent to my old time partner, Mr. J. M. Hillsman, Richmond, Va., who won eight battles with him; One I gave Hank Deans, of Buffalo, N. Y. He fought him several times, and bred from him three seasons. They named him "Black Spur." His blood entered into the "Clarets," Col. John H. Madigin's great strain, which had been made many years ago, from a hen and a stag, her son, which I gave him. They have, perhaps, won more money than any strain in the world, with the exception of the Duryea fowl.

An examination of the pedigree will show they are virtually a "one hen" family—tracing back to the Picket, which was, also, a "one hen" family, as were also, our Black and Tans, and Costa Ricas.

This may not be the proper system of breeding, but it is the way we started, and we never seemed to consider any fowl superior to our Black and Tans, unless it was the Duryea strain, which, according to Mr. Duryea's letters to Major Thomas J. Carson, were produced with one hen—a yellow birchen Whitehackle, and the Kearney brown-red cock.

I have observed, year after year, that a majority of the chicks bred from our fowl, as well as the Duryeas,

which we have bred since 1905, produce a majority of pullets—indeed, I have bred hundreds of broods of 5, 7 and 9 chicks, and not more than one or two stags among them, but we have been able to correct this freak of nature, by selecting brood cocks from hens of the same family, that produce a majority of stags, and whose sisters develop spurs, which we think is proof, that the cock is the dominant influence.

I have always preferred hens that could fight.

The 1885 Eslin Red Quill hen was several years old when I got her that year. She weighed 4 lbs., had small, keen spurs, and she was a great fighter. When carrying a brood of chicks, she would fight a cock, dog, horse, cow or anything that moved.

The Duryea hen Lord Clonmell gave me, was a little roundhead spangle, with spurs. The cock that Mr. Duryea sent with her was her son: He had won 14 battles before he was three years old, in all, he won 19. I brought him back from Ireland, in 1905. He died in 1913, and the hen died two years later.

When mated, she would fight the cock until she was absolutely senseless, but when she recovered, she was peaceable.

I found it necessary to tie her feet together, put boxing gloves on the cock, and let them settle matters that way. She was never bred to any cock except one of her sons, sired by her son.

The last two years of her life, she was stone-blind, and had to be kept in a pen, boarded up two feet all round, to prevent her from striking at chickens running on the yard.

I fought 84 of her descendants in Europe for Lord Clonmell, 12 of which lost.

After over 42 years of the most intensive in-breeding, the strain produces many cocks that fight at 6 lbs., and they are today, as they were in Mr. Duryea's hands, unbeaten.

I regret that it will be necessary to close this chapter without being able to record even one idea that might assist future breeders in their efforts to perfect strains of first class fighting game fowl.

My own experience has been recorded here, and, I do not believe it has been different from that of any successful breeder of the past or present.

It is, perhaps, well for the sport, that breeding of pit game fowl is not an exact science, because, if it were, the secret would remain in the keeping of a few men who would eventually produce all the winners, to the detri-

men of the sport. Any game that can be beaten, can be eliminated.

Herman B. Duryea's record of the loss of only one main during his entire cocking life, which extended over a period of thirty years, is without a parallel in this country, but his mains were virtually all fought around New York City, in the weapons and rules of his own choice, and all fed by Michael Kearney, who understood every "mood" of the cocks—he knew the weights at which each cock should fight and it was said, Mr. Kearney very wisely picked the opponents for Mr. Duryea, and kept him clear of the "hard ones."

In 1909 I had backing to fight him for \$100,000 a side on the odd, which would have been furnished by Walter Winans, the Jones Brothers of Liverpool, and the Earl of Clonmell.

Mr. Duryea outlined the conditions under which he would fight a main with Mr. Winans, who opened negotiations with him. All of his conditions were accepted, by Mr. Winans and his associates, but for some cause yet unknown to us, the main did not take place, through no fault of ours.

We would not have used any of the Duryea blood, for the reason that my friends in Europe infinitely preferred my Pickets to the Duryeas.

However, I considered the Duryea's superior to my own fowl of that time, but whether or not the Duryea's were superior to the Black and Tans when they were at the top of their form, I will never know.

These two unbeaten strains were descended from the same ancestry on the sire's side of the family.

There are but few instances that I can now recall, where the success of a great strain has been continued in the hands of others than the originators, and this is the breeding problem that future breeders must face. To achieve success, he must develop his own strain or strains.

When Herman Duryea heard that I had brought back the fowl which he sent to Lord Clonmell, he was furious. He consoled himself with the idea which he expressed to Major Carson—who was one of his most intimate friends. He said: "O'Connor will have spoiled the strain within a few years, because he does not know how to breed them."

Perhaps, if that remark had not reached me, the strain might have deteriorated.

The strain bred both straight combs and pea combs from the same mating. I soon discovered that when the roundheads were bred together, the produce became thick-bodied, which spread their legs too far apart, their bodies

were too short and the hens layed small eggs.

When the straight combs were mated, they ran into deep keels, their flesh was soft, and plumage loose. So, I found that where roundhead cocks were mated with straight comb hens, the produce were evenly balanced, and VICE VERSA.

Every strain has its own peculiarities with which the originator alone is familiar, and it is the knowledge of these peculiarities which enables the breeder to keep the strain on an even balance, and without this knowledge, the strain will soon or late drift into mediocrity, and it will lose the qualities from which it derived its success.

No Black and Tan cock that ever fought over 5:8, could whip any first class cock. The texture of the flesh was changed by the increase in size; they were soft, and "pot-bellied," and where the flesh softened, the bony-frame also softened. This we detected when cocks were being trained for the pit, by the softness of their spurs when being sawed off.

Their spurs were naturally very hard and flinty.

Very often we selected the largest hens for breeding, some of which weighed nearly five pounds, but their produce were unsatisfactory, while their sisters, which were small, compact, hard and wiry, invariably produced the right sort of cocks.

We never knew the cause for the great difference which we found in fighting cocks, bred from sires and dams of the same identical blood, in certain families of our fowl.

I have never known a really great strain that produced extremely large and extremely small cocks of high quality from the same matings.

Forty years ago, the weights shown in mains, were usually four pounds for bottom weight, and five pounds to five pounds eight ounces for top weight.

It seems to me that all the leading strains in those days had harder plumage, harder flesh and harder bone than the fowl of today. This change may be due to the change in feed. There were no prepared poultry feeds then. After a few weeks feeding the baby chicks on corn meal, softened, or dampened with raw eggs, and fed in a semi-dry condition, the chicks were fed on whole wheat until they were large enough to eat whole corn, oats and barley.

I do not believe these feeds have been improved upon, for the development of fighting cocks. Of course, we did not get as many eggs then as we do now, with the balanced rations, vitamins, etc., but our hens produced

more lusty stags, for the reason that they layed only when we wanted eggs or hatching in the breeding season, and the vitality of the hens were not exhausted by over-production of eggs out of the breeding season.

The commercial feeds are responsible for the enormous increase in the size of pit game fowl, and the increase in size has been at the expense of the texture of flesh and hardness of bone, and that indescribable thing, called "nervous energy."

All of these conditions must be understood by the modern breeder.

When the desired breeding stock is obtained, they should be single mated.

They should be true types of the strain from which they descended. Their progeny should be uniform in color and size when hatched, and at maturity there should be a strong family resemblance, if they are an in-bred family, and if they are the produce of two distinct families of in-bred fowl, the produce should be uniform in color when hatched, and at maturity they should be different in color from either the cock or hen.

I have never bred chicks which, when hatched, that were not of the same color, that were worth keeping.

However, as all the strains with which I am familiar, were the produce of crosses, there has frequently appeared in my strains, throw-backs to remote ancestors. For instance, the blood of the Red Quill hen, of 1885, is still potent in our brown reds, and after more than forty years since the strain was made, many chicks of that strain (which has had only one cross, since 1888, and that with a Herrisford brown red cock), are born with yellow legs, but before they are four months old, their legs become dark olive, and at maturity, many of the cocks are perfect Red Quills in color, but much larger than were the original strain, and their flesh, plumage and bone are not of the same fine quality.

A few years ago, one of these cocks fought at 6 lbs. Charles Eslin was present at the main, which was between Thomas S. Herbert, of Crozet, Va., and William Garth, of Charlottesville, Va. Mr. Eslin said: "Mr. Herbert, that is not only the best colored Red Quill cock I have seen in forty years, but he is the best cock of any color, I ever saw." One of the grandfathers of this cock, that we called the "Brute," won nine battles at 4:6. Another grandfather fought at 4:14, and the sire of the "Brute" as a stag, won the bottom weight in a main for \$200 and \$2,000, between J. A. Kidwiler, of Frederick, Md., against George Wilson, of Philadelphia. The score stood

7-7, and Kidwiler had fought his bottom weight by mistake, in a previous match in the main, and he found that the cock that he had to fight the bottom weight, was 3 ounces too large. J. M. Hillsman, of Richmond, Va., and George Jackson, of Salisbury, N. C., had an interest in the main with Kidwiler. The main was fought at Jack O'Connor's pit in Baltimore.

Kidwiler had to produce a 4:8 or lose the main. He asked O'Connor if he had a cock that would make the weight. O'Connor replied that he did not have anything except a few stags that had been fought, one of which was a stag I had sent him a few weeks before.

They brought in the stag, and he just balanced the scales, with the gaffs on. Wilson's cock was a so-called flathead, and a favorite. The stag whipped him in a well-contested fight.

I stopped in to see O'Connor a week or so after the main, and he told me about the wonderful stag. I asked him to return the stag, to my address in Virginia, which he did.

As a two-year-old, not one egg by him hatched, but I kept him with the same old hen on a free range during the Summer and early Fall, and the next Spring he sired the stag that was afterwards known as "The Brute." At the age of eight years, I loaned the "Brute" to Mr. Hillsman, my partner in some 20 odd mains, and I told him that for five years, this cock had never sired a loser. Mr. Hillsman bred him to several hens of my brown red strain. He bred a great many stags by him that season, all of which he placed on free range walks. He got back 23 of them, as two-year-olds, fought them all in mains and hacks, and there was never one of them that lost his first fight. He was sired by the first stag I bred from the imported Herrisford brown red cock, out of a Black and Tan hen.

The original produce of the Irish cock were all small; the hen to which he was bred weighed 3:10. Yet, without any other outcross, this family of fowl now produce cocks that fight from 4:10 to 6 lbs. They require more careful "culling" than any strain I breed, for the reason that their flesh is soft, and feathers loose, and they incline to be too low in stature, or "station" as we term it, and the hens have a tendency to carry themselves in a horizontal position, which is a serious fault, because such hens frequently produce cocks that fight "low headed," and they are apt to commence a battle with a "shuffle." However, they are absolutely game, perfectly sound physically, and I consider them one of the most valuable strains in

the world.

Yet, as I have stated, with forty odd years' experience; an intimate acquaintance with many of the foremost breeders of the world, I have never been able to produce as good fowl as I produced by accident before I was twenty years of age.

The only advice I can offer breeders, is, if you make a good cross, in-breed them as long as they remain sound in constitution; cull closely and reserve only what you consider the best specimens, and each year, try to produce fowl that are better than their parents.

Breed and rear them under natural conditions, in clean quarters, on well-drained land.

## COLORS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF PIT GAME FOWL

---

"I am not of that feather to shake off my friend  
when he needs me."

—Shakespeare.

---

"To show the white feather, to give indications of  
cowardice—a phrase borrowed from the cock-pit,  
where white feathers in the tail of the cock is con-  
sidered a token that he is not a true game bird."

—Gorse.

---

The following colors of game fowl were listed by Thomas Dixon, in 1774—Brown breasted Reds, often called Gingers, Duckwings, Black Grays and streaky breasted Grays, Blacks, Brassy-winged, Black breasted Reds with dark legs, with olive legs, with white legs, with yellow legs, Pyles, Cheshire (yellow backs), Staffordshire and Worcestershire, Blue, Blue Grays, Birchen Yellow, Red Daws, Hen Cocks, Smocks (white) and Cuckoos. Perhaps all these colors have at some time been imported into this country, including Brown-reds, Black reds, Black grays and Yellow Birchens, from Ireland.

At no time in the cocking history of either Ireland or England, were black breasted light red, yellow legged fowl listed as contestants in any important mains which were recorded annually over 100 years in the Racing Calendars, to which reference has been made. (1726 to 1841)

For at least forty years, a majority of the cocks bred in this country have been light reds, with yellow legs. The most diligent search among old records in this country, besides personal inquiries made direct to the oldest cockers then living, failed to reveal the name of any breeder in this country who imported yellow-leg fowl, of the black-breasted, light red variety. Therefore, it would seem reasonable to suppose that fowl of this color were, like the Eslin Red Quills, developed "accidentally" in this country.

Many very old gentlemen whom I met in Europe, and who had traveled extensively in this country, were aston-



ished at seeing so many light red cocks with yellow legs, and many of them were of a type not often seen in European countries.

In my own experience, I have known two strains of light red, yellow legged fowl, that were descended from parents of different strains and different colors; one of which was the Duryea light red, yellow-legged Whitehackles, which were, as has been previously stated, descended from a dark-legged brown red cock of Kearney's Irish strain, and a Roundhead yellow birchen hen, which was also of Irish origin, and my own strain of Pickets, whose pedigree is recorded elsewhere in this work.

I think the answer to this phenomena is accounted for by both Wallace (Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection) and by Darwin, (Animals and Plants Under Domestication). Evidence has been deduced by Darwin and other naturalists to show that the tendency to vary is itself hereditary, so that, so far from variations coming to an end, as some persons imagine, the more extensively variation has occurred in any species in the past, the more likely it is to occur in the future.

In 1917, B. H. Jones, of Liverpool, who had bred my Pickets for nearly 15 years, without any variation in color, wrote me that in a brood of nine chicks, he had two beautiful dark brown red stags, and one light brown pullet. Mr. Jones, who knew of the blood lines which entered into the make-up of this strain, was pleased, because he knew they were throw-backs to the Kearney-Eslin, and it strengthened his faith in Darwin, who said: "Adaptation by variation would, however, be a slow and uncertain process, and might for considerable periods of time cease to act, did not heredity come into play. This is the tendency of EVERY ORGANISM TO PRODUCE ITS LIKE, or more exactly, to produce a set of new forms varying slightly from it in many directions—a group of which the parent form is the center. If now one or more of the most extreme of these variations is taken, it is found to become the center of a new set of variations; and by continually taking the extreme in the same direction, an increasing variation in that direction can be effected, until checked by becoming so great that it interferes with the healthy action of the organism, or is in any other way prejudicial. It is also found that acquired constitutional peculiarities are equally hereditary; so that by a combination of those two modes of variations any desired adaptation may be effected with great rapidity."

So, in all probability, if the Duryea's and my Pickets

were perpetuated under different climatic and soil conditions for a number of years, they might furnish additional evidence to support the Darwinian theory—that "Every organism has a tendency to produce its like", which might in the end, produce a variety of colors in our strains, the existence of which we do not know.

One of the most remarkable developments in color, combined with the very highest type of pit qualities, may be credited to Col. John H. Madigan. The blood lines which entered into the strain which he named "Clarets," on account of their color, were, the Duryea, Picket (through Black Spur), Mansell Pyle, Kirkpatrick Costa Rica, McCarthy and Gilman Gray. The Duryea, Picket, Kirkpatrick-Costa Rica, all contain the blood of the Kearney slip-spur blinker cock, as did also the Duryea. The only strains that entered the combination that had white legs, was the Kirk stag and the Black-spur (Picket-Kearney and Mansell Pyle), yet the Clarets all have white legs, 90% of them breed clear black breasted cocks, with black tails and rich maroon red hackles, saddles and backs, and 10% breed snow white, with not a false feather. The reds all cut out snow white hackle. They are an absolutely distinct breed, and the greatest money-winning strain in the world, with the possible exception of the Duryeas, from which they were descended on the hen's side of this family. An old saying among cockers was, "A good cock cannot be a bad color," and it is true today. The greatest strains in the world as far as we know, have bred fairly true to color; the Clarets seem to be an exception.

In 1893 or '94, I loaned Henry Hicks a beautiful Brown Red cock, that contained a dash of Mulholland gray and Jap. Hicks loaned him to Walter Hopkinson, who bred him over a yard of hens, that were sired by a cock Columbus Eslin had given him a few years before. The Eslin cock was sired by a Norwood Warhorse cock, which was presented to Mr. Eslin by Col. Sydney Holt, of North Carolina, out of a hen of his strain. I saw the stags sired by the cock I loaned Hicks at Hopkinson's home in Augusta. They were a big, rugged, strong looking lot, but Hopkinson did not like their color. I bought a dozen of them from him, for D. W. Oyster, of Washington, to use in a stag main. They won easily. Oyster sent to Hopkinson for some pullets and as hens, they were bred to one of the gray stags I had bought for him. Hopkinson sold nearly all of the cross, and was glad to get rid of them for anything he could get. As none of the stags were ever defeated, as either stags or cocks, they created

a demand for his fowl, which exceeded his facilities to produce them. I got my cock back, and refused to let either Hicks or Hopkinson have another.

Hopkinson finally got back one from Oyster, and bred him over his hens, a few grays were bred from that mating. The late S. J. Hester bought two settings of eggs from Hopkinson, most of which brought forth a chick. Hester knew nothing about breeding, and the stags and pullets were mated on brood yards. He actually raised thousands of chickens bred that way, year after year. For several years not a gray chicken showed up. Finally the grays commenced to come, and he could not account for them. Hopkinson died in the meantime, but in his search for information regarding them, he met a friend of mine named Butler, in Augusta, who told him that I could give him the information, and it was through correspondence about them that I met Hester, which was, I think, in 1908, and I visited him the next year. He then had about 50 brood yards on Negro farms. Up to that time he had never made any out-cross, and all his fowl descended from the two settings of eggs. I don't believe I ever saw such a variety of colors and shapes bred from any strain, but he had the different colored fowl separated.

At one place he had a cock and ten hens, of different ages. All were as white as cotton, with dark legs and gray and daw eyes. At another farm he had all gray Roundhead hens and a cock. At another a yard of charcoal black hens and a black brass back cock; at another, a yard of light brown hens and a cock, but the mahogany reds were in the majority, but the tendency to deviate from the original color, after the first radical departure from it, was manifested, was more pronounced in every subsequent mating, not only in color, but in conformation and constitutional vigor, proving the accuracy of Wallace's and Darwin's theories.

I fought many of the Hester cocks so bred, in mains, hacks and tournaments, and while they were never first class fighters, there was never any question in my mind about their gameness. There were no blue fowl among the heterogeneous tribe which descended from the Hopkinson fowl, which is accounted for by students of breeding, by the fact that no blue pigment is known to exist in the feathers of fowl; neither is there any white pigment in feathers, yet numerous white specimens appeared in the Hester flock.

The best fighters among his breed were the black gray roundheads. Though cocks and hens of this color

were mated year after year, there were many breeding seasons when no chickens resembling the parents were hatched.

About 1909 I mated three yards of his hens for him, to three cocks of different strains—a black Warhorse of the Billy Grassmuck strain, a brown-red cock of J. M. Hillsman's, of my strain, and a cock that Henry Grimme gave me, that was descended from a Red gull-colored Black and Tan cock I had given him many years before. These cocks, without a single exception, produced stags and hens of uniform color—which were black reds and brown reds. Stags from each of these matings were bred back to the hens on the yard where they were bred, and from each yard a few gray stags, with straight combs, appeared, but the medley of colors which were produced by his early system of in-breeding had disappeared. His cocks continued to improve in quality.

Hester knew there were better cocks in the world than his. He bred a yard of Gilman gray hens, under a Duryea cock for me, and he was so pleased with them that he decided to eventually breed them exclusively for our own use. He had walked a dozen pure Gilman gray stags for me the year I sent him their sisters. We used three of the Gilman cocks in a Monroe Tournament, in 1909 or '10. They fought the first three battles in the tournament at 4:10, 4:12 and 4:14. Meeting Col. W. C. Sherrod, Jr., Allen and Shelton, and Col. John H. Madigan, defeating them all; they were the sensation of the tournament, and I presented the winning cocks to the gentlemen whose cocks were defeated by them.

Col. Madigan was the only one of the three who bred from the Gilman cocks. Mr. Hester bred the Duryea round head cock over the straight Gilman hens—sisters to these three little cocks, three seasons, and there was never either a light-red or a round head cock produced from these matings. The cocks from them were all light duckwing grays, with red eyes, and while both cocks and hens had yellow legs, 90% of their progeny had white legs, and they were different from either the Gilmans, or any duckwings I have ever seen.

As the Gilmans were one of the few strains in England that were not spoiled by crossing with Asils, the story of their origin is worth perpetuating, the truth of which was vouched for by William Gilliver, the Jones brothers, Edward Atkins, Lord Craven and Capt. Spencer Astley. Prior to 1830, Lord Germaine paid Doctor Bellyse one hundred guineas for a cock and two hens. Hugh Cobden got some of the stock from Lord Germaine. Cobden

was unbeatable, but his successor, Varndall, was a failure. William Gilliver, who had fed several mains for Cobden, got some of the fowl from Varndall. Gilliver crossed them with a black gray cock of the Gornall breed, which were of the Hugo Meynell strain. The cross was so successful that other breeders bought the stock from Gilliver. William Yearsley, who fed and fought cocks for the Jones brothers for 30 years, had the pure Cobden blood, fought several mains against the Gilliver grays, and was beaten. Joe Gilman got the grays from Gilliver before the latter spoiled them with an Asil cross. When I was there in 1905, William Griggs, of Birmingham, who fed for George A. Muscott, was the only man in England who had the pure Gilliver-Gilman grays.

Muscott backed the Gilman grays in the main with Lord Clonmell. William Gilliver and William Griggs fed, and Gilliver pitted them against me. I beat them 8 to 5, in long spurs, for the largest stakes fought for in England for half a century. The main was fought in 1906.

Here was an instance where the Bellyse brown reds (blackhackles) had been in-bred for many generations—made originally by crossing the Cheshire Pyles with a dark-red strain, but the first cross Gilliver made with the Gornall gray cock over the Bellyse hens, every trace of the brown-red color disappeared, and the gray was the dominant influence. The Gilman fowl that I brought back from England, in 1906 had a cross of Cheshire (Mansell) Pyle put into them ten years before, and this blood had also been absorbed by the gray.

The Pyle blood that was in the gray cock I gave Col. Madigan in 1910, and it was also in the Picket cock (called Black Spur) that I gave Hank Deans, in 1917, is now showing up in Col. Madigan's Clarets.

This year (1929), Capt. James Gee Oakley bred a white Claret cock to three of my hens that are out of a nest and blood sister to "Black Spur," and by all the rules of breeding, some of the produce should have been white, having a double infusion of the Mansell Pyle blood, not one of the 35 chicks he reared show any Pyles. The stags are 100% Black Red Clarets in appearance.

Shortly before Mr. Hester's death, he had about three dozen Gilman-Duryea cocks on walks (He called them Baby Grays), and I was afraid this great cross had been lost, but quite recently I learned that "Jack" Elder, who now has the Hester farm, and "Dick," (R. F.) Nallin, the famous American League Baseball umpire, have some of the stock, which has made good, and is highly prized by these sportsmen.

It is the general impression among English breeders that the dark colored fowl are gamier and of "better constitution than the light colors," but the "lighter colors generally possess the deadlier heel."

Well, if they really believed that to be true, they should be ashamed to confess it, for there was not a dark-legged black or brown red strain with black eyes left in England, until I sent Lord Sefton four hens and two cocks of our brown reds, in 1911.

I hold no brief for any particular color—I like them all—but I want the reader to remember this:— During the forty-odd years which I have devoted to game fowl, I have never known a strain that was considered first class, that did not breed fairly true to color, and with a strong family resemblance. Owing to the great variety of colors of game fowl which have been blended together by breeders who evidently knew what they were doing, and as the law of atavism is always active, throw-backs to a remote ancestor may at any time, appear in the most carefully-bred strain. They have appeared in the "Pickets" and in the "Kirks," and I have bred to them for experimental purposes, with disastrous results, not in the lowering of courage, but in the variation of conformation.

It is only those who have had many years' experience with intensive inbreeding, who become familiar with these inexorable laws of nature, and success in developing or perpetuating useful strains of fighting cocks depends upon the breeders' knowledge of these laws.

A gentleman, who for very cogent reasons, must be nameless here, (who, never-the-less, enjoys an international reputation, both as a successful breeder, and writer on the subject of breeding, under the nom de plume, "Tan Bark"), has for nine years bred a strain of fowl which he calls "near-Kearney" which ranked among the best cocks in this country.

In 1921, Mr. David Ward, of Concordia, Kansas, sent him a stag, the sire and dam of which were sent to Mr. Ward, as pure Kearney Whitehacks, some ten or twelve years ago.

The Ward stag was bred by "Tan Bark" to a Kearney-Duryea hen which was bred by the late Judge Wells of New York. The produce from that mating, as well as all subsequent matings of these blood-lines, were unbeatable. They bred true to the color and general characteristics of the Kearney-Duryea strains, until the 4th generation of in-breeding, when a pure white cock showed up, and later, a black brass back whitehackle. The white cock was thought to be the best of the lot.

The breeder was naturally puzzled over the off-colored cocks, though, as he is a careful breeder, he knew that they were bred right, and that no mistake had been made in marking the chicks.

Several weeks ago, Mr. Ward wrote me about the breeding of the fowl which he had obtained from a person who had gotten them from my life-time friend, J. M. Hillsman, of Richmond, Va.

I looked through my pedigree book and found their breeding, which was: Kearney-Duryea cock bred by Hillsman, mated with a "New Hope," hen of mine, which contained the blood of the Kearney Slip Spur Blinker cock, 1888, Eslin Red Quill hen, John Hunter Brass back Whitehackle hen, 1889, and Mansell Pyle cock, 1910.

The "New Hope" were the "Pickets" with a fresh infusion of Kearney and Mansell Pyle blood.

Mr. Ward wrote to "Tan Bark," imparting this information, which cleared up the mystery as to the source from whence the Pyles and brass backs had originated. There has been no brass back blood put into my strain since I bred from the John Hunter hen in 1889, yet the blood is as potent today as it was forty years ago.

All the strains which entered into the make-up of "Tan Bark's" undefeated strain, were among the most consistent winning families in the world.

It is only through familiarity with the characteristics of the various blood lines in a family of pit games that the breeder can with certainty avoid the disaster which so often wrecks our plans. For instance, the John Hunter blood, without which the "Picket" strain could not have arisen, must be kept recessive, for experience has proven to me that where it is permitted to become "dominant," a lack of constitutional vigor follows, through the Hunter fowl which had been inbred by Mr. Hunter from 1850 to 1900, were physically sound and during its long career in Mr. Hunter's hands, was one of the most successful strains in the world.

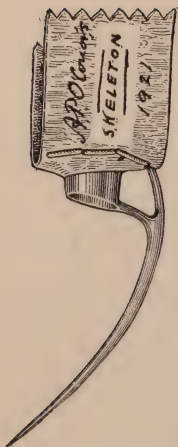
I have never been able to unravel this mystery, but I have "suppressed" the outward influence, by not breeding from either cocks or hens showing the brass backs, and by the same system, I keep the Mansell Pyle blood "recessive."

As has been stated elsewhere in this work, within a few years after the mating of The Hermit cock with the John Hunter hen, their produce were in every way different from either parent and unlike any strain with which I was familiar, either in color, conformation or in their mode of fighting, and within a few years after the Man-

sell Pyle blood was introduced into the strain, it was absorbed and all outward traces of it was lost, but its presence in every strain into which it has been introduced is evidenced by the deadly heel, and a style of fighting peculiarly its own.

In referring to the marvelous behavior in the pit of these cocks, "Tan Bark" wrote me: "The loss of eyes, legs or wings never stopped these cocks from winning." They were fed and handled by Peter Gorman, of Inkerman, Pa., in many mains and tournaments in Pittston.





## DIFFERENT TYPES OF FIGHTING COCKS AND GAFFS

---

In 1774, Thomas Dixon, a celebrated Yorkshire cocker, classified the fighting cocks then in the front rank, under three heads. The first of which were the artful fighting cocks; second, the bull dog type, and third, the active, ready fighting cocks.

Of the artful cocks, he wrote: "This style cock is ever on his guard, from the moment he is pitted; he seems to measure his adversary, much as a pugilist does, and under all conditions, he seems to know what to do; after striking, he is away, with a bound, but ever ready to shoot out his legs, and usually wins by catching his adversary off-guard. Not being of a highly nervous disposition, he conserves his strength, and he can often defeat an opponent much stronger and heavier than himself. The bull dog type never seem in a hurry; seldom spar, but rises and meets his adversary blow for blow; he seems to know his power, and constantly forces the battle in leisurely manner; his blows are well-placed, and while seemingly slow, he generally makes quick work of a battle.

The active, ready sort of fighting cocks are the most pleasing to the amateurs, as they combine strength with speed and agility, and if in perfect fighting condition, they are the best, but they must be in proper fix as their style of attack renders them an easy target to hit." In 1745 Dixon was feeder for Mr. George Henage, whose annual mains were fought with the Duke of Ancaster, at Louth.

The Henage cocks were of the Sir Windsor Hunloke strain, which were referred to as the active ready-fighting cocks. The Duke of Ancasters were of the bull dog type, perfected by Mr. Clyde Boston, with the Smith Duckwings, of Peterborough.

Forty-one cocks a side were shown in the year 1745, for 20 guineas a side each battle, and one thousand four hundred guineas on the odd. (\$100 a battle and \$7,000 on the main).

Mr. Henage won by five odd battles in a four days' play, thus proving the "Correctness of Dixon's classification and estimate of the value of the different style-fighters."

While Dixon claimed to be the first breeder to advocate in and inbreeding, Isaac Hallam, two years before the appearance of Dixon's book, claimed there was no such thing as incestuous breeding among the brute creation. Hallam's work was written in verse, and copied by Wm. Sketchley in 1814 without crediting Hallam with the idea. The poem was published in *The Arena*, in 1912, when it had a brief revival, as a weekly cocking and kennel magazine.

However, Dixon's work was of more value to breeders than Hallam's, for the reason that he cited many instances of failure on the brood yard by crossing the active with the bull dog variety, and the artful with both types, the first crosses were often fairly good, but subsequent matings were failures, having lost the desirable qualities of all the originals, thus strengthening his arguments in favor of close in-breeding. When W. L. Allen developed his roundheads about 36 years ago, which were an artful strain of fighters, he defeated the strains then in the South, which were mostly of the bull dog type, such as the Warhorse and their crosses. On the sire's side, Allen's fowl were roundhead, and on the dam's side, straight comb. The roundheads were artful, and the straight comb family were active, ready fighters. The cocks that were bred from his matings were of different quality; That is, those that came with straight combs were inferior to the roundheads. The straight combs were neither active nor artful, while the roundheads combined both qualities.

The Allen roundheads could never whip the Grimme cocks, which were a straight comb breed of the bull dog class. When the Rainey brothers of Cleveland, Ohio, made the main with Herman B. Duryea for \$5,000 a side on each battle, and \$40,000 a side on the odd, Rainey used Allen roundheads, which were fed by Flory, of New Orleans. Michael and Harry Kearney fed the Duryea cocks. Rainey won the first five fights, and Duryea won the next six, giving him the main by one battle.

Not a bad beating, of course, but the Duryea cocks of the bull dog variety, like the Grimmes of the same type fighters, always had the edge over the artful and active strains. The Moore, Ginn and Rucker cocks, which were artful, for several years, fought and defeated all the leading strains from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, including the Eslins, Allen and Shelton, Theo. Nussbaumer, Col. John H. Madigan and others, and for seven years they were undefeated. They finally reached a point where they could not get a main, and they issued a challenge to fight any cocks in the old or new world, for \$500 a

battle and \$5,000 on the odd, to fight in long and short gaffs alternately.

I had been getting ready for them for five years, and figured on a financial killing, but when the opportunity arrived, I had but little money, so we closed a main for half the amount they wanted to fight for. Col. F. W. Maddux, J. M. Hillsman, Col. W. H. Perkins, brother James and myself, had all the money.

We fought in Norfolk, Va., two days, owing to the uncertainty of the electric lighting system at that time, which was supplied to the rural districts. We matched only 13 cocks. I won 6 out of 7 the first day, and won the main with the first battle the next morning.

After winning the main, I wanted to quit, but Ralph Pierce and several friends arrived too late to see the first day's sport, and in order to please them, and upon Col. Maddux' agreement to back the remaining cocks, some of which were his, which were not originally shown in the main, we fought the five battles, and we lost them all. If we had been able to match all of our own cocks, we would have beaten them every fight in the main. Mine were the bull dog type, that could drive a gaff, socket and all, clear to the leathers.

Cocks of certain types are better performers in gaffs of certain lengths. When a cocker finds out the length spurs his cocks are best in, he should confine his fighting to those lengths.

Some strains can acquit themselves satisfactorily to their breeders in any length gaffs.

These are the only cocks worth rating first class, for the reason that their breeder need never lose an opportunity to engage in mains on account of the choice of weapons of his adversaries.

However, since the passing of the so-called blunt one and one quarter inch spurs, there is not much difference between the so-called inch-and-a-quarter and the longer weapons in the way of execution. The blades of the modern 1¼-inch spurs are usually ⅓ of an inch over. With the curved blades, measured from the bottom of the sockets, they are closer to 1½ inches than 1¼. Add to the length of blade, the length of socket, and the bolstering used in heeling, the points of the spurs are close to two inches from the beam of the cock's leg. So we may say here now, the inch and a quarter gaffs have gone out of style.

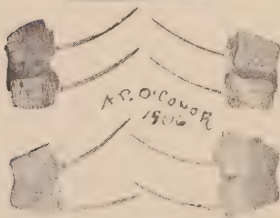
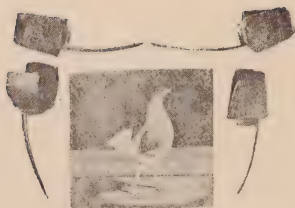
As far back as I can remember the New York cockers "bolstered" the straight blades, which were of the original New York Regulation style, and the points of the gaffs

were often over two inches from the beam of the cock's leg.

In the first great main between the Eslin and Kearney cocks, which was fought in long and short ( $1\frac{1}{4}$ ) gaffs, used alternately (Norfolk, Va., 1887), Kearney won a majority of his fights in long spurs, and Eslin won a majority in  $1\frac{1}{4}$ . Had the Kearney cocks been properly heeled in short spurs, the result might have been different. Kearney had them padded out, it seems to me, an inch. He used a strip of leather that looked to be a yard long. Eslin heeled flat on the leg, with the exception of one piece of kid-skin between the socket and the leg. Eslin and Kearney afterwards fought five mains in  $1\frac{1}{4}$  spurs, in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Eslin winning them all, because his cocks were properly heeled and they out-cut the Kearney's. We fought many mains under Philadelphia rules, which permit the use of paper, only, for "packing." Pat Carroll devised a mold, made like the old fashioned bullet mold, but larger. Into this mold he would force macerated paper, reduced to a soft mass, with water, in which he made the paper "wads" which he put under the  $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch spurs.

The hole in the center fitted snugly over the cock's spur, and on top of this, the gaffs were set, throwing the points of the gaffs out about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches—including "wads," "sockets" and blades. We always beat him, and we beat him with gaffs firmly tied on flat on the leg, with only one piece of kid-skin.

The points of his gaffs, like Kearney's, were always too high to execute, except in the first or second buckle. When the battle came down to a "slug-fest," their cocks were helpless, before the ripping, tearing conditioned cocks we set down before them.



Last week was fought at Manchester a great main of cocks, between the Right Hon. Lord Strange and — Radcliffe, Esq; which was won by his Lordship 12 a-head out of 26 in the main, and seven a-head out of 10 in the byes.

On Friday the 26th of June ended the great cock match at Clitheroe, betwixt the gentlemen of Lancashire, David Smith, feeder, and the gentlemen of Cheshire, John Bore, feeder: The main consisted of 20 battles, 13 of which, and 10 bye battles, were won by the former; 7 of the main, and 9 byes by the latter.

Spurs, then, were not made as well as they are now. The late W. J. Helwig, with the Eslin pattern, revolutionized  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch spurs, which were measured from the points of the blades, to the bottom of the sockets, which is the correct way to measure regulation gaffs. The straight blade New York regulations measure  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches from the points to the bottom of the socket: The same gaffs, when measured as gaffs are now measured, from the top of the socket to the point of the blade, measure nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches, but the actual length of the blade is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches, while the blade of the modern spur, if measured along the curve from the bottom of the socket to the point, is nearer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches than  $1\frac{1}{4}$ . So with "fast" gaffs in almost universal use, the speedy, high-breaking cock, is in demand.

With the change from natural to artificial spurs, the same questions which we are now discussing were discussed by the cockers of those days, and every cocker had his favorite strain which possessed the characteristics, which, in his opinion were the best, and it was then as now, the differences in opinions which kept the sport alive.

But in those days, there were no gaff questions to discuss, and there was only one set of rules to govern the combats throughout Scotland, Wales and England. Ireland had her own rules. The question then resolved itself around conformation and action of cocks of different strains, but after wading through hundreds of dusty volumes in English and Irish Libraries, in which thousands of records of cocks, styles and strains of cocks then in the front rank were recorded, we find in the last analysis, that success usually favored the strains which were fortunate enough to be in the hands of the most capable feeders, whether they belonged to the artful, active or bull dog varieties, and I think the same conditions prevail today, so in closing this chapter, I have no advice to offer the modern cocker, with respect to a choice of strains, other than to procure the style which seems to please, in health, action, conformation, and above all, in aggressive gameness.

## ORIENTAL FIGHTING COCKS

---

The first fighting fowl brought to this country from the Orient, of which there is an authentic record, were the rose comb dark-legged black reds which were brought from China to Baltimore in 1827 by Capt. John O'Donnell, who founded the town of Canton, on the Patapsco river, and which now forms part of the City of Baltimore, the principal street of which bears the name of O'Donnell.

Capt. O'Donnell's chief opponents were the Winans.

Mr. James Eslin thought the O'Donnell cocks were as game as any he had ever seen. There were two families of them—black breasted willow-legged Muffs and black red, dark-eyed, dark-legged cocks, with rose combs.

After the death of Capt. O'Donnell, his fowls reached the hands of, among others, Sam Robertson, who obtained the Muffs, and George Ohlenschlager, whose name was corrupted to Wellslager, and as "Wellslager Reds" they achieved world-wide fame, and the blood entered into the make-up of many strains which also became famous, especially the Goss "Counterfeits," which were a blend with the Winans Baltimore Top Knots.

Mr. James Eslin frequently crossed his strains with both the Wellslagers and Goss strains, and at the time of his death, in 1886, one of the best families of fowls he left, were the top-knots, which were taken over by Harry Middleton, and cocks of his breeding were extensively used by the sons of James Eslin.

As has been previously stated, it was a family tradition in the Arrington family, that the first game cocks brought to America, were the white cocks from China, which were brought to North Carolina by Sir Francis Drake.

The reference to them which appeared in Dr. J. W. Cooper's book, "Game Fowl," which was published about sixty years ago, was furnished by Gideon Arrington, but as early as 1770, reference to the "Thompson Whites" appeared in the Virginia Gazette, a copy of which I saw at Blucher Hansbrough's home. They were called "Thompson's China Whites," and were advertised by Simon Stamper, "near" Savannah, Georgia.

If the truth were known, the origin of the Cheshire Pyles might be traced to Sir Francis Drake's importation.

But when we now refer to Orientals, we have in mind recent importations of Asils and Japs. In 1848, travellers



returning from the Orient, spread the fame of the fighting cocks of the Island of Sumatra.

Commodore Perry, going so far as to say the Sumatra game hens could whip our best cocks; so in the course of time, the Sumatra feathered fighters were brought to Washington by Naval officers.

James Eslin, who was considered an authority on fighting cocks, was presented a trio. He described them to me, as being jet black, both cocks and hens, with the longest and most brilliant plumage of any fowl he had ever seen. The cocks, he said, were really splendid fighters, but they were deficient in courage.

The first fighting game cocks brought to this country from Japan, was in 1876, when they were exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial. A man by the name of Fox, of San Francisco, had the Japanese exhibits in charge, and through him, Capt. Anthony Green of Sacramento, obtained a cock and hen. Capt. Greene at that time was breeding and successfully fighting John Mulholland's famous strain of Gray fowl.

The Jap cock was bred to Gray hens, and from that day to this, Capt. Greene has been an advocate of Jap crosses, and his long and brilliant record in the pit with them, is the answer to their quality.

Whether we like them or not, their record is before us and while I personally have had no success with the crosses, those which I got direct from both Capt. Greene and our great friend, the late Phil Dougherty, of Hartford, Conn., were as game as any cocks I ever saw.

Perhaps the first Asils brought to this country, were those which were brought from India by Admiral Daniel Amman, about 45 years ago. He bred them at his home, Ammandale, Md., where he had breeding pens constructed after the plans used by the natives of India, which consisted of large wire runs, and smaller runs inside, in which a hen was placed, in full view of the cock. This arrangement kept the cock active, hopping on and off the coop in which the hen was placed. The cock and hen were permitted to enjoy the society of each other every fourth day.

When I went to Ammandale in the late Autumn to "dub" the stags, I was amazed at their strength, solid flesh and hard plumage.

The stags were placed in large pens, as above described, with a hen confined in a small pen, which was moved from time to time.

Admiral Amman told me that his fellow-officer in the U. S. Navy, Admiral Quackenbush, also bred Asils, but of

a different family, and that they had arranged to have a fight late in the Spring. Amman had crossed the Asils with English Duckwing grays, and Quackenbush had crossed with Hennies, from John Harris, of Liskeard, Cornwall, England.

Their trials with stags were unsatisfactory, both with the originals and the half-breeds, and they decided to defer the trials until the stags were matured.

In the winter of 1889, Quackenbush sent 13 cocks to Ammans, and I fed both lots of cocks, among which there were five original Asils in each lot. The Amman cocks were superior in every way, due, I expect, to superior care in walking them. I gave them the weight lists, they matched the cocks, I trimmed them, and these old cronies heeled and pitted their cocks. Among those present were Hon. John W. Douglas, Columbus Eslin, Harry Middleton, Hon. Joe Blackburn, of Ky., Hon. John G. Carlisle, U. S. Senator Callum, of Ill., and many others of equal fame in the world of sport and politics.

Mr. Eslin was not impressed with either the action or courage of the Asils or the crosses. Some were exceptionally game, and others of practically the same breeding sulked, but we were all impressed with the Quackenbush hen cocks, and the Duckwing Grays.

Had I not seen the Kearney cocks fight, which instantly became my ideals, I would very likely have taken some of these fowl and bred them, especially the Hen cocks. A few years after my experience with these Asils, I saw some splendid cocks fought at John Dixon's pit, in Philadelphia, which were called "Ide Rossiter" Asils, and a few months later, Pat Carroll met 4 of the same strain, in a main at Pottsville, Pa., three of which met cocks of my breeding, and were defeated, but I never want to see gamer cocks. I think the name of the man who fought them, was Smicker. The "Rossiter" importation were unquestionably game, and were different in appearance and action from the strains with which I had become familiar.

The last I heard of the "Rossiter" fowl, was about 25 years ago, through Frank P. Casey, who told me that Frank Coolidge, of Boston, had the last of the strain that he knew of; that they were still very tough cocks, but had become mediocre fighters, and were no longer feared in the pit.

Great changes have taken place in the general appearance of fighting cocks, during the last forty years. In my early days, the sight of a Roundhead cock was unusual. Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Baltimore, fought some of them, and I

fought a few from the Costa Rica hen.

Nearly all the leading strains then were dark reds, with dark legs and straight combs. Some Pyles and both light and dark grays. In Northern New York, a few strains of light reds and spangles were at the top, and in the South, the "Claibornes" and Bacon Spangles were fighting it out with the dark reds and grays for supremacy.

Today, light reds with round heads are seen almost everywhere, and I hear through correspondence with friends all over the cocking world that the round head blood may be traced in the pedigree of at least 80% of the foremost winning strains of today.

I will risk my reputation as a prophet that the breeders who are fortunate enough to have pure straight-comb strains, and who have bred them properly under natural conditions, will be the saviours of the sport.

The following letter relates the experience of the late Ralph W. Pierce, and it is worthy of the serious consideration of all breeders of fighting fowl.

World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1929.

My dear Andrew:

I was glad to get your letter today. Time passes quickly—it seems only yesterday that our first conversation relative to Asil's took place, yet it was over 28 years ago, but I distinctly remember it all, and I have long since realized that you were right, when you said: "No matter how good the first crosses may be, you can never make a dependable strain with them. They cannot be successfully in-bred and you can never breed a consistent strain of any fowl by continued crossing."

I have again read your reference to me and the Asils in the first and second editions of *The Cocker's Hand Book*—1910-11—

You were right 28 years ago, as you were in 1911, and as you are today.

I could fill a book myself with my experience in fighting Asils and their crosses, during the 30 years I have bred them. To give it all would hurt some of my best friends. This much I know, my first Asil (or Indians) were game. The first was the Arty Courny Peelen strain (or some such name, the spelling of which I have forgotten). They must have been imported about 50 years ago. Then there was some Atkinson and Rossiter stock I got from Dr. Heffinger, who lives near your farm, and Graves that were game, but unfortunately, some of the American fowl I crossed with them were short-bred.

I had good success in the pit, with the half-bloods,

but could not win with quarter-bred ones. The importation of Asils I made in 1910 and 1920 or 21 from Atkinson, were not strictly game, as I proved it by breeding and testing out some pure ones that I raised, but I got some very successful half-bloods from them—very few stopped. The funny part was, I never could get any good fighting quarter-bloods. Kennicutt's experience is different. He has a Jungle-Shawl hen that throws very even and sensational cocks bred to either grade Jap or grade Jungle, which is strange. She must be a "dominant." . . . . . A former partner had a pure Asil hen from Dr. H. P. Clarke. We got some good fighting cocks from her, but like my others, we were unable to breed a successful strain from her, of grades. The last six or seven years I have experimented with Jungles. I got four pure Jungle cocks from Gleezen. I bred from two of them on game hens, and I then fought and thoroughly tested out all four cocks. They acted very game. Now the funny part of it is, some of the half-breeds quit. They were fairly good fighting cocks and won a majority against ordinary cocks. I destroyed them all. I feel that I have and can do better without any Oriental blood and have finished my experimenting with them, for the reason that whether game or dunghill, I could not breed a strain of consistent grades. I now, after all these years of breeding, cannot see anything to be gained by Oriental blood in our best fowl, only the increase in the size of bone, and I think our native fowl have enough bone, and many of them, too much, as the larger the bone, the slower the cocks.

You can use any part of this letter in your book, after re-writing it to conform with your ideas, leaving the crux of my statements, but I wish you would omit the name of Atkinson."

## HEREDITARY INFLUENCE OF THE SIRE AND DAM

---

Science, like art, is one of the noblest of the toys—and science, like art, can be perfect in its uselessness when applied to the breeding of pit game fowl. However, they were evolved, it is certain that they were not evolved by the exact formula of Darwin, nor does the Mendelian system apply to them. The libraries are cluttered up with books on heredity, no two of which are alike. Blatchford conducted a propaganda of popular science based on the conjectures of Haeckel. There heredity was, according to his theory, simplified by the simile that the father was like a jar full of red beads and the mother like a jar full of white beads, and the children were little jars full of mingled red beads and white beads, etc., etc." I have refrained from quoting or referring to the respectable and interesting theorists for the reason that they are theorists, and while we regretfully acknowledge that the breeding of pit game fowl is not an exact science, there are well-defined rules governing the system. Among these are, the mating of those that are physically sound and from strains that have been distinguished for the most desirable pit qualities. Forty years' experience with pit game fowl has convinced me that the sire has invariably exercised the greater influence over the progeny, for either good or bad. I have never met a breeder of game fowl, unless he was also familiar with breeding race horses or cattle, who agreed with my views on this question. The age-old saying that has filtered down to us through the corridors of time, that: "One good hen is worth a dozen cocks," is not true today, nor do I believe it was ever true, any more than was the myth that a cock showing a white feather, was not game, and in the World War, white feathers were sent to men who evaded service in the army, especially in England, where the myth originated centuries ago, before the Pyles which were bred by King Charles II, cut their way to everlasting fame, not only as great fighters, but as great game cocks.

In Ireland the term: "He showed a yellow streak" was applied contemptuously to one who was considered a coward, and it also had its origin in the cock-pit, but the O'Callaghan yellow birchens were among the gamest

cocks the world has ever known.

It is argued that the hen can make an egg, perfect in every way, even though no male bird is permitted to associate with her, and that it lacks only the vital spark of life which the impregnation of the male gives it, therefore, they claim, that the hen has the greater influence over her progeny.

About forty years ago, a lad of my own age, who was not particularly interested in fighting cocks, but was very fond of Bantams, was presented with a trio by one of his relatives, who was an officer in the U. S. Navy, who, however, was fond of cock-fighting, and in the service, he had an opportunity to see the sport in every port in the world where his ship docked. He was particularly struck with the little fighting cocks used by the natives of Bantam, a town in Java.

It was at this place that the Bantam chickens had their origin. They were believed to have descended from the Gallus Bankiva.

The cock was a black-breasted red with olive legs, single comb, long plumage and was a typical game cock, and weighed about two pounds. The hens were dark wheaten, with dark, olive legs, and they all had red eyes. After breeding them together one season, my friend decided to increase their size, and borrowed a stag and pullets from me. He bred my stag to the Java hens, and the Java cock to my pullet.

Late in the Autumn, he invited me to his home to see his new breed. The produce of my stag were typical game chickens, of good size, and regular color: that is, they all looked alike. The produce of the Bantam cock were very small, duck-legged and typical bantams. Some of them were of the original Bantam color, and others resembled my fowl, which were Red Quill colored. My stag and pullet were out of the same hen and by the same cock.

Whether his Bantams were closely related we never knew, but we thought they were of the same family, for the reason that the first broods bred from the originals were all alike in color. A few of the cross-bred stags were fought in natural spurs, and some of them by my stag were fought with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch spurs. They were defeated, but they were game. None of the stags by the Bantam, out of my pullet, were game.

Of course my friend was not interested in gameness, but to me the experiment meant a great deal, because it was my first lesson along these lines: I was then convinced that the sire exercised the greater influence, not

only in color, size and conformation, but in courage, as well. Of course, the produce of my stag were not really game, they fought gamely in battle, but a few hours later, they refused to fight. My friend went away to school, and I lost trace of him for ten or twelve years. However, he told me later that he had kept them several years, breeding every year to the largest stags that were descended from my stag, and in the end of his breeding hobby, nearly all the chicks were perfect Red Quill in color, and that they were greatly admired by visitors to his home. I believe where the strain has been long in-bred, the influence of the cock and hen is about the same.

When I got the Duryea fowl from Lord Clonmell in 1905, both the cock and hen had round heads. In the first brood of chickens I bred from the pair, there were four roundhead stags and two with straight combs, and three pullets with straight combs and one with round head. I bred a straight comb stag to his mother and a majority of the progeny had straight combs. I made two families of fowl from the original pair, and they are as unlike in appearance and general conformation as though they were unrelated, but the cocks all have the same style of fighting.

The round heads, when bred together for three or four seasons, become too thick bodied, and too low "stationed", their bodies are short, and the hens lay smaller eggs each year.

Of course, there is but little round head blood in the Duryea fowl, which was introduced into the strain in Ireland prior to 1804, and we know there has been no out-cross of either round head or straight comb blood in the Duryea fowl for over 40 years, the pea-comb is not dominant.

Our Costa Rica hen had a round head, and when bred to the Kirkpatrick cock, all her produce had round heads, but the following year, she was bred to a straight comb Black and Tan stag, and there were no pea-combs from that mating, proving that the cock here, at least, was the dominant influence over the long in-bred hen of a pea-comb family of Oriental origin, though in conformation and texture of flesh and action in battle, the hen was dominant, and in that respect, she has been dominant for over forty years, and she is the only hen I have ever bred to whose influence extended over so many years.

This, I think, can be attributed to the fact that she was of a distinct breed. Her family were brought to Costa Rica from Persia, from whence cock-fighting was introduced into Europe, through Greece and Rome, though her

family show traces of the Kulm breed, in the pea comb, but in no other way did she show traces of that breed. There seemed to have been a perfect affinity in the blending of her blood with the Kirkpatrick cock. The produce of that mating have been responsible for the development of more great fighting strains than any fowl of which I have any record, and it would not be beyond the bounds of truth to say, that 75% of the good, game pea-comb strains that have been developed in this country during the last forty years, may be traced to that hen and the Kirkpatrick cock.

While her quills were black, the quills of the Kirkpatrick cock were red, and after the blood of the 1885 Red Quill hen was blended with the Kirk-Costa Rica, there has never been a descendant of that family, whether out of a Plymouth Rock hen, a white leghorn hen, on a walk, or a game hen, that has not shown traces of the Red Quill, and fowl with the widest shoulders and broadest backs of any fowl in the world, of their weight. The Costa Rica hen was perhaps the only fowl of a distinct breed I ever owned. The 1885 Red Quill hen was the produce of crosses between many strains, and the Winans blue red, yellow legged top-knot cock from which the Red Quills were descended, was the dominant influence, though none of his progeny resembled either him or the hen from which the strain descended, with the exception of the Red Quills, which was characteristic of the Winans blue reds. The John Hunter hen was evidently descended from a number of crosses made in England by Lord Devere over one hundred years ago. The Cheshire Pyle was probably one of the strains which entered into the Devere family of fowl. The first season I bred the Mansell Pyle cock to the Picket hen, several stags from that mating were perfect black brass backs; not only perfect in color, but perfect in conformation.

Whenever a brass back stag was produced from the inbred Picket strain, it was ill-shaped, and ill-shaped as they were, I never saw one whipped.

The Mendelian theory of color inheritance may be true where uncrossed pit game fowl are mated, but this fact is so well-known to experienced breeders, that all the theories of Biologists are thrown into the discard, and that is, the greatest strains of game fowl known to the modern world were descended from a cock and hen of two different strains, of different color, and different conformation, and the produce of these matings have been unlike either of the parents, but were themselves apparently distinct breeds. We need go no further back for



proof of this statement than 1800, when Doctor Bellyse originated the black hackles by crossing a Cheshire Pyle cock with a hen of a black red strain, known as "Sour Face," (from the fact that the faces of both cocks and hens were very dark, and at a distance, seemed to be black).

The Eslin Red Quills, as has been stated, were the produce of many crosses, yet the Red Quills were the only absolutely distinct breed of game fowl ever developed in this country, and they were different from any fowl in the world.

The Duryea invincible strain were the produce of a cross between a brown red cock of Kearney's Irish strain, and a yellow birchen hen. The produce were a light red strain of Whitehackles. My "Pickets" were the produce of a brown-red cock and a black brass back hen. For forty years they have bred fairly true to color, with an occasional throw-back to the Hunter hen.

The Madigan "Clarets" are another distinct strain, the produce of many strains of different colors, all of which proves that the Mendelian theory does not apply to the color inheritance of pit game fowl.

Prof. Jull, Ph. D., of the Bureau of Animal Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture tells us that: "It is easy to understand what transpires if one remembers that each of the two original germ cells from the parents, is a tiny bundle containing many pairs of small visible packets of chemicals—chromosomes.

These chromosomes carry all the inherited characteristics of both parents, and the manner in which the two sets of chromosomes—one set from the female parent—and one set from the male parent—combine in the new double cell determines the visible characters of the offspring, such as type of comb, plumage, color and pattern, etc.

The chromosomes are thus the bearers of heredity and are present in each animal, male and female, in a certain definite manner, stored within the nucleus of the germ cell. The chromosomes are always in pairs."

While I do not pretend to understand the alleged science of Biology, I know from actual experience that if Prof. Jull's theories were true, the distinct breeds to which I have referred, and whose existence, and origin are well known, could not have arisen.

Mr. Darwin said: "It is frequently asserted that the male is prepotent over the female in transmitting certain characters. It has been shown, however, that such rules do not hold good except in a very limited extent, and in

certain groups only. It frequently happens that a character existing in one of the parents is transmitted more powerfully to the offspring of the sex to which that parent belongs than to the opposite sex."

If Mr. Darwin's theory were true, and if the male had not been the dominant influence, neither the thoroughbred race horse, nor the standard-bred light harness horse could have been developed. The three tap-roots of the thoroughbred family of horses were Herod, Matchem and Eclipse, through whose veins the blood of the Godolphin Arabian stallion has been transmitted to hundreds of thousands of race horses, and every living thoroughbred's pedigree ends with these sires.

Hambletonian 10 was the founder of the American trotter and pacer, and his pedigree also ends with the above sires, through Messenger.

Thirty-five or more years ago, I spent several months on cattle ranches in Texas, New Mexico and Oklahoma. In those days long horned cattle were bred exclusively. A few years later, short horned bulls were imported from Europe, and bred to the "prairie" cows.

The improvement in the cattle was instantaneous, yet the half-bred bulls, many of which were to all appearances the equal of their thoroughbred sires, were failures as stock-getters, and it was not until the fifth generation—that is, five infusions of thoroughbred blood through the sires, that these crosses were able to reproduce themselves.

In the production of long woolled sheep, the sire is always dominant, and wool-buyers are so expert that they can tell by the texture of the wool whether it is 1-8, 1-4, 1-2, 3-4 or 7-8 thoroughbred. These references to sires and their influence over their progeny is not theory, it is truth, and hundreds of instances which have occurred on my breeding yards, among my game fowl, have convinced me that with only one exception, the cock has been dominant in the production of new families, but when in-breeding was resorted to in order to perpetuate the qualities which were produced by accident, I could not tell whether the sire or dam was dominant and then it did not make any difference.

The number of eggs that may be fertilized by the cock has never interested me in my breeding experience, and for that reason I have never set eggs from hens until after they become broody. I know then that the eggs will be impregnated by the cock to which she has been mated, and the influence of the cock that hens have been with, ends when she lays her complement of eggs, and becomes

broody.

Hens that are intended for breeding purposes should be permitted to hatch and rear at least one brood of chicks each year. The proper time to mate cocks and hens in this section, is about the first of the year. If the hens have been kept from the society of cocks or stags when not mated for breeding, they will be in better condition when their eggs are wanted for hatching.

## THE CARE OF YOUNG STOCK

---

The first month of a baby chick's life usually determines its value for the brood pen or the pit. Unless the egg from which it came was laid by a hen rich in the bloom of health and vigor; that has been supplied with the essentials with which to manufacture eggs, and sired by a cock or stag, that enjoys similar blessings, you will be wasting your time in trying to bring it to maturity, and if you succeed in doing so, you will be disappointed in its usefulness. During the early spring months, there is a dearth of green feed which is essential to the health of the breeding fowl, and this must be supplied in some form—Cabbage chopped fine is one of the best substitutes for clover, alfalfa, rye, oats, or any grass that grows naturally in season.

Manufacturers of commercial poultry feeds have made wonderful progress in perfecting balanced rations, and many high-pressure salesmen who are employed by the larger manufacturers, who are usually graduates of some Agricultural College, will tell you that the dry alfalfa meal in their "mashes" is as good as natural green feed. It is not so. You may be advised to supply green feed in the form of sprouted oats, but its action on the bowels and digestive organs of the fowl is uncertain, even when used in small quantities. As a certain quantity of lime is necessary for the completion of the egg-shell, and if you are forced to use commercial feed, I would advise adding ten pounds of rolled oats and 25 pounds of good, clean wheat to every 100 pounds of scratch feed, and ten pounds of fine bone meal to every 100 pounds of "Dry Mash." In addition to this, keep lime in some form before the hens at all times.

Oyster shells are not satisfactory. A bushel of agricultural lime should be slacked, and reduced to a thin paste. Let it stand a few days, and add a bushel of sand. Let it become hard, by spreading it out to a thickness of an inch or so, and when it is dry and hard, break up a pound of it, to the size of grains of corn, and keep it before the fowl at all times.

Lime is absolutely essential for the hen, in order to store up a supply of bone-making material in the egg. When sufficient lime is not supplied, the hen draws upon her skeleton—for that mineral. This supply of lime which is extracted from the hen's skeleton, is always insuffi-

cient, with the result, the constitution of the hen is lowered, and the chick is ushered into the world with a weak constitution; its bones are soft and leg-weakness, called "rickets" is one result caused by the lack of lime; and when the constitution of the chick is weak its vitality low, it falls an early prey to the many diseases to which such unfortunate chicks seem to be heir. The parent stock should be housed in comfortable quarters, where they will be exposed to the sun-light; they should be forced to exercise, at feeding time, if at no other time. A foot of clean, beardless straw should be kept on the floor of the runway, under cover, for straw soon becomes moldy if wet, and mold is rank poison to both old and young fowl. The breeding stock should have frequent changes of feed. A dry mash containing buttermilk should be kept before them at all times.

Boiled oats is a splendid change once or twice each week. Heavy white Canadian oats cost a few cents more per bushel than the common variety, but it is worth more. Where fresh ground bone is available, about 1-4 of an ounce of it should be given each cock and hen twice a week, but hard boiled eggs are a good substitute—one egg, white, shell and yolk mashed with a hand-full of stale bread contains lime that is easily absorbed, and is sufficient for a cock and hen given twice a week.

They should be given the best grade of scratch feed night and morning—about two ounces to each chicken, at each meal, which should be scattered in dry, clean straw.

Before mating time, the fowl should be examined for lice—the U. S. Department of Agriculture recommends Sodium Flourid as the best preparation ever discovered for the elimination of lice. A pinch of the powder should be dubbed around the vent, under each thigh, under each wing, and on the neck near the head. One application will keep them clean from one moulting season to another. It can be purchased in one pound packages, for 35 or 40 cents per pound. Do not accept any substitute, or any preparation containing a sodium flourid compound; they are all fakes, and cost several times more than the pure article.

The brood stock must be in perfect health, which is indicated by a bright, healthy color in their faces, and their brilliant plumage. Their quarters should be wind and rain proof. Nothing could be more uncomfortable for fowl confined in runs, when they are exposed to the biting wind and cold rains of the early spring. The cock becomes indifferent to his mate, and the usual result is, infertile eggs.

The nest should be at least fifteen inches square and arranged so the hen can enter it without having to jump on the eggs: it should be placed in a dark corner of the runway.

The eggs should be taken from the nest before they become chilled, carefully marked, and stored in oats with the hulls on, in a cool place.

In order to have setting hens when they are needed, it is a good plan to pen several hens in November, and feed them for eggs: keep them laying, and by the first of March many of them will become broody. They should be handled freely, in order to have them gentle when they are needed for hatching. If you are single-mating—which is the only right way to breed fighting game fowls, seven or nine eggs are enough to place under a hen, no matter how large she is. She can, of course, cover a great many more eggs than that number, but in the early spring, chickens grow rapidly, if they are in good health, and nine can be kept comfortable and warm during the long nights, and heat is essential to their health. When the brood is two or three days old, they should be carefully marked, and their marks recorded. A box three or four feet square, and not over 18 inches high should be ready for them. The box should have a board floor, with a bag tacked in one corner of it—folded to make a cushion 15 or 18 inches square.

There should be no straw, chaff or litter of any sort in it, because, in scratching it, the hen often injures her brood. One-half the top should be covered with one inch wire mesh, and placed where the sun can reach it, but where it will not be exposed to the elements. When two or three days old, they should have their first drink of water and their first feed.

I have found that broken china, cups, saucers, plates, etc., powdered fine, is the best grit they could have, as it is nearly pure lime.

This is sprinkled on a board in the box, with a teaspoonful of dry rolled oats scattered with it.

The hen should be taken out of the box and given all the whole corn she can eat.

The few grains of feed the chicks eat for their first meal, will be enough for three or four hours.

When they are born, they have absorbed enough of the yolk of the egg out of which they came, to last three days, and to permit them to gorge themselves while in that condition, their digestive organs become, in many instances, disorganized, and when bowel trouble sets in, they start life under a handicap. Commercial feeds con-

taining more than 10% cracked corn should not be used until the chicks are a month or six weeks old. Rolled oats, oat groats, millet, cracked wheat, ground bone (dry) have proven satisfactory in rearing baby chicks. There are some excellent baby-chick preparations on the market, but all feeds containing cod-liver oil should be avoided, for the reason that it loses its potency, when it is mixed with feeds which become stale. I have used codliver oil since 1890—years before utility poultrymen ever heard of its value, but I buy the pure oil, and mix it with the chick-feed when they need it—using a teaspoonful to one pound of commercial dry mash, but I have found that a raw egg used with the same quantity of dry mash answers the same purpose; it contains more lime, ounce for ounce than the best codliver oil, besides, it is the chicks' natural food.

When the brood of chicks are a month old, they can be turned out with the hen on free range, near a cultivated field. This is desirable, for the reason that the ground is freshly turned at frequent intervals, and the chicks are not apt to find as many bugs and worms as they would on grass, or in the woods. Bugs and worms are all right for them when they are two or three months old, but too much protein is poison to them.

When the chicks' heads are covered with feathers, that have replaced the fluff, the chicks should be weaned, and forced to roost in trees. They should never be permitted to roost with their "mother" for the reason that some will crowd under her, and her weight pressing on them, forces their breasts hard against the roost, and the result is crooked breast bones.

At five or six months of age, the stags and pullets should be separated. The stags can then be kept together until they are old enough to be put on walks, without any danger of their fighting. It has always been the custom among many breeders with whom I am acquainted, to keep an old cock over the stags, but I seldom did, because I never approved of it. The cock is usually an uncongenial master: constantly striking at the stags at feeding time. They grow up shy and many of them do not get a fair share of feed. Of course one stag will usually become "boss" but he is not as vicious as a cock would be, and he seems to enjoy his mastery without starting a battle. I usually commence feeding whole corn for the evening meal, along in October. In the mornings, I give them scratch feed, to which I have added half bushel of wheat and one bushel of oats to the 100 pounds of "scratch". I give them all they can eat up clean in half

an hour.

Chickens do not, as a general thing, like oats, and now that we have to pen-walk most of our stags, they would never eat oats unless they acquired the habit when on free range; and as there is no feed more essential for pen-walked stags than oats, they must be taught to eat them.

Of course, fresh, clean water is as necessary as fresh air, sun-light and feed, and it should be kept before them at all times.

I start culling the day the chicks are hatched, and never stop until the stags are taken from the free range. I cut the stags' combs any time I can catch them after they are six or seven months' old, and throw them back among the flock. They seldom fight, when only one or two a day are dubbed.

When the weather becomes disagreeable from snow and ice, stags are better off in the coops. They are brought in, their ear-lobes and gills are cut off, and when they are healed, I put the gloves on them and spar them a few minutes; make a note of their action in a memorandum book. A few days later they are sparred again, and those that do not please, are killed and sent to the kitchen, until only the stags that I consider first class remain. I don't believe an indifferent fighting stag will improve as a cock.

My brother and I have adhered to this culling system all our lives: We knew fighters: We made no excuses for any of our stock that were inferior to our best, and we have had no cause to regret this wholesale slaughter. We were never interested in hack-fighting, a system by which nearly all breeders disposed of their culls, but we would not fight a cock or stag of our breeding unless we thought he was good enough to put in a main.



## WALKING STAGS

---

It is much easier to describe good walks than it is to procure them, now that the farmers have taken up the breeding of utility poultry. However, in some sections of the country farm walks may be had, and cockers who can get their stags on good free ranges are lucky, if for no other reason than that they can avoid the work necessary to the proper care of a lot of stags in pens.

Herman B. Duryea, who was the most successful cocker of whom we have any record, infinitely preferred pens, to free range walks, and he could have put out hundreds of stags on his 30,000 acre plantation in Tennessee, if he had wanted free ranges.

Of course he did not have to worry about caring for his stags in pens, for the reason that he employed an expert to look after them.

Mr. Duryea had but few intimates with whom he discussed his sporting ventures, and, perhaps, the late Major Thomas J. Carson, was his most intimate friend among the breeders of horses and game fowl. His argument in favor of pen walks as expressed to Major Carson, was that the stags, when kept from hens, conserved their strength; were always kept clean of lice and free from the dangers which always threaten the cocks on free ranges: That he always knew exactly the number of cocks he could rely upon when an opportunity was offered to fight a main. The stags were weighed before being put into the pens, and they were all weighed again after they had moulted, and each stag was known by the number of his pen, and if he did not gain at least twelve ounces in weight during the year of his confinement, he was not considered good enough for an important main. As cocks, they were expected to fight at the weight they were when cooped, for they were then well developed, and in full plumage. The stags and pullets were separated when they were five or six months old.

He maintained that proper feed and exercise was all that a stag could get on a farm walk, and as that was all he needed, these essentials could be provided in pens better than on farm walks, with the additional advantages of safety and cleanliness, and perfectly balanced feed, in the proper quantity. However, no one except a man who really loved game fowl should ever be entrusted with the care of pen-walked stags. I had a Negro boy in my employ

for many years, who loved my dogs and game fowl, and I never lost a main with stags or cocks pen walked and cared for by him.

When Lord Clonmell made the big main against the Gillman grays, he had about 100 stags scattered over his estate of 28,000 acres in Tipperary, and several thousand acres in Kildare. He had no trouble in getting all the free range walks he wanted, but I advised him to have fifty pens built at Bishop's Court, and I offered to send my Negro boy over to care for them. I drew the plans for the pens, which cost about \$1,000, personally selected the stags, and wrote out the menu, which the old game keeper followed, until the arrival of my Negro. The stags were in the pens exactly one year when I went over to feed them the next year. They were the best lot of cocks I ever handled, and they had to be good to whip the Gillmans, which had been on the best walks in England, each cock walked by a man who knew what the cock was being walked for and all the natural pride of the Briton was aroused over the international main, so the result was, a perfectly walked main of cocks, fed and handled by England's favorite cocker - William Gilliver.

It was a great main; every battle stubbornly contested, but the American-Irish cocks always had the power to deliver a killing blow as long as they had a leg to stand on, and the score was 8 to 5 in our favor.

It was an event of great importance to the English and Irish cockers, for the "walk" question there, as it is here, was a subject for conversation whenever two cockers met. In the old days, the Lords, when leasing their lands, stipulated in the contract, that the tenant should walk so many stags for the Lord, but those days are gone forever. While Lord Sefton still owns 48,000 acres near Liverpool, he considers it a personal favor for a tenant to walk a stag. So, the result of our main, while a severe blow to British pride, convinced them that stags could be properly developed in pens, with proper care, and I frequently hear that several breeders over there are doing well with pen-walks.

Perhaps 75 per cent. of the cocks that are fought in this country in the North and East, have been pen-walked.

Herbert M. Fullerton, Esq., of British Columbia, was one of the most successful cockers in the world for several years, traveling from Canada to Texas and Mexico, and to Orlando, Florida, and meeting the best cocks and the best cockers, and invariably beating them, was an advocate of pen-walking.

I have experimented with many designs, and different

size runs, and I found that the size of the run was not of as much importance as the care given the stags.

The following is a description of a row of twenty pens that I have lately had built, and while I have not as yet fought any cocks out of them, I am pleased with them.

The row is 100 feet long, faces South-East. The front run is 5 feet wide, 6 feet high in front, boarded up three feet high. They are 12 feet deep, with an open-front shed, with a roof five feet deep, three feet high in back.

In the rear of this row, there are 20 runs, four feet wide and 12 feet long. Between each run, there is a space of about 18 inches, wire netting, one inch mesh, three feet high. The cocks can see each other. There is a sliding door, 8 inches wide, in the back of the shed, which can be raised and lowered with a string.

The stags are kept in the front pen, where they cannot see each other, one day, and the next day they are all allowed to run in the wire pen in the rear.

They continually walk backwards and forward in this 12 foot runway, and take more exercise than any cock on a free range walk will take. In the boarded run, I keep a foot of straw, leaves, etc., into which grain is thrown, and they work for all of it they get. The change from the front to the back run keeps them on edge: they are never still, as they would be where they were kept in sight of each other all the time, or become dull and lazy in the boarded run, where they would have nothing to keep them busy.

I feed and water twice a day; change the feed two or three times a week, for the morning meal, but the evening meal is always dry—wheat, oats, corn, barley, etc.

And the change in feed consists of either boiled or soaked oats, stale bread, either dry or moistened with milk or cold water. Milk is rich in lime content, and butter-milk is now used extensively by the best manufacturers of chicken feed. The stags should be given green feed three or four times a week; there is nothing better than cabbage or spinach.

I do not recommend the use of meat, other than the small quantity which is contained in the best grades of commercial dry mash.

Ground green (fresh) bone is excellent if used sparingly once or twice a week.

Cocks do not require as much lime in their feed as do hens. One hen will consume more lime in a month during the laying season, than fifty cocks, for the reason that lime is a necessary mineral for the manufacture of eggs, and a hen cannot eat and digest enough cereals or

green vegetables from which to extract sufficient lime for that purpose, consequently, hens cannot stand the long confinement in pens that cocks can, even when all the essentials for the manufacture of eggs is abundantly supplied. However, as the stags do not generally relish minerals, unless they are given feed high in calcium, their skeletons do not harden as they should. A sure indication of hardness of the bone is indicated by the texture of their spurs, when they are sawed off.

If their spurs are hard, the entire bony frame is hard; if the spur is soft, that is the condition of the skeleton.

Where cocks are walked on limestone soil, the water also contains lime.

No breeder of thoroughbred race horses would undertake to breed and rear colts on any but limestone land, which produces blue grass and high-grade clover, both of which are rich in calcium, and it is on such soil that the best race horses and the best fighting cocks are reared.

So, when pen-walking stags, the important thing is to supply the food and minerals that are necessary to make hard bone, and exercise to season the flesh and keep it firm.

There are strains of fowl with an inherited tendency to accumulate fat, due, perhaps to the improper functioning of certain glands. Such fowl can be better taken care of in pens than on free range walks, for the reason that the quantity of green vegetables can be regulated, and I should say, at least 25 per cent. of their feed should consist of these essentials, any leafy green stuff, such as cabbage, spinach, kale, clover. These are the sources of carbohydrates. If these are run through a food chopper, coarse ground bone could be added—about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an ounce to each feed of two ounces, to each stag, for the morning meal.

During the moulting season, there is a heavy drain on the constitution of the stag, turning into his second year, and I have found it advantageous to assist nature, by adding a tonic to the water; about one teaspoonful of tincture of iron to each gallon of water.

Two drinking cups should be hung in each pen, one of which should be a plain china cup that holds half a pint. This should be used for water containing the tincture of iron. The other cup should be made of aluminum. I use dippers made of this non-rusting metal which can be purchased for \$1.20 per dozen. They not only do not rust, but they seldom burst from freezing, due to their round bottoms. They are easily cleaned, and are in every way superior to galvanized iron cups.

One of the cups can be used for the soft feed.

During the moulting period, I add half teaspoonful of flax seed to the soft feed, about twice a week, and it is reflected in the brilliance of the cocks plumage, which is hardened by the tincture of iron.

The Spaniards who walk their cocks by tying them out on fresh grass every day, feed Argentine corn almost exclusively, but once or twice each week, they grind it to the size of grains of wheat, and soak it for several hours in saffron tea, which is made by boiling  $\frac{1}{4}$  ounce of saffron in a gallon of water, which is poured over the cracked corn, meal and all, while warm.

It is said to act on the cock's liver. It is placed in a bag or collander to drain for a few hours before it is fed to the cocks. There may be certain times when cocks require such treatment; it is said by them that the regular diet of corn eventually affects the liver, and they have found nothing better than saffron to correct liver ailments. I frequently use it after cocks are through moulting. However, our modern balanced poultry feeds are superior to any I saw in Europe, and illness caused by improper feeding here is rare.

I believe I introduced the Argentine corn as an article of diet in feeding cocks for the pit, in this country, after having seen it used so extensively in Spain.

As a regular feed, I think it is too hard and flinty, and overworks the cock's digestive organs.

Whatever arguments may be used against cocks that are properly pen-walked, this fact remains: The Duryea cocks, which were the most successful strain the world has ever known, were pen-walked for over thirty years, by Mr. Duryea.

## TRAINING FIGHTING COCKS AND FEEDING SYSTEMS

---

The training of man, bird or beast simply means the reduction of superfluous fat by dieting and exercise, and this process seasons the flesh, toughens the muscles, and improves the respiratory organs, and as there are as many different systems used by as many different trainers, all of whom at times reach the acme of perfection, it proves that no particular system of training is the "one best" for preparing man, bird or beast for the struggle for victory.

In the early days of Greece and Rome when pugilism, horse racing and cock-fighting furnished the chief amusement for the people, training must have formed an important part of their programs, but the only record the trainers left of their work, is in the physical perfection attained by the athletes, which are immortalized in bronze and marble statues.

A bronze statue of a Greek Pugilist, in the Museo della Terme, in Rome, by an unknown sculptor, is believed to be the most perfectly formed man that ever lived. He is shown with a full, short beard, short curly hair, which partly covers his left ear, which shows the scars of many battles. He is seated in the attitude of a fighter listening to the advice of his second, or handler. He is wearing heavy leather thongs which are bound upon his hands and wrists. These thongs have been dried with the hair upon them, and seem to be heavy bull's hide.

Many students have agreed that this pugilist was Polydeuces (or Pollox, to give him his Latin name) who fought Amycus, the Bebrycian, for a drink of water when the Argonauts arrived at his coast.

Of Polydeuces, Theocritus wrote (Idyll, xxii):

"So, when their fists were weighted with thongs of force-giving leather,

Coiling the laces around each arm, they met in mid-ring,  
Breathing slaughter against each other, and firmly they  
struggled

Whose back lay to the sun. By skill won'st thou,  
Polydeuces."

The fight between Irus and Odysseus, as recorded by Homer (in the *Odyssey*) refers to the gluttonous Irus, who

very likely violated the rules of training:

"For eating and drinking  
Twould not be easy to match him:

But spite of his gorging, he had not  
Any great courage or strength,

though a big, stout fellow to look at."

In those days of sport, the athletes contested for a laurel or an olive wreath, and their training was commenced in their early youth, and at different periods of their country's history, the athletes and fighting cocks were trained at the expense of the government. Horse racing, then as now, was a favorite diversion.

Melizyus, King of Thessaly, was the first to tame and ride a horse, and the Poet Virgil, (*Georgics*, book iii) immortalizes Ericthonius, who was: "The first who joined—  
Four horses for the rapid race designed,  
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sate,  
The Lapithae, to Chariots add the state  
Of bits and bridles; taught the steed to bound,  
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round;  
To stop, to fly; the rules of war to know,  
To obey the rider, and dare the foe."

So, war was the ultimate end for which athletes contested, horses raced and cocks fought, each in their way, inspired courage.

Whatever the methods were by which physical perfection was attained, we know that heat was early recognized as one of the essentials in the process. Throughout Italy and Greece may yet be seen the ruins of their thermal baths, from which the familiar Turkish bath evolved. Horses were blanketed to induce perspiration. This idea was borrowed from the Greeks who swathed their athletes in heavy clothing for the same purpose, and, perhaps, from his knowledge of early Greek history, Gervaise Markham very likely applied his knowledge of the heating and sweating in those early days, to the "stoving" of fighting cocks.

What we now know as Metabolism, is the art of reducing as practiced by the ancients. Whatever success I have had in the training of athletes, horses and fighting cocks, I attribute to the study which I have given to this subject. As I am not familiar with the technical terms used in connection with the process by which nature operates, I requested Doctor C. R. Openshaw, of Salt Lake City, Utah, to write an essay for *THE FEATHERED WAR-RIOR*, on "Food and Its Absorption by the Body," which is here presented, and for which I thank my loyal friend.  
: "At the request of the Author of *Cocking and Its*

Votaries (A. P. O'Connor), I am attempting in this article to explain the meaning of the word metabolism. In other words, after food has been digested by the digestive organs and absorbed by the lacteals of the intestinal tract thence by way of the thoracic duct into the blood, what becomes of it?

"What is its purpose in the body anyway, and why all this discussion as to what to mix in your feed? The subject in a broader sense is almost as deep as life itself, for it is what carries on life.

"One author has defined life as the internal adjustment to external relations. A flame burning carbohydrates and hydro carbons in oxygen. To describe metabolism you describe the chemistry of flame.

"Any living matter of either vegetable or animal kingdom is made up of millions of microscopical cells, specialized to perform definite functions. Boney cells, which in masses offer support muscular cells to move the boney frame work, connective tissue cells which support, epithelial or covering cells, and nerve cells or spider cells in the cord and brain, prolongations from which are nerves, which act like electric wires and carry impulses to and from centrally located nerve cells in the brain and spinal cord. Now all these cells are nourished by lymph from the blood stream which carries food to every cell in the system, and oxygen by the red corpuscles, which unite with oxygen and give up carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide in the lungs. So the blood is the carrier taking food and oxygen to the cells of the body and waste products away from the cells to the kidneys and lungs to be cast out.

"Every cell in the body is a living chemical unit. It consists in a nucleus and a cell body, or outer portion. The most important part is the nucleus. Chemically, these cells are made up of highly complex substances which closely resemble egg albumen and contains oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon and small amounts of sulphur and phosphorus.

"The substances are highly molecular content, leaving hundreds, even thousands of atoms in each molecule of the substance. With each movement of the body, each action or through each exertion, let us say, of some cell substance is broken down into less complex substance with resulting waste. The waste products are carried away by the blood, new food material brought in by the blood, the cell substance rebuilt and rejuvenated, and this is what constitutes metabolism. The building of cell substance or cytoplasm we call anabolism and its breaking



down we call katabolism. So life is a constant building up and breaking down process, this is metabolism.

"Almost all of katabolism is accomplished during waking hours, during activity. In strenuous activity katabolism is carried on at a rapid rate.

"The respiratory rate is increased to get out more carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide and add more oxygen to the cells, the circulation is speeded up because the cells in the body are calling for more food. If exertion continues however, more fatigue toxins accumulate in the blood and the cells of the body than can be carried away. Tiredness follows, and finally when the system becomes loaded with fatigue toxins exhaustion approaches.

"It is during sleep that anabolism goes on at its highest. Food and oxygen are brought to the cells, waste taken away, cell substance is again rebuilt. It is impossible for your exhausted warrior to longer remain awake when his body becomes laden with fatigue toxins and he may be absolutely game and willing to go on with as staunch a fighting heart as one ever sees and yet, all his strength gone, and impossible to make a single kick.

"During times of moderate exertion when more food is taken than is required, part is used to feed the cells of the body, part is stored up in the muscles of the body to be called into use in time of stress or strain and part is stored up in the liver as glycogen for the same purpose. These are drawn upon greatly during severe active katabolism, and it is this that our worthy friend, the author of 'Cocking and Its Votaries,' refers to as burning up their own tissues.

"As carefully trained as he was, without one pound of excess weight, and no fat, James J. Corbett lost actually 6¼ pounds in weight in his 70 round contest with Peter Jackson.

"So your game cock in training, supplied with his food, with plenty of these substances which are readily used in building up the cytoplasm of his cells, stores large amounts of readily convertible substances in his muscles and liver, to be used during times of active katabolism or strain. By moderate work his muscles are trained to throw off waste and take on food to themselves quickly. By overwork, his system becomes saturated with fatigue toxins which he cannot throw off, and fever results.

"A cock eats, digests and assimilates many different kinds of food, and mixes it freely with water. The water finally gets into the blood and into tissues. Sixty-five per cent. of his body is water. If allowed too little water, his blood becomes thickened, his muscle cells poorly nour-

ished. The cells shrink, he is 'loggy,' apathetic and if carried just a little farther he becomes stiffened, slow and feverish."

In 1911, the following reference to metabolism appeared in *The Cocker's Hand Book*, of which I am the author: "There is a proper weight at which every cock should be fought; and his frame should be neither too small or too large for his weight. Some strains naturally carry more fat than others, but if the fattest six pound game cock in the world was boiled, baked and fried, his carcass could not yield more than 10 ounces of fat, yet feeders pretend to be able to reduce cocks a pound in weight and have them strong, and I now think that most of my own success in mains was due to the errors of my opponents in this respect, because I have always fought my cocks with plenty of substance. . . . Strength and vitality, like courage, must be inherited from a long line of sound ancestors. There is no secret process by which a fighting cock can be made strong in the short time in which he is being prepared for the pit—all any feeder can do with cocks, is to reduce their fat and season their flesh, during this process with a restricted diet and careful exercise, the respiratory organs are put in condition to enable a cock, or a main of cocks to go through a battle without becoming prematurely distressed. Through reducing the quantity of feed in training, to which cocks have been accustomed while on walks, the oxygen consumes the substance of the body, and a loss in weight results. Under normal conditions on the walk oxygen consumes the feed, instead of the cock's body." Doctor Openshaw has explained the process by which the laws of nature operate: it should be carefully studied by those who are interested in feeding cocks for battle.

It will be observed that the art of feeding, or training cocks for the pit has undergone many changes since the immortal Gervaise Markham unfolded the secrets of the cock-feeder in 1614.

King George III was reported to have said he could "replace any man in the Kingdom, except Joseph Gilliver, his cock-feeder, whose work was incomparable."

Through all the centuries when cock-fighting was the national pastime in England, only a few names of feeders have been preserved on the roll of honor.

In the days long ago, when mains of from 31 to 61 cocks were shown, and the mains lasted from three to six days, it was not long before the fanciers knew that some feeders excelled in short and others in long mains; that is, for instance, in a main of 31 cocks, between Crut-

tenden and Redfern, both of whom were among the great feeders of their time, Cruttenden would be the favorite, and in a main of 61 cocks, lasting six days, Redfern would be the favorite.

Marchant Bailey, who fed for Hugo Meynall, was invincible in a 61 cock main, though in the first and second days, he would frequently lose a small majority, but the last four days he would invariably finish ahead. Mr. W. Neale, of Melton, was for several years an opponent of Mr. Meynall, in short mains, and always beat him.

When subscription mains became the fashion, as it did in London, it was for the purpose of giving gentlemen residing in remote countries in the Kingdom an opportunity to fight their cocks in London, or in nearby cities, and have their cocks fed by capable feeders.

There were twelve named gentlemen subscribing. Redfern would feed the cocks of six, and Pheby would do likewise. This was very likely a main of 61 cocks. Only the result was published, which was as follows: "In the great subscription main, at which more than 20,000 pounds changed hands, Redfern won by eight ahead." Thomas Richardson, Wm. Whittle, C. Buck, James Small, James Nash, F. O. Williams, T. Ellis, J. Cope, Frank Cooper, Wm. Brooks, David Smith, Samuel Lingard, Tom Lister and George Goodill, were all famous feeders up to that time. Indeed, Lister, who fed for Sir John Lade, who was the greatest plunger of that reckless age, won more money than any feeder of his time. In a main of 61 cocks against Thomas Bullock (Goodill feeder) in 1787, Lade had bet 50,000 pounds (\$250,000) before a cock was set in the pit. Lade won, and he also won the Annual gold cup.

George Lowther, of Dublin, ranked with Lade. In 1798 he fought a main of 27 battles with William Burton for 10 guineas a battle and 1,000 guineas the main. It was said that the Earl of Mexborough was financially interested with Lowther, for Ouldred, Mexborough's feeder, fed the Irish cocks, and J. Scott fed for Burton. Ouldred won 14 and Scott won 13. Being an international main, it aroused great interest, and Lowther was reported to have won over \$300,000. The main was fought at the Cock Pit Royal, in Essex street, Dublin, March 17, 18 and 19th, 1798. Among other famous feeders were Howell Morgan, a highly educated, cultured gentleman, a friend and associate of a Danish Prince, and feeder for King George II. He became very dissipated and after losing favor with sportsmen, he became a Methodist preacher, later a professional rat catcher, and died in poverty in 1816. There

were three famous Potters who were feeders: John, the first, was a pupil of John Richardson, Lord Derby's first feeder; Paul Potter, son of John Potter, succeeded Richardson and John Potter. Paul, Junior, succeeded his father, but as Lord Derby died in 1834, young Paul never had a chance to feed for the master of Knowsley. John Beastall fed for Wm. Sketchley and others. Thomas Bourne assisted Joseph Gilliver, and later became famous as a feeder in the London, Lincoln, Croyden and Newmarket subscription mains. John Martin, of Cornwall, a pupil of Bourne, was a successful short main feeder. By common consent, Joseph Gilliver was the greatest feeder for mains of from seven to sixty-one cocks, England ever produced.

John Weightman, John Woodcock, Tom Davis, Isaac Wickstead, Wm. Yearsley, John Carson, George Downey, William Griggs, William Gilliver, Wm. Paget, Charles Faultless, Jas. Whitehead, Andrew Bellfield, Tom Woodcock, Jack Denais, Jack Hadley, Charles Varndall and John Harris. Nash was one of the feeders at the Westminster pit and Joseph Gilliver, John Weightman and William Fleming were his chief opponents.

In Ireland, the system of training cocks was different from the English method, for, in addition to feed, the Irish cockers exercised their birds by having them "walked around a circular track." For this arduous work, boys were employed. In addition to this form of exercise, cocks were tossed on a cushion, as we now do it, and for over one hundred years after the English feeders had reduced the feeding period from six weeks, to ten days, the Irish trainers fed cocks 21 days.

It was argued by the ancients that as it required 21 days to incubate the chick, it required just that many days to perfect him for the pit. The influence of the Irish feeders, with respect to feed and exercise, is still dominant in this country.

Among some of the famous feeders who came to America and made good, were Tom Stack, Pat Spillman, Pat Garvey, Pat Carroll, Dennis Mahoney, John Mulholland, Michael Kearney, and Capt. Anthony Greene. But these masters found worthy rivals in this country, for the old Irish "Schoolmasters" had long since preceded them, and even in Colonial times, the feeding and exercising of cocks was a fine art, especially in the South where it was not unusual for the cavaliers to walk out one thousand cocks. It was not considered beneath their dignity for the wealthiest planters in the South, to train their cocks and horses, and Andrew Jackson's recipe, written in his own

hand, may be seen in the Congressional library.

Perhaps, James Eslin was the first American cock-feeder to achieve international fame. This was due largely to the fact that Washington, D. C., was the battleground upon which great inter-state mains were fought between sportsmen of the North and South, who were usually members of Congress and the Senate. It must be remembered that cock-fighting one hundred years ago was the national sport.

However, the first international main ever fought in this country, was between Jarvis Elise, who had just emigrated to this country, and James Eslin, and was fought at Gray's Ferry, Philadelphia, in 1857.

The Elise cocks, which were famous in England as the Doctor Bellyse strain, were fed by Pat. Carroll, and the Eslin cocks were fed by James Eslin, assisted by Richard Harris, who was then a medical student, who later in life gained fame, not only as an accomplished surgeon in the Civil War, but as a cock-feeder as well. Mr. Elise was defeated, and it was the irony of fate, that with his marvelous cocks and great feeder, Mr. Elise never defeated the Eslin cocks.

As Doctor Bellyse was responsible for revolutionizing the art of feeding cocks in England, by perfecting a physic which enabled his feeder, Joseph Gilliver, to reduce the time required for feeding cocks, from six weeks to ten days, Doctor Harris revolutionized it in this country, and reduced the old Irish system of twenty-one to fourteen days. Dr. Bellyse's physic was a composition of Rhubarb and Jalap. Doctor Harris' was composed of Calomel, Saltpeter and Cream of Tartar, a secret which was carefully guarded by the Eslins and their later feeder, Dick Lee, who had been taught the art by Doctor Harris. Perhaps no feeder who ever lived at any time enjoyed greater success than did Dick Lee. About the year 1900, when Lee was on the verge of being sent to the Alms House, my brother James induced him to publish and sell his system of feeding cocks for the pit. My brother paid for having it printed. It sold for \$5 per copy, and I think the first month it was advertised, one hundred copies were sold, and for two or three years, or up to the time of his death, the sale of the pamphlet enabled him to live without asking favors of those in whose service he had spent all his life.

Mars Cassidy, the famous starter on the Metropolitan race tracks, presented him with a good horse, wagon and small farming implements, and his days were ended on a little patch of land near Washington.

Lee sold the copyright for his book to the publisher

of a fake chicken paper, in Indiana, who altered it, added a lot of useless stuff to it, and ever since, it has been peddled as the "Dick Lee System."

Dick Lee was an illiterate man: He knew the Doctor Harris method of preparing the physic and feed, but he could not explain it, even when he tried to dictate it to my brother, he could not do it, intelligently.

I helped him feed many mains, and every day I made notes in a book of every move he made in the cock-house, and I have, hundreds of times, compared these notes, which were made over a period of several years, and the physic, feed, and exercise did not vary in any way. The things which he did on February 2nd, 1886, were repeated on January 7th, 1901. The last big main he fed, was for John Mackin, a very trashy millionaire, of Chicago, against Frank P. Casey, of Blackstone, Mass., which was fought for \$10,000 on the odd, at Pat Garvey's Pit, Baltimore, which he won. Lee at that time thought he could get cocks in condition in nine, instead of fourteen days. He told me he had recently learned many new ideas about feeding cocks, and he thought of trying them out on the Mackin cocks. I had called on him the day after the Chicago cocks arrived. They were grade Japs. I advised him to stick to his old method, but eliminate the Calomel physic, and fight the Japs high in flesh. D. W. Oyster accompanied me to the old man's place. Oyster had some corking fine black gray cocks of Walter Hopkinson's, that were bred for Oyster by Harry Loor. I advised Dick to feed a few of them, in the event that the Chicago "dubs" got worse than they were.

Oyster sent him six, and gave him \$25 to feed them for him, to hack off after the main.

I refer to this incident, because, regardless of the fact that James and myself were his most loyal friends, this was the only time in Lee's life that he was friendly toward me, and he asked me to help him out with this main, which I did, up to three days before it was fought. The Hopkinson cocks, which had a dash of my Jap in them, could whip all the Chicago cocks in the stable. Four of them were matched, all won, and as Lee won only by the odd fight, it is proof that but for these four cocks, Casey would have won.

I have known nearly all the great and near great cock-feeders of the old and new world, for over forty years, and I have arrived at the conclusion that their success was due, not to the physic or feed, or exercise which they used, but to their knowledge of what constituted fighting cocks, and their physical fitness.

I have before me the recipes of twenty-two of the most successful feeders of their time. There is but little difference in the food value of these various systems, or in the manner of preparing them. The Oriental system, as recorded in Murgh Nama, is the most remarkable among them all. If you want to try it, here it is: "Fine flour well fried in butter, then sugar is added, and when dry, it is finely powdered. Then add the yolks of 200 eggs, mixed with saffron, musk, ambergris, kernels of the edible pine and almond kernels. It is then baked four hours in a slow oven." This is the feed required for one cock for six weeks.

Many modern systems of preparing feed for fighting cocks are just as foolish, and just as useless. The embryo feeder must be taught that there is no feed in the world that will add one ounce to the natural strength of a fighting cock in the short time he is being conditioned for the pit.

The fakery and grafters to be avoided are those who advertise "conditioning powders." These nostrums will never be offered to the public by reputable cockers, or by reputable business men, if they know anything about training cocks for the pit. It is one of the worst forms of graft.

There is more nourishment in one pound of corn than there is in a ton of dried poke berries, or red oxide or iron, which form the base of these fake "Conditioning Powders."

Training cocks for the pit is not an exact science: There is nothing mysterious about it. Success depends upon the quality of the cocks, and putting them in physical condition. To do these things well, the feeder should know the anatomy of fighting cocks: the heart, liver, intestines, circulation of the blood and the digestive organs. He should know the weight at which each cock should fight. He should know and understand the texture of the cock's flesh, because the soft-fleshed cock and the hard-fleshed cock will require different treatment, different feed, different amount of exercise. The feeder who understands these essentials can get better results with a bushel of sound, clean corn, than the feeder who does not understand the requirements of cocks, can get with samples of every feed and nostrum from Murgh Nama to Dr. H. P. Clark's "Conditioning (?) Preparation."

An artist can take a few paint brushes, a few tubes of paint, a piece of canvas, and by the force of his genius, create a picture that will make him immortal.

A man with less talent may take identically the same

materials and produce a worthless daub. So it goes in all walks of life, and especially in the art of feeding cocks for the pit.

I could never have any success with Dick Lee's system, but it formed the foundation of a system which I created. There is no better physic than he used, nor is there any more nourishing feed, nor is there any better system of exercising cocks. Lee didn't know upon what part of the cock's anatomy Calomel operated. He knew Dr. Harris told him how to prepare it. Lee didn't know what it was that caused cocks to lose weight. He knew nothing of vitamins, calories, carbohydrates, proteins, oxygen, yet by following Doctor Harris' instructions, without any variation, he fought cocks in better condition than any feeder I ever knew, when everything worked out according to schedule, but when things went wrong, I never saw worse condition than I have seen him show. The first main I fought against him, I was about 17 years of age. When I made the main against William Eslin, nephew of the famous Eslin Brothers, I had an idea Lee would be my opponent—but I didn't care about that. The main was fought early in the season. I had eleven cocks from which to select my show of thirteen. I had lost several cocks on walks, and no one would let me have cocks to fight against Dick Lee, so I had to show several cocks of the same weight to make up the difference.

We matched nine, seven of which I won in straight fights, the remaining two were not fought. I think Lee's dislike to me dated from that time. He was razed by the army of cockers until he was frantic—and in those days, one could not throw a stone in Washington without hitting a cocker, and if you were arrested for it, nine chances in 10, the policeman who made the arrest was himself a cocker. The Eslins themselves enjoyed the joke on Lee at first. For several years afterward no matter who my opponent was, Lee would be against me.

In those days, 1½ inch gaffs were in almost universal use in Washington, Alexandria, Va., and Baltimore. The cockers decided to introduce the Kearney style of 1½ inches, especially to beat me, as no one seemed to think I ever got cocks in first class condition, and perhaps, I didn't. But my cocks or stags were always well-walked, and fought in perfect health, reduced five or six ounces, and dried out the last three days, when they would lose one or two ounces, which was opposite to the Lee and Eslin rule, that cocks should increase one or two ounces the last days of feeding. In those days, both my brother James and myself were boxers, and we knew that our



trainer, who was a student of training athletes, always left enough fat on us boys, to lose in the drying out process. That system has never undergone any change. Lee got his cocks away down below the weight at which they were to fight, the first seven days he had them up, and they gradually increased in weight, and on the 14th day, they were expected to rise one or two ounces. Of course, in this process, he had to give them more water than they should have had.

Our cocks were gradually reduced; we used Calomel, but a milder dose than Lee used. We fed moist grain several days, and but little water. The cocks hardened as they reduced; They were never distressed by overwork; never fed in ill-ventilated quarters, so, it was natural that when we changed to dry feed the last days, our cocks would dry out, and lose an ounce or two. With this, our own system of feeding, we won 32 consecutive mains, often winning every fight in a main, yet not a cocker in either Baltimore or Washington would say that we ever fought cocks in condition. Pat Carroll pitted most of our mains for us, and he assured us that we need not change our system. He would often send us a bag of feed that he prepared for his own use. I fed it to three or four cocks, experimenting with it, but I found it made them too "corky," dried them out too much, but we never mentioned it to the grand old man. Our cocks never became "corky" until the day of the fight. I noticed that many of Lee's cocks became "corky" three or four days before they were scheduled to fight, and they were usually stale when they should have been right.

I was fighting a cock main against Lee and Suit, with the second crop of Kearney slip spur blinker-Red Quill strain. Mr. Columbus Eslin came to look at my cocks. He had seen Lee's spar earlier in the week. After handling all my cocks, he said: "Andy, I never saw a better lot of cocks than you have here. It would be wrong to have such grand cocks slaughtered for a little money. I saw Lee's cocks spar, and they hit hard enough to break the quills in their wings—give up the forfeit, and I'll see that you won't lose any money, for I'll make a main and use these cocks."

I was amused. Jim and I had a good laugh over it. We didn't have much money, and at that time, no backing, but we took all we had, which was about \$50, and that night we went to Middleton's Hotel, and we didn't have to wait long to get our money bet at \$10 to \$6. We walked home that night; we didn't have car-fare.

Three days later the main came off. We had originally

agreed to divide the gate receipts, 75 per cent to the winner, 25 per cent to loser.

The stakes were \$200 a side on the odd, and all the money was put up when the main was made. Suit asked me if I was going to bet any money. I told him I didn't have a dime, and owed \$5 for hauling my cocks there; but I'd fight winner take all.

We were disappointed that Pat Carroll was not at the Railroad station when we expected to meet him. He had promised to pit for us.

While I was standing in the pit with the bottom weight, to be weighed, Pat Carroll drove up. The crowd, who had been offering odds of \$10 to \$4 rushed to Carroll with their offers. He asked me how the cocks were. I handed him the cock, saying, "They are all like this one."

He bet \$100 on the cock, at \$10 to \$4. We won it the first buckle. When we got into our cock house he asked me what was wrong that such odds were offered.

I told him Mr. Eslin had advised me to forfeit the money and save the cocks for a big main. We heeded the top weight. Carroll handed me a roll of bills and told me to put it all on that cock.

But there was no more \$10 to \$4, but I got it on at \$10 to \$7—\$200 worth of it. We won as quickly as before.

We had 13 matches, and we won the first seven, and we had them all broke at the end of the sixth fight.

A few days later I met the crowd at Middleton's. Mr. Eslin said Lee's cocks had gone off the night before the fight. Jim asked him why they didn't find it out before they all went broke. From that main, we figured that a'l the alleged knowledge of cock fighting and all the wenders of condition was what we now term "Boloney."

Twenty years after that main, we fought Dr. W. E. Boteler, a 17 cock main, in Baltimore. The Doctor had won 18 or 19 consecutive mains. He had the best feeder of his time, in John Goodhart, a pupil of Dick Lee. We matched 15 cocks, and the stakes were \$2,500 a side on the odd. All Washington and all Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, were backing Goodhart. Our friends from Virginia backed our cocks, and the stakeholder told me that before a cock was set in the pit, he had \$12,000 in bets, exclusive of the \$5,000 stakes. The score stood 7--7, and the 15th fight decided the main, which we won with a little brown-red cock.

Old cockers who were present still talk of the severity of that main: We did not have a living cock out of the 15 that fought, and we were told that Dr. Boteler did not

have a living survivor. Columbus Eslin came to me and said: "Andy, I have been waiting a long time to have the pleasure of congratulating you upon showing a main of perfectly conditioned cocks—I have never seen better cocks or better condition than you showed here tonight." I knew just what he meant. His idea of condition was, that, if cocks are defeated, they should die, and not be standing up in their coops crowing half hour after their defeat. Brother Jim replied to Mr. Eslin, saying: "We have seldom shown worse condition than we showed to-night—had the main been fought last night, Dr. Boteler would not have won a fight in the main." The truth was, the stove in the pit, which was directly under our cock-room, was fired 24 hours before the date set for the main, in order to have the pit comfortably warm, as the weather was intensely cold. Our cocks had been fed in an open room in Norfolk, shipped by steamship to Baltimore three days before they were to fight.

The cocks commenced to go "corky" as soon as the heat reached them. I remained up with the cocks all night, hanging wet bags about the room to keep the air moist, and instead of the usual dry feed, which I gave the cocks the last few days, I had to switch to a very damp feed, and gave them a swallow of water every two hours. The result was, all the cocks went up in weight, from 1 to 2 ounces. Our bottom and top weights were starved for food and famished for water for 24 hours and worked hard to keep them within the weight. Both of these great cocks were defeated. The next four we won with cocks stone blind and both wings broken on three, and one broken on the other. I pitted our cocks, and I can in fancy see the main today as it was fought.

John Goodhart, who was one of the few great feeders of the last 40 years, had said many times that whenever he was defeated when his cocks were in condition, he would quit cocking, and quit it he did; secured employment in a government department in Washington, D. C., where he still resides, and he has never witnessed a main from that day to this.

He turned out one pupil, Jacob A. Kidwiler, of Frederick, Md., who has enjoyed wonderful success, and for several years, he was unbeaten, while he bred and fought the Suit Brown Reds and the Doctor Boteler light reds, which were crosses of Eslin, Kearney and Suit Brown Reds. Dr. Boteler was an extensive breeder, and had hundreds of the best walks in the mountains of Maryland. My first big main for large stakes was fought against Boteler, in Baltimore, in 1890. Boteler really made the

main for the Eslin-Maddox combination, with Judge Charles Carroll, of Baltimore. It was a main of 17 cocks for \$200 and \$2,000. The famous old fighter, Jake Kilrain had \$500 in the main with Judge Carroll and Judge Carroll's step son, Jim Busey, a noted politician, bet some of the money. Dick Lee fed, and Charlie Eslin pitted their cocks: I fed and furnished the Baltimore show, and Pat Carroll, of Philadelphia pitted for us. I beat them nine straight fights. Every cock shown was matched.

This was made possible by our opponent's showing a list containing the weights of about 25 cocks, which was a violation of the agreement, which stipulated a show of 17 cocks. Their idea, of course, was to match every cock we showed, as, often, due to the lack of a sufficient number of first class cocks to fill out a main, we "showed" the weights of four or five cocks of the same weight, and on two occasions we "showed" seven cocks of the same weight, in a 13 cock main. Brother Jim matched the cocks with Mr. Columbus Eslin, who remarked: "I hope you boys have cocks to fill all these matches," to which Jim replied: "We need only nine to fight, and we have them." The rule then was to fight the two original matches first—that is, the bottom and top weights, then start from the bottom and fight up.

We got no credit for winning that main, for they dug up the old alibi, and in saying that Dick Lee's cocks had gone wrong, they confessed their ignorance of the fundamental principles of cock-fighting, for the one thing that a feeder must know, is when his cocks are fit to fight. They backed their cocks at \$100 to \$75 on the main, and \$100 to \$50 on the first few battles. We didn't have \$50 to cover one of these bets, but in the third fight, our cock had his leg broken, and they offered \$100 to \$10 and \$100 to \$5 against him, and we got two bets of \$100 to \$10 and two at \$100 to \$5, and from then on, we stood to go broke on any cock of ours that lost. We couldn't count all our winnings on the train ride of an hour from Baltimore to Washington.

Pat Carroll was our only friend; he told us that we would eventually learn a great deal more about conditioning cocks than we knew then, which was, of course true, as we did not profess to know a great deal about it at our age, but we knew the sort of cocks that could fight, and we didn't try to use strong physics as Lee used, and we didn't try to make little cocks out of big cocks by starving and over-working them: we didn't substitute unnatural for natural feeds—that is, cooked feeds for natural raw feeds. We always made our cocks very tame by gentle handling

before we commenced to exercise them. We always moved the cocks from the training quarters to the battle-ground in bags.

We soon learned that cocks picked up off walks, and put in bags, were terribly frightened, so, after we got them gentle, we would put them in bags two or three times a day, for an hour or so. If we were to start fighting at 2 p. m., we would leave the cocks in bags (while training) for a few hours, and take them out of the bags at 2 p. m., or whatever hour the main would start, and give them a little feed and a swallow of water, and in this way, they became accustomed to the bags, which we found to be a great advantage to the cocks, when they had to be kept in them many hours while the mains were being fought.

We never thought much of the different kinds of bread that Dick Lee used; though we paid \$25 for the recipe for making them, to the old ex-slave, of the Eslin's called Aunt Hulan. She used to make it for Dr. Harris. We always knew our limitations, and we never tried out anything on a main of cocks, until it had been proven right on one or two cocks. We knew nothing about the action of Calomel on the cock's system, which must also have been a mystery to the Eslins as well as to Dick Lee.

The physicing process was one that was dreaded by them, for they used to say: "If Dick can get the Calomel out of them, they'll be a great main." So I wondered why it was given them, and I commenced to read medical books; studied chemistry, and books on food values. I dissected hundreds of cocks, and became as familiar with their insides as I thought I was with their "outsides."

I measured the bodies of thousands of cocks and became so familiar with them that I could tell their weights by feeling them. About 30 years ago, Capt. Anthony Greene came East with champion Jim Jeffries. I was, at the time, feeding a main at Timmons ville, S. C., for a man named Berger, who made the main against Doctor King. Dr. Wallace furnished the cocks for Berger. They were brought in, in bags, and placed in a tobacco warehouse, which was the only room that could be obtained for a cock-house. I did not want to keep them there, on account of the odor of tobacco, which eventually made them sick.

While the cocks were in the bags, Mr. Berger remembered that the scales for weighing them had not been brought there. I remarked that we would not need the scales, as I could tell each cock's weight without weighing them. A small bet was made that I could not do it—The bet was that I'd tell the weight of each cock as he was

handed to me; They were then to be weighed by Capt. Greene and Doctor Wallace. There were 32 cocks in all. I told the weights of 31 of them, and missed the weight of a Henny cock, (the only Hen-cock in the lot) by two ounces. I had found this knowledge of conformation, measurement and weight useful in many ways, as, for instance, when picking up cocks for our mains, I knew the weight of every stag when put out, and these weights were recorded in a pocket memorandum book. If a stag did not gain so many ounces from the time he was put out, until he was picked up, I knew he had had some misfortune on his walk—which retarded his growth, so, he was left on his walk, or changed to a better one, and was not disturbed until the next fighting season.

Thus, we were enabled at all times to keep track of the previous and present condition of our cocks, which I still consider one of the most important things for a feeder to know. A stag that has gone through a serious siege of sickness, may, and often does, pull through and moults out well and feels good, but he can never be a first class fighting cock. I had helped Dick Lee with many mains, also John D. Evans, Wat Hillary, Pat Carroll and Pat Garvey, for which I would never accept any remuneration, and I may add, I have never accepted any money from any one for whom I fed and pitted cocks. The fate of all these great feeders was before me always; they were all poor men, and servants of any one who wanted to hire them for a little money, and I did not intend to follow in their footsteps, nor have I, nor would I advise any young man to even think of following it as a profession, nor to associate with any cocker who was not of the highest character, because, if you do your own reputation will suffer in the end. The only real pleasure I have ever got out of cocking, was the breeding, rearing, walking, conditioning and pitting my own cocks, and fighting them for my own money, and I have, perhaps, fought more cocks of my own breeding, than any man who ever lived, as far as we know.

## ANATOMY OF FIGHTING COCKS

---

At a very early age the idea occurred to me that a cock-feeder should know something about the anatomy of fighting cocks, especially the digestive organs. So I read everything available on the subject, and asked a lot of questions. It amazed me to learn that men who were considered the greatest cockers in the world knew so little about the things which seemed to me to be of so much importance: They put drugs of which they knew nothing, into the bodies of cocks of which they knew less.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture was just beginning to take an interest in the poultry industry, so I became a regular visitor to that Department, where I sought the instruction of the experts who had been brought from Europe.

Unfortunately for me, two of the most interesting of those experts spoke very little English. One was a Frenchman, and the other a German. The former had just completed a set of twenty-one wax reproductions of the development of the chick in the egg, from the first to the twenty-first day, and the latter had finished wax figures of matured fowl, showing every organ in the body. These models gave me something upon which to base my investigations.

I rigged up a laboratory in the loft of our barn, got some sharp surgical instruments, and at every cock-fight I attended, I got as many dead birds as I could conveniently handle, and dissected them carefully, and mounted many skeletons. I first learned that there was a great deal of difference in the texture of flesh, plumage and bone of different strains. I had then been helping Dick Lee and Columbus Eslin in the training rooms a few years, and made daily notes of the condition, conformation, texture of flesh, bone, plumage, etc., also the action on the work-bench and sparring of the cocks. When these cocks were fought, I referred to my note-book, and I found I was making progress. I was pleased to observe that the cocks which I had "checked" as being good, were selected for the mains. In the meantime, I had been studying and investigating food values, and discussing the digestive organs with my two foreign friends in the Department of Agriculture who were known to me only as "Professor." They were genial, pleasant gentlemen. The food, we all know, passes through the gullet to the crop, which is in

reality a "store house." From this store house, the food passes through the second portion of the gullet to the stomach. Here the food is soaked in a fluid that is strongly acid and contains a ferment that changes the protein or muscle building material into soluble forms. From the stomach, the food passes to the gizzard, where it is ground. From the gizzard the ground feed passes into the intestines, where it is further acted upon by fluids from the pancreas, aided by the bile from the liver.

There is also some fluid secreted by the glands from the walls of the intestines. The part of the feed that cannot be digested and rendered into the proper kind of solution is voided. It is further found that secretions from the kidneys, which are thrown off from the body are carried through two small tubes and voided. The whitish portion of the outer surface of the droppings is the kidney secretions.

That part of the nutrients which has been converted into proper solution is taken up by minute vessels lining the inner wall of the intestines and carried to all the tissues to nourish the body, to repair it and keep it in health and strength.

These digestive fluids are extracted from the feed and water taken by the cocks.

When the cock-feeder commences to prepare the fighters for the pit he should know from what feed he gives them, they extract the different digestive fluids which are necessary to their health as fresh air and pure water.

The analysis of the four essential digestive fluids is different: each performs a separate function, and when the natural conditions existing in the body of the cock, under which the digestive fluids are manufactured, are interfered with, lowered vitality follows as surely as night follows day.

The conditioning of man, bird or beast for struggles on the battle-field consists only in removing surplus fat, thus "seasoning" the flesh and in this process, the respiratory organs are put into condition to respond to the unusual strain resulting from violent exertion. There are, perhaps, more cocks defeated through exhaustion, caused by the respiratory organs failing to function properly, than from any other cause.

This occurs more frequently among cocks out of which "all the fat" has been taken, than among healthy cocks high in flesh. There are many perfectly sound, healthy strains of fowl which cannot be put into a state of physical condition that will enable them to "hit the last lick as hard as the first." The experienced feeder should



know the peculiarities of the different strains. For instance, the old Morgan strain was one of the best fighting strains in the world when Tommy Rogers was feeding them, and he knew just what to do with them.

Given a main of Duryeas, which were of different texture of flesh, different conformation and disposition. Great as he undoubtedly was, Rogers could not get the same results with the same system that worked out well with the Morgans, and the same thing applies to Kearnney: He could do nothing with Morgans.

I have always considered the Duryea cocks superior to any in the world, and the following is one of the reasons upon which my claim is based.

Put the tape measure on a main of 30 Duryea cocks the day they are put in the training coops. After twenty-one days, they have been reduced from eight to twelve ounces. Measure each cock and compare his measurement with your memorandum of his girth the day you put him in training, and you'll find that each cock has increased in girth from one to two and one-half inches.

I know of no other family of fowl possessing such physical superiority.

So, in writing instructions for feeding cocks for battle, I know of no system which can be successfully applied to strains of different conformation, texture of flesh and temperament, and as far as I know, the only advice that would be useful to the embryo cock-feeder, is, have your cocks in good health when they are brought to the training room, use such feeds as they are accustomed to in reduced quantities, exercise moderately: Do nothing which will interfere with the process which nature has provided to produce the digestive fluids by which the nourishing life-giving portions of feed are extracted and distributed in the body of the cock.

Cooked feed is pre-digested and passes through the cock in a few hours, and but little of it is absorbed by the body: it does not contain the substance from which the digestive fluids are extracted.

A physical change is noted in the undernourished cock—he feels "corky" which is a very desirable condition on the day he is to fight, but when it occurs prematurely, it is the first sign of lowered vitality, which is caused by a lack of nourishing feed and sufficient water.

The young feeder should carefully study the temperament of fighting strains.

Treatment of phlegmatic strains and those of fiery, nervous temperament, must be different. The successful feeder should familiarize himself with the fighting char-

acteristics of the strains fought by his prospective adversaries. Of course, in tournaments, one meets all classes and all styles of fighters, and success depends as much upon "luck" as anything else, but superior condition is always a big factor in tournaments as well as mains, in any length or style of spurs, or slashers.

The young feeder must know that there is no feed, nor any medical preparation which will add one iota of strength to a fighting cock, in the short space of time he is confined in the training coop. All that the best feed contains is the nourishment which his body requires to maintain his natural strength.

The Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., as well as the Agricultural Colleges in the different states, supply charts showing the actual feed value of all grain, meat and minerals. They will teach you all about proteins, carbohydrates, etc., including vitamins, all of which will aid you, but you will find many feeds high in vitamins, proteins and carbohydrates which will be of little use to you in getting cocks into fighting shape.

The whites of hard-boiled eggs contain a higher percentage of muscle building properties than any other food, so, if muscle building feed was the thing most essential, that problem would be taken care of by feeding whites of eggs exclusively. Yet, cocks so fed for a week couldn't last a minute before a cock fed on a properly balanced ration, supplemented by proper exercise. You will find that success in training cocks depends more upon the MAN than upon the feed or exercise. The essential thing to learn is, the function performed by every organ in the body of a fighting cock; not only the digestive organs, but the circulation of the blood, the heart and lungs and skeleton, as well as the plumage.

Every famous feeder I have known for the last forty years followed a system of his own, and no two used the same system, yet they all produced absolutely perfect fighting condition at times. All of which proves that there is no such thing as a perfect system. Very few great feeders were ever great with more than one strain of cocks, which also proves that the future feeder must develop a system of his own and "grow up" with a strain to which the system can be successfully applied, but whatever feeding system which will be found satisfactory, it will be one which does not disorganize the digestive organs by wasting the digestive fluids, the importance of which has been explained.

I have never considered training cocks either an art or a science; this statement is based upon my own ex-

perience, for, before I was 22 years old, I had won 32 consecutive mains, defeating the best feeders in this country. I knew nothing about food values, but I had learned from the "Professors" something about the anatomy of cocks, which included the digestive organs, and the importance of adhering as closely as possible to the laws of nature.

I had no secret formula, and when asked, as I was, so often, to write my system of feeding, for which liberal sums were offered, my "system" was so simple that I was ashamed to write it, and I knew human nature so well, that I felt that the would-be-purchaser would very likely feel that I had not honestly recorded my system. The Eslins, Dick Lee and other famous cockers knew just what my system consisted of, and none of them credited me with being a real feeder, notwithstanding the fact that they knew of no one in the world of cocking who had won so many mains in such a short time as I had, and the mains were, all, without a single exception, fought against the best cocks and the best cockers of the time.

I do not believe I used the same 'system" twice in succession, except the physic, the formula of which I worked out myself, and I have never changed it except to prepare the cocks a few days before giving it to them, which rendered it less severe.

I now know that the system of training cocks, which was successful with my strains of those days, would not have proved satisfactory with cocks of less robust constitution, health, temperament and conformation.

## VARIOUS TRAINING SYSTEMS

---

The following is a brief resume of the various systems of feeding which have been followed by several of the most famous cockers of all times.

The Joseph Gilliver system was first published in Hoyle's Games, in 1800, and it next appeared in Rees Cyclopaedia, 1808, credited to Thomas Bourne.

BY JOSEPH GILLIVER, 1800

The fowl is supposed to come from his walk in good condition; in which case he will be too fat for fighting, and will have no wind till he is reduced.

To effect this, abstinence from food and medicine are required for seven or eight days before he can be brought to the pit, at least such is the regimen pursued by our first feeders, and is pretty generally as follows: His tail and spurs cut short, he is put into his pens, and the first day receives no food; second, he has a physic, consisting of cream of tartar or Jalap, or both united, in a dose of about five grains of each; or if they be very fat, the dose may be increased to ten grains of cream of tartar; These are given mixed in fresh butter; this generally purges briskly, and scours out his intestines.

Immediately after the physic is given him, and before it affects him, he is placed on loose straw, or a grass plot with another cock, and allowed to spar with him.

The "hots" or "Muffles" are previously tied on their short spurs.

In this way he is exercised till he is a little weary. He is then returned to his pens. Before putting him up, it is necessary to examine his mouth to see if he has been pecked or wounded in the inside, as such wounds are apt to canker. To prevent this, it is washed out with a little vinegar and brandy. He is now allowed his warm mess to work off his physic. This is a diet made of warm ale or sweet wort, and bread in it, with a little sugar-candy, or bread and milk and sugar-candy, a large tea cup full.

He is then shut up till the next morning, or about 24 hours. If the weather is cold, the room should be made warm, or a blanket placed over the pen; if in warm weather he may be clipped out for fighting, but if the weather be cold, this is best left till the time of fighting. The windows of the room should also be darkened except at feeding times.

Early on the following morning, that is, about the third day, his pen must be cleaned out from the effects of the physic, and clean, dry straw be given him; his feet also should be washed and wiped clean before he is returned to his pen; if his feet feel cold, his pen should be made warmer.

He is next to be allowed some cock-bread, that is, a sort of bread made of ingredients in the following proportions: About 3 lbs. of fine flour and two eggs and four whites of eggs, and a little yeast; this is kneaded with a sufficiency of water for a proper consistence, and is sent to the oven and well baked; Some add, as a great secret, a small number of aniseeds, or a little cinnamon; of this bread, as much as will fill a tea cup, cut in pieces, is given him twice that day; and no water is then given him whatever, as it is conceived highly injurious at the early part of the feeding.

On the fourth day, early in the morning, he should receive half a tea cup full of good barley and a little water, in which toast has been steeped some time. Having eaten this, clean out his pen, let him be supplied with clean straw and let his pen be uncovered about an hour, while he scratches and picks the straw. Some think it highly advantageous to prepare the barley for them, by beating and bruising it, and thus take away the sharp points of the barley and the husky shell or covering, which is then blown away.

In the afternoon, the same quantity of barley may be repeated, but no water.

On the fifth, or next day, he may have bread as before, but three portions of it, and no water.

On the sixth, or weighing day, very early in the morning, give him bread as before.

He is then to be weighed and afterwards a good feed of barley and water should be given. Some hold it a valuable secret to give flesh, such as sheep's heart, for this and the succeeding day, chopped very small and mixed with the other food.

On the seventh day, or day before fighting, early in the morning, let him have the same feed of barley; in the afternoon, bread and the white of an egg, boiled hard, and a little water.

On the eighth day, or day of fighting, he may have a little barley, as about 40 grains; some recommend it to be previously steeped in port wine, which we are not assured, is at all useful. If at any period of the feeding, the food should remain in his crop, no more should be given him till it is removed, which a bit of apple or cheese

will assist in digesting; and should the fowl dung loose or purge, when not required, it may be counteracted, by giving him a little hemp seed, which some steep in brandy.

A little wheat or millet-feed may also be added to his food.

Repeated trials have taught us that about 2 oz. may be taken away, or superadded to the weight of a fowl for one day, by the same means without injury; about eight ounces is as much as he should ever gain or lose in the whole.

There remains for us to make one remark more to render these matters clear, which is, that although eight days are found to be a sufficient time to prepare a fowl for battle, yet in a main, ten days are commonly taken for the purpose, pursuing a similar treatment to the foregoing.

The cocks are weighed on the eighth day, and the lightest begin fighting on the tenth day, so that the larger cocks which are to fight in the latter part of the main, and have been considerably reduced, are brought up again by a greater proportion of food than the medium quantity we have described, and which ought also to be administered oftener in the day.

The success of the main often depending upon the proper management of the latter fowls, much must be left to the skill and judgment of the feeder, who ought to be intimately acquainted with the nature and constitution of the fowl, that he may be enabled to bring him to the battle in the best possible health and condition; neither distressed by medicine or abstinence, before he is weighed, nor rendered inactive by over-feeding afterwards, as in either case, he has not a fair chance for his life.

It will be observed that the only exercise given the cocks, is by sparring them.

There was not much difference between the system as written by Joseph Gilliver, and that followed by his famous nephew, William Gilliver, and to reproduce his system here, would be only a repetition of that of Joseph Gilliver, which was written 129 years ago. Such is the conservatism of the English sportsmen.

The Irish system or systems are entirely different from the English, for the Irish systems include exercise, other than that of boxing, and they use hard, dry feed, more or less.

The following system was taught to Henry Hicks, of Augusta, Georgia, in 1865, by O'Neil Gildea, an Irish soldier of fortune, who fought in the Confederate army. I assisted Hicks in feeding two mains and this method was

recorded in my note-book, from the original copy. With it Hicks won 42 consecutive mains.

### HENRY HICKS' SYSTEM OF FEEDING

"The cock house should be round, with windows on four sides, facing North, East, South and West. And should be eight feet high at the eaves, inside. A space three feet wide should be made, all round the room inside, this to be used for exercising the cocks daily, by driving them around the ring.

"The feeding pens should be inside the inner ring, and should face South. The pens should be 2 x 2 x 2, with slatted fronts, and doors 10 inches wide and 24 inches high." (The above were the instructions for building Hicks' cockhouse, written by Gildea, and in 1891 and 1894 the building was then used for training cocks. It was the best cock-house I ever saw).

The cocks should be brought from their walks, 21 days before the date on which they are to be fought and carefully examined for any and all defects, such as lice, bad wings, feet, toes, defective sight, loose, feathery cocks. All that have blemishes should be cast out. They should be examined and treated for lice, using a compound of sulphur and butter, under the vent, wings and back of the head.

The cocks should be frequently handled in order to make them docile. For two or three days they should have all the dry feed they can digest, with all the fresh water they will drink. In this way, you will learn much about the cocks and the quantity of feed they may require. Having now had the cocks under observation for a week, the serious work of training them now commences, 14 days before they are to fight in a main lasting three days.

The cocks should now be carefully weighed, while they are empty of feed. Their weights should be recorded in a book and each cock will be known by his number: they must be weighed every morning before feeding or exercising, and this should be done by the master of the main, and not by assistants, who may perform the work, but only the master should feed them, and the quantity of feed should be regulated by the weights as they appear in the book as the rise or loss in weight is governed more by the feed than by the exercise.

Scound cocks do not require a physic, and unsound cocks should not be fed and trained for the main. It will be necessary to open the bowels, and each cock should have, immediately after being weighed, a heaping table-

spoonful of finely chopped apples.

The weighing being completed an hour after sun rise, and the apple given them, the room should be darkened, and the cocks allowed to remain quiet until an hour before sun set, when they should be equally matched, and permitted to spar on a clean dirt floor, preferably, a grass sod. The sparring should be light; that is, they should be picked up before they buckle.

This being finished, each cock should be given another heaping tablespoonful of chopped apples, and left to rest until sun-rise the following morning, when they should be carefully weighed; and put in the ring and briskly walked around several times, given a few tosses on the work bench, and when each cock has been so exercised, they should have a tablespoonful of wheat bread that has been softened with cool water and given quite soft. The cocks should be put in sunning coops for half hour during the morning, and at noon should have the same kind and quantity of food as they had in the morning, and the same at night. After they have had their ring and bench exercise, which all told, must not exceed five minutes, and the cocks must not be hurried or excited, nor forced to open their mouths for air: the least over exertion may cause them distress which would render them unfit for the future work. On the morning of the third day, each cock (after exercise) should be given a tablespoonful of clean oat groats, which has been softened in skimmed, sweet milk and drained afterwards, and the same feed for the noon and night meal; the exercise increased gradually.

On the morning of the fourth day, after weighing and exercise, they should be given a tablespoonful of dry oat groats, followed an hour later with 3 or 4 swallows of fresh water. While they have been getting moist feed, they have not required water. Their exercise from now until the 12th day, or two days before they are to be shown, their work should be increased, and if the scales show they need more or less feed, you will be governed accordingly, likewise the exercise should be governed by the scales; they should not lose more than one ounce a day up to the eighth day, by which time they should be at their best weight, and held there. They should be sparred three times: that is to say, on the first day, counting 14 days from the day of the weighing in; on the fifth, and last on the 10th day.

The feed from the fifth day on should be a mixture of equal parts of barley in the hull, bruised and cleaned of some chaff, oat groats, oats in the hull, and freshly crushed Indian corn.



When the cocks commence to feel corky about the 7th day, the above feeds should be soaked in clear water several hours, and drained off an hour before giving it to them. They should at the time be given not more than 1½ ounces of feed at a meal, which should at all times be given in cups, or troughs made of wood. They should be given three or four swallows of fresh water after each meal.

The object of the feeder must be to keep the flesh of the cocks feeling the same from first to last, and this can be done only by preparing the feed and regulating the exercise.

One quarter of the white of an egg, which has been boiled ten minutes, should be added to the grain for the evening meal for the last six days.

Half an ounce of finely chopped green vegetables, such as cabbage, lettuce or any leafy forage should be added to the morning meal, every morning until two hours before the main.

A few pounds of lean round steak should be well baked baked dry, with all the grease or fat removed. This should be chopped fine, and a few pinches of it should be added to the noon meal, which should always be the lightest feed of the day, and preferably dry. So it may be thrown into the straw, in the sunning coops. They should not be put in the sun late in the evening, as it irks and softens them. They should be allowed to rest quietly for at least two hours in the afternoon, if the days are long and warm.

On the 10th day, after the last sparring, the cocks for the main should be selected, and the rejected cocks placed outside the feeding room, in order that all the time and attention should be given to the cocks that have progressed the most satisfactorily.

From the 10th day to the day of the main, the cocks should have dry feed three times a day, with a few swallows of water after each meal. The coops should at all times contain clean, dry oat straw, and while the cocks are exercising in the sunning coops, their coops should be cleaned out, and sprinkled lightly with water in which vinegar—about half a pint to a gallon of water—has been mixed. This lays the dust, and sweetens the odor in the coops.

Should the weather be excessively dry and warm, wet blankets should be hung up in the cock-house, to moisten and cool the atmosphere for in dry, hot weather, cocks incline to become too corky.

They should not become corky until the day they are to fight, otherwise, they may go stale. If they incline to corkiness two days before the main, give them all a

feed of oat groats over which skimmed sweet milk has been poured—perhaps, they'll need two successive feeds of this—morning and night.

It causes the muscles to relax, which prevents premature tenseness. The whole thoughts of the feeder must be to keep the bowels regular, for when they are irregular, cocks are not doing well. The excrement should be semi-soft, and crowned with a grayish cap. When it is flux, off-color, or voided often, it is an indication of disordered digestive organs, and should it not yield to the feed in a day or two, mark that cock for the discard. It is frequently caused by a nervous temperament, and such cocks become feverish, which weakens them.

A few drops of sweet spirits of nitre in the drinking water often allays the feverish condition.

Broken china ware—the size of barley-corn—is often relished by cocks in whose gizzards the gravel taken in has become smooth, for the grinders in the gizzard must be kept sharp, and for this reason, no oily substance, such as the yolk of the egg, should be given them; nor greasy, uncooked beef, or jellies, such as the English feeders use in preparing cocks for the pit.

#### REMARKS

The cocks should at all times be handled gently; they should not be over-worked—about 35 flies on the work-bench, given rapidly, after walking in the ring five minutes, should be the limit—starting at five flies and increasing to 35 and no more. They should at no time be distressed by exercise until they are forced to breathe through their mouths.

The air that enters their lungs should go through their nostrils, otherwise the lungs and heart are over-taxed, which is injurious.

On the morning of the main, the cocks should have about half their regular allowance of dry feed and a swallow of water, allowing eight hours for the feed to pass from the crop to the intestines. Before being weighed for the show, each cock should be tossed on the bench a few times and see that his bowels are relieved.

The cocks that are to fight last, may have a few more grains of feed than those that are to fight first. Cocks are not improved by a rise in weight the last day. They should be kept perfectly quiet and only those who are necessary in helping should be permitted in the room.

After the cocks are heeled, and before entering the pit with them, they should have a bite of apple, which roughens their mouths, and enables them to hold while they strike. The bottoms of their feet should be roughened

with powdered rosin, which enables them to strike with more force, having a firm foot-hold.

In setting the gaffs, the higher the points, the more deadly they are at the start, but they can do but little execution on an opponent knocked down, and they frequently miss, and impale themselves, so the safest plan, will be to use gaffs with the points just above the top of the sockets, and pointed even with the outside of the knee, or hock joints, tied on firmly, with just enough packing to protect the leg from the pressure of the metal, and just enough around the stub to permit the socket fitting snugly, but not tight.

About 2¼ inches are long enough for a cock of any weight, and too long for cocks below five pounds.

Pat Carroll's system was originally the same as Gildea's, but he changed it. He gave a physic of cream of tartar and Jalap, as Joseph Gilliver prescribed. Carroll fed 21 days, and worked cocks very hard—often 150 flies, and 100 yards running, backwards and forwards on a work-bench seven feet long. He was an adept at it, but the system was wrong, as the "firting" distressed the cocks, and the turns on the running board shortened the cock's stroke, by making them muscle bound.

He also used bread made from the Gilliver recipe, which he mixed with the grain, as used by Gildea, which is the standard Irish mixture, or rather it was, in the old days. Cocks that could stand Carroll's treatment could whip any cocks of his time, but he never seemed to have enough rugged cocks to fill out a main. I always thought the John Hunter cocks which I helped him feed for the Duryea main, were over-worked and dried out too much.

There were five very savage cocks in the lot, that he always let me work. I gave them less than half the work he gave the others, and they all won. They were not rugged cocks, but they seemed to have more fighting sense than any cocks I ever saw; they were not hard hitters, but they could cut the soda out of a biscuit—always in close, hitting clean, with a snap that was like a pistol-shot. Such cocks required different treatment than the black hackles which were a stronger and more rugged and more phlegmatic strain than the Hunter cocks.

I soon learned that different strains of cocks required different treatment, and, I never thought that any one system of feeding would answer for all strains.

I believe, if Carroll fed the Kearney cocks, his system of exercise and feeding would have whipped any cocks in the world. This belief is based upon Carroll's success with my stags and cocks of the Kearney strain. He never

lost a main with them.

Michael Kearney must have been a great feeder. His record with Duryea's cocks has never been surpassed, yet it was always a mystery to me why he showed such poor condition when fighting his own cocks, which must have been very near the same strain as the Duryea's.

Denny Mahoney was a successful feeder when he bred cocks that could stand 21 days of the sort of feed and exercise that he gave them. He, like all old time Irish feeders, had a recipe for making a "cock bread" but Mahoney did not feed it to cocks in training, in the closing days of his career. The following is Mahoney's system, as it was written by his own hand, about 25 years ago.

#### DENNIS MAHONEY'S SYSTEM

Cocks must be weighed every morning. The cocks should be in the training room 21 days before the date on which they are scheduled to fight. Their spurs should be sawed off, leaving  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch stub. They should be examined for lice, and if any, oil of sassafras mixed with any heavy grease, should be rubbed back of their heads; on the neck at the shoulder, under the wings and thighs and around the vent. It should be lightly rubbed on the skin, avoiding touching the outside plumage.

The first day, cocks should have all the fresh water they want, but no feed. The second morning, each cock should be given a teaspoonful of brown sugar, mixed with stale bread and sweet milk, about two ounces in weight (a heaping tablespoon will be about two ounces). They should be kept quiet during the day, and at the hour at which the cocks are to start fighting at night, they should be given their supper. With the same quantity and kind of feed they had the second morning, they should have at night. This acts as a mild laxative, which will clean them out without resorting to medicine of any sort, all of which should be avoided. The fat is the substance that keeps the cock in health, and by my system, this fat, instead of being wasted by purging, is gradually reduced and turned into flesh, and it supplies the energy to the cock necessary to withstand deprivation of the usual full supply of feed and water he has been accustomed to on his walk. When undergoing my system of preparing them for the pit. On the morning of the third day his work commences. To simplify the work and feed, it is all laid down here. From now on the cocks are to be given no water—This is the keystone to the whole system. The feed is soaked in fresh, clean, cool water, several hours,

and an hour before feeding time, it is drained. It contains all the moisture a cock will need, and at the end of the training period, cocks will refuse to drink water. They can be given a few bites of apple any time during the feed. It can be grated and mixed with the feed in the morning, just enough to flavor it, as the cocks enjoy a change.

The quantity of feed at first should be about one ounce, and gradually increased as the work increases. A sound, hearty cock should digest at least three ounces of feed a day; that is, one and one-half ounces should be the limit for any meal.

Two pounds of lean beef should be finely chopped at the butcher's—like "Hamburger Steak." This should be baked until all the juice is eliminated from it, and kept separate from the other feed, and can be given to the cocks that do not readily digest their feed. They must have their allowance of feed decreased, also the amount of work. Many really great cocks, for some reason, are not hearty feeders, and digest slowly, but they usually extract all the substance from the feed they do digest.

No feed adds anything to the strength of a cock in training. The object is, to conserve his natural strength, improve his wind, reduce his weight (which is 60% water) and toughen his muscles.

The corn should be cracked daily as used. A small hand mill can be bought for a few dollars. Old New York State yellow flint corn is the best. Old cracked corn is like stale beer. Freshly cracked corn has a pleasing flavor. The best Canada white oats, weighing from 38 to 40 pounds to the measured bushel, should always be used. There is no better feed for stock of all kinds than corn and oats, but they must be good, clean and sound.

The feeding room should be large enough for the purpose. The scales should weigh as low as  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. And the fractioned parts of ounces should be recorded on the weight chart, as the weight is your guide to the progress of your work. The weight list, which should be hung before you, over your work board, must be consulted as you work each cock. When a cock has not emptied his feed, his work must cease for the time, and no feed given him until he has thrown it off.

Cocks must not be massaged, or run on the board. Rubbing can do only harm, as also does running, because it stiffens the leg muscles.

You should have a large room adjoining the feeding room, where the cocks may be turned down to scratch in straw, that is free of dust and chaff.

When you finish working the next cock, hold him to the cock on the floor in the scratch room, and catch him when he strikes. Hold the tail of the cock in your hands, to the cock on the floor, to teach him to strike at any part of an opponent instead of his head. The cocks, when being worked, should be caught around the body and raised your arm's length above you, and with a quick downward pressure with your thumbs, will cause him to flap his wings, and throw out his legs. The cock should always alight on his toes. The cushion should be eight inches thick and very soft and resilient, otherwise, it would jar and stiffen the cock's legs.

For this purpose there is nothing better than a mattress made for baby beds. They can be covered with cheap blankets, folded several times to fit the mattress, and pinned on with pins such as are used in pinning on horse blankets.

Visitors who want you to win will not ask you to disturb your cocks to show them when they are resting. No one except your assistant should ever be in the cock-house at feeding or working time; You can think only of your cocks, and this you cannot do when you are being asked questions. A cock weighing six pounds to simplify.

Days of Training	Weight	Morning Work	Morning Feed
1	6.00 lbs.	.....	.....
2	5.14	.....	.....
3	5.12	10 tosses	Cracked corn
4	5.11	15 "	" "
5	5.10	20 "	" "
6	5.10	25 "	" "
7	5.9	spar	" "
8	5.8	30 tosses	" "
9	5.7	35 "	" "
10	5.6	40 "	" "
11	5.6	45 "	" "
12	5.5	50 "	" "
13	5.5	55 "	" "
14	5.4	60 "	" "
15	5.4	65 "	" "
16	5.4	70 "	" "
17	5.4	spar	" "
18	5.4	75 tosses	" "
19	5.4	75 "	" "
20	5.4	10 "	" "
21	5.4	Fight	" "

	Noon	Night Work	Night Feed
1	.....	.....	.....
2	.....	.....	.....
3	Scratch coops dry stale bread crumbs	15	$\frac{1}{2}$ cracked corn; $\frac{1}{2}$ oats
4	thrown in the straw	20	" " " " "
5	" " " "	25	" " " " "
6	" " " "	30	" " " " "
7	" " " "	35	" " " " "
8	" " " "	40	" " " " "
9	" " " "	45	Add $\frac{1}{4}$ white hard boiled egg
10	" " " "	50	" " " " "
11	" " " "	55	" " " " "
12	" " " "	spar	" " " " "
13	" " " "	60	" " " " "
14	" " " "	65	" " " " "
15	" " " "	70	" " " " "
16	" " " "	75	" " " " "
17	" " " "	75	" " " " "
18	" " " "	75	" " " " "
19	" " " "	10	" " " " "
20	" " " "	10	" " " " "
21	" " " "		$\frac{1}{4}$ white hard boiled egg

From the ninth night,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the white of a hard boiled egg should be added to the feed. It should be chopped fine and well worked in the corn and oats.

If the cocks are to be fought a long distance from where they are fed, they should be moved three days before the fight, and two days before they are moved, their feed should be  $\frac{1}{2}$  white of hard boiled egg with one ounce of the regular morning and night feed, and after arriving at your destination, only very light work should be given them—say 20 tosses night and morning, but no work on the day of the fight.

The cocks should be kept in a well ventilated dark room, and fed by artificial light.

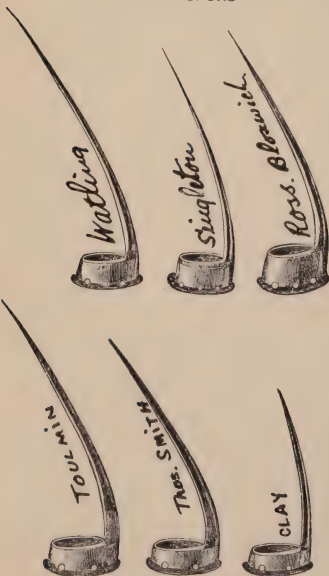
To fight in long gaffs, 15 days is enough, but for  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch New York Regulation gaffs, the full 21 days will be required. Small cocks should be reduced 5, 6 or 7 ounces, according to their condition when brought in, supposing they are full fed, round and fat, but some cocks, large and small, will lose more weight than others. Experience only can teach you how to treat cocks.

I know hundreds of alleged "secrets" of feed and physic, and drugs, and artificial stimulants, but the simple system which I have here set down contains all the elements of nourishment that cocks in training require. The flavor of it may be changed by the addition of the baked beef, ground cabbage, onions, lettuce or apple, but only enough of these should be added to make the feed more appetizing, and they all do aid digestion.

The most important part of cock-fighting is to have good game, sound cocks, from good clean walks, to start with, and you'll be better off if you fight only the cocks you know are right, and when you have them right, breed them right, and don't cross them.



ARTIFICIAL SPURS



At what period in the world's history artificial cock-spurs were first used, there is no authentic record, but that they were used as early as 427 B. C., by Aristophanes, the most famous of the Greek dramatists, we have ample proof.

The year of his birth is uncertain, but the most probable conjecture places his birth in or about the year 448 B. C.

He flourished in an age when Greece abounded with great men, and was contemporary with Socrates and Euripides.

The lapse of more than two thousand years has not diminished the fame of Aristophanes. Cock-fighting had been introduced in the schools in Greece by Themistocles, who died at the age of 65, about the time Aristophanes was born. "Charibdas," by Professor Becher, refers to the birds of Aristophanes, and to the metal spurs with which they were armed for battle: "And there are sharp pointed spurs made of copper, which are fixed or inserted on the cock's own spurs."

This was brought to my attention in 1916, by my friend, Doctor Samuel Mellish, of England, and it was published in *THE ARENA* that year.

There are several copper spurs of Roman manufacture in the British Museum, and within the last ten years, leg bones of cocks, on which copper spurs were fastened, were found in excavations near London. The spurs that I saw in the British Museum, were hollow tubes, made to fit over the full length natural spur of the cocks, and were two inches in length. They were very crude. It is very likely from this old pattern that the Scotch "Haips" were evolved.

"Haips" are the natural spurs of cocks. They are leathered, and tied on over short stubs.

Artificial spurs have been used in China, Japan and throughout the Orient for centuries.

The Chinese made beautiful round spurs of steel and metal alloys. I saw several pairs of them which were brought to England in 1827, by Admiral Roas, and were in possession of Hon. Gerald Lascelles, of England, in 1906.

The Japanese spurs were bayonet pointed, with three edges. Friends in England presented me two miniature silver cocks, cut out in regulation fashion, and armed with three edged spurs. They were made to be used for pepper or salt crickets. The heads were screwed into the necks, and the perforations were through the top of the heads and combs. They were about three inches high and

weighed about two ounces each. There were no marks on them by which their "ages" could be determined, but as the silver in them was blended with antimony, they were believed to have been made about two hundred years ago, but whatever the date, these little table ornaments prove that the Japs knew how to trim a cock for battle, and that they used artificial spurs.

There is no record of the use of artificial spurs by English cockers, until the reign of King William III. The first reference to them, as has been stated, is found in the Manuscript of the Duke of Rutland, 6th April, 1698: "Paid Mr. Sherburne three pounds sterling (\$15) for six pairs of cocks' spurs at Newmarket."

These were evidently made of steel, and, perhaps they were imported from the Orient, as Mr. Sherbourne, according to a London Directory of that time, was a "Cordwiner" (merchant). If artificial spurs had been used at an earlier date, there would have been some mention made of them by the foreign ambassadors stationed in England, who made regular reports of the sports and pastimes of the royal family, nobility and gentlemen in England, to their home governments.

There have been many romantic stories woven around King Charles II, and the silver cock-spurs said to have been presented to him by his mistress, Nell Gwynn, but this is pure fiction.

Samuel Pepys, from whose writings we get an insight into the "private lives" of "public characters" and personages of his time, which included the reign of Charles II, would have mentioned them. He detested cock-fighting, and he would have been delighted to have had an opportunity to denounce the "barbarous" (?) use of artificial spurs.

A few years after their introduction, the reformers who have always been busy plying their trade, issued pamphlets, in which their use was denounced as a relic of barbarism. The Quakers were particularly aggressive in their opposition to cock-fighting, especially after artificial spurs were substituted for nature's weapons. The first of these pamphlets appeared in May, 1703—five years after the first reference to them had been made by the Duke of Rutland.

Thomas Smith, an Irishman, and a cock-fighter, was credited with having introduced the so-called silver spurs, and their close resemblance to the Irish steel spurs, called "Singleton" seems to prove that he belonged to that "school" of spur makers. Smith learned the secret of making the "silver alloy" in Germany, and the Germans

borrowed the formula from the Chinese. I have had sockets of so-called Clay and Toulmin silver spurs analyzed, and there was not one grain of silver used in their composition. They were made by pouring the molten metal into moulds; I have seen these moulds in the British Museum. The sockets were molded solid and bored out. Smith set up shop in London, and he was followed by other spur makers, and they became so numerous, that in 1700 the street in which they had their shops, was named Cock-Spur, a name which it still bears. In 1698, the first main ever fought in artificial spurs, of which there is any available record, was between Lord Ross and King William III, the monarch being represented in the main by Tregonwell Frampton, who also trained the king's race horses. The match consisted of 25 birds, 3:8 for bottom weight, and 5 lbs. top weight. It was what is now termed the Devonshire main—every cock shown is a match—the weights rising one ounce—that is: 3:8, 3:9, 3:10, and so on up to the top. This main was fought for five guineas (\$25) a side on each battle, and 500 guineas (\$2500) a side on the main, or odd battle. The score was 16 to 9 in favor of Frampton (Harlein Manuscript).

Thomas Smith, if not the first of the gaff-makers, was surely the most famous, for he was immortalized by Isaac Hallam, in his poem, "The Cocker," in 1742, and "Crucified" by John Wesley, the original Rabble Rouser, whose disciples are still maintaining the worst traditions of this bogus reformer. One of his pamphlets in which Smith was attacked in 1748 was in the collection at Lark Hill.

Lord Sefton had two cases, of one dozen pairs each, of Thomas Smith's silver spurs. In color, they were like highly polished German silver, and very likely contained a copper alloy, as when not in use, they took on a greenish, coppery color. The only difference in them, was in the size and length of the blades. The sockets were all evidently made in the same mold.

The Sefton spurs were originally owned by Paul Potter, Lord Derby's feeder, but they, perhaps, came into Potter's hands many years after the death of Smith. In the Elsenham collection of silver spurs, there are three small cases, containing six sets each,  $1\frac{3}{4}$ , 2, and  $2\frac{1}{8}$  inches. The sockets are all alike, and may have been made in the original Smith molds. These spurs were made in 1755, by Peter Clay, for Nehemiah Paucon. Peter Clay had his shop in Birmingham, and he also made steel spurs of the Singleton pattern. Thomas Smith, John Clay and Sons, S. Gregory, Samuel Toulmin, H. Gatesfield,

Isaac Moore, and Thomas Groves, and his successor, Vincent, had their shops in Cock-Spur Street, London.

Toulmin had advanced ideas about business, and advertised extensively in the American newspapers, and in my boyhood days, I saw many silver spurs which were referred to as Toulmin's. He advertised as: "The successor to Smith and Gatesfield." At the Crown and Dial, near Hungerford Market. He could not have been the direct successor to Thos. Smith, for he was making spurs, or rather, advertising them as late as 1790. The spurs made by Thomas Smith and P. Clay were, according to Gilliver and other old cockers, most highly prized of all.

Lord Clonmell offered fifty pounds sterling (\$250) for the use of the Elsenham collection of spurs, to use in his first main with Lord Sefton. They refused for the reason that the old leathers would have to be replaced, and as they did not need the money, they wanted to keep the heirlooms intact. Lord Sefton finally agreed to permit him to use two pairs of Smith's spurs. The sockets were all too small to fit over the spurs of our cocks, and we had to pare them down. The small holes in the sockets of Smith's and P. Clay's were made when the weights of the cocks were from 3:8 to 5 lbs. All the other alleged silver spurs I saw there, as well as in this country, had large sockets—about 7-16ths, which proves that cocks had grown larger from the time of Smith and Clay, to Toulmin, Vincent and others who followed Smith.

At what time Singleton commenced making steel spurs in Ireland, we have no record, but if Singleton made all the spurs that are credited to him, he must have lived and worked 24 hours a day for 100 years. His influence was dominant in England for many years, for all the spurs sent to Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, by Tepin, Ross, Watling, Kendrick, Duke, Rodgers and others, were of the Singleton pattern, but in later years, the points of the Watling and Ross spurs were raised higher than the Singleton.

Jarvis Elise must have had 100 pairs of English spurs, of the Singleton pattern, and old Mr. Eslin must have had as many. The Arringtons had the Tepin spurs, with the name stamped on the blades, near the sockets.

Forty-odd years ago, many of the Baltimore, Washington and Alexandria hardware stores carried English gaffs in stock. The first pair of gaffs I ever bought, was from Walford, a cutler, in Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. They were 1½ inches, and of the Singleton pattern. I have never owned a better pair since.

An Irishman named Callan, a gunmaker, set up shop

in Baltimore, many years ago. He was in business when I was a boy. I often visited his shop, and was puzzled by the peculiar shaped gaffs he made, which were drop sockets. His principle trade was in the South. In those days, Baltimore boats sailed regularly for points South, and the officers added to their income by taking along game cocks and gaffs, which they sold in Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Mobile, Jacksonville, and perhaps, in Central and South American ports. Callan told me he could make four pairs of drop socket spurs in a day. He sold them for \$5 a pair.

W. J. Helwig, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was, perhaps, the first American mechanic to reduce the manufacture of spurs to a fine art.

He, like Callan, was a gunmaker. I sent him several old broken or worn down Singleton and English spurs, to reduce to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches, reset and leathered. He never turned out a bad job. When the rule was adopted in Washington and Baltimore, to heel flat on the leg, Mr. Helwig made sockets with long flanges, hollowed out to set comfortably on the cock's leg: they were made with points just a bit higher than the socket, and the blades were then measured from the bottom of the sockets to the points, which is the correct way, to measure the real length of the blades. A gaff  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length can be made with a curved blade, to measure  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches from the point of the blade to the top of the socket. The odds on such gaffs, (cocks being equal) against straighter blades, I think should be \$100 to \$60.

They hang more frequently than do straighter blades, and when they enter the flesh, the curve makes a larger wound, and the surviving cocks are frequently so badly torn inside, that they seldom fully recover. A cock can really do more execution with them, after the first few pittings, than he can with gaffs an inch longer.

About the year 1890 a friend who was a non-commissioned officer in the U. S. Navy, sent me a pair of  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inch spurs, that he picked up at a cock-pit on the Island of Jago. They were crudely made, sockets too heavy, and the blades at the base were thick and so roughly finished that they still bore the file marks.

I used them on stags when walking them, to kill the dunghill cocks. I must have killed more than 100. The gaffs seldom hung, and the kills were usually quickly made. In shape, they were what we now term front drops. I sent them to George Hoff to re-finish, after the Eslins had told me they were too heavy and clumsy. Hoff made a good job with them; he also made a pair from the pat-

tern and sent them to me, and asked me to sell them for \$5 and send him the money. I paid for them and kept them. The Eslins used them on several small cocks in three or four mains and liked them, thought they preferred the Singleton pattern. I got Hoff to make two pairs of 1½ inch from the "Jago" pattern, which he called "Jaggers" and they have been known by that name ever since. Both Mr. Helwig and Mr. Hoff told me that for several years they made a dozen or more pairs of front drops to one pair of drop sockets, and for many years, they were in almost universal use in long gaff territory. They seemed to suit cocks of all styles of fighting. However, good cocks are of more importance than style of gaff, and the best gaffs are the ones you can win most battles with. The drop-socket spurs have too much spring, as a general rule.

The Chinese "spur" of late years, consisted of a straight blade, about five inches in length—with a ring soldered to the flat knife, which was sharp on both ends. The ring was slipped over the middle toe, and laced to the foot—only one weapon was used. They kill much faster than the Mexican "slasher."

The Sumatrans use one long blade, which is fastened to the cock's leg, inside. It is placed high or low on the leg, according to the weights of the cocks. That is, where cocks are the same weights, the blade is set the same distance from the foot on both cocks. Where there is a difference in weight, the blade is tied on several "scales" lower than it is on the larger cock.

For instance, a six pound cock fighting one a pound lighter, would have the blade tied on near the knee, and the smaller cock, closer to the foot.

In all American seaport cities, where colonies of Asiatics congregate, there are sure to be cockers among them, and, of course, they manage their fights as they do in their native countries.

The use of artificial spurs are prohibited in Spain, never-the-less, they are extensively used in private among breeders of English cocks. Perhaps, the best and purest of the Mansell Pyles, are, and have been bred in Spain for more than fifty years, by an English gentleman who went to live there after marrying a Spanish lady. My experience there must await the hand of some future commentator. Walter Winans, the world's champion revolver shot, who also married a Spanish Princess, was my patron in the Spanish mains, which I won with cocks bred by Lord Clonmell, and a few of my own, which were walked in Europe.

The native Spanish cocks, which are the progenitors of all naked spur fighters used in all Latin countries, are active, sure-cutting, strong game fighters, though they are delicately built. When fought with artificial spurs, there is a difference in their courage.

I have seen Spanish cocks fought in 1¼ inch sharp spurs, and quit; after the spurs were removed, the same cocks were fought in natural spurs sawed off, and there was no end to their courage. Their style of fighting did not please me. The gamest of them have a habit of "wheeling" and though they often turn and kill an opponent with a single blow, I prefer the sort of cocks with which we, in this country are most familiar.



## HEELING COCKS FOR BATTLE

---

Many old time cockers whom I knew very well, claimed to know from the conformation of cocks, just how they should be heeled, and many of them tried to teach me the secret, but I could never learn.

Contrary to the general belief that "some cocks can never cut," I have never seen a sound, well-conditioned cock that could not point his spurs and kill an opponent, provided some muscle, some ligament in the body was not so injured as to interfere with the natural action of the cock's legs.

Of course, we all try to breed from "cutting" cocks, and when we are successful in winning mains, we are apt to claim some credit for having, by careful selection, aided in developing the quick-killers.

When I was a boy, I had a big barnyard "Dominicker" cock that I bought from a farmer for \$1.00, after he had beaten my stag, that was heeled with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch spurs.

Of course he was pounds larger than the stag. I took the "Dominicker" home, put him in a pen and finally fought him with spurs for \$5 against a big game cock. I won in a buckle. He won several fights with spurs, and he was finally entered in a seven cock battle-royal. The first hard crack he got, he edged close to the side of the pit and sat down, but he must not have lost interest in the fight, for when all but two were out, he walked up behind one cock and killed him with a blow over his back. He engaged the other one, and soon put him down and out.

If he had been a game cock, he would have been given a place among the great fighting cocks of all time. He was never beaten, and not having the heart to kill such a gallant warrior, I finally gave him to a farmer, and he died of old age, and the master of his walk.

He was "heeled" by four different boys, and perhaps, each boy tied the spurs on differently, yet he could always cut and kill an opponent.

Of course, he was an exceptional cock.

I have fought many cocks that I thought were first class, and they were first class, but early in the fight, they'd get a crack that threw them out of balance, which incapacitated them, and the spectators pronounced them worthless—that they were either "no good," or else the

spurs were "tied on wrong."

But I never agreed with the "jury." I usually fought for my own money, and when I saw that something had gone wrong, I frequently picked up the cock and gave up the fight. I have later fought the same cocks, and won with them.

There is nothing connected with cock-fighting more pathetic than to see an aggressive game cock trying with all his heart, and unable to point the spurs.

A blow on the head often interferes with his "judgment" of distance. A body blow often causes him to "straddle"; a wound in the leg has the same bad effect upon his accuracy in striking. There are dozens of places in a cock's anatomy, which, if punctured, prevents accuracy in striking.

Many good, true hitting natural fighters are spoiled in "training." William Gilliver, when he visited my cock-house, saw me exercising them, in our usual way, that is, by tossing the cocks up in the air, and alighting on a cushion, breast high. He told me he had not seen that sort of performance since the death of Matt Herrisford, who was many years older than Gilliver. He also said the Irish system of exercising cocks had been tried by English feeders and abandoned, for the reason that cocks that were subjected to such an unnatural physical strain, were thrown out of balance, and were poor executioners with the spurs.

The difference in preparing cocks for battle in England and Ireland, was, I believe, reflected in the carriage of the cocks bred in those countries. The English cocks, according to old paintings, that are believed to be fairly accurate, portrayed the cocks that were thought worth being preserved on canvas, erect, and the beak was in line with the feet. The favorite English cock was described by Isaac Hallam, in his poem, "The Cocker," which was published in *Aris's Gazette* in 1742, and which was "borrowed" by Wm. Sketchley, without crediting the author, which was published by him in 1812 or 1814.

Hallam said:

"But first the sire, propitious muse declare,  
Whose shape distinguished with peculiar care,  
Since what curious-form'd acquire in height,  
The disproportioned lose by useless weight,  
For oft o'er match'd, the shapeless Pullinas show,  
By legs too short, and forehands form'd too low,  
High-bearing fowl th' advantage must acquire,

To charge the foe, and ward gainst his ire,  
Whil'st cocks that mope beneath the tow'ring foe,  
By lofty springs, unnerve their fruitless blow.  
Thus duck-leg'd fowl with curved or dented breast,  
And forehands short become the sportsman's jest."

*See cut on Page 61*

Whether from choice of the breeders, or from centuries of physical exercise, that developed the wings, shoulders, breasts and thighs, the Irish strains were usually more horizontal in carriage than the English fowl. They were much stronger built, could out-wear the best English cocks in battle, but the English cock, according to Gilliver and other old cockers, could out-cut them.

Gilliver believed the English type was deliberately changed after the introduction of artificial weapons, because speed was then of more importance than strength and deep gameness.

The greatest pugilists I have known, were not strong men.

Perhaps, Bob Fitzsimmons was the greatest fighter who ever lived. We were of the same weight and height. In tugging and wrestling, I could "tie him hand and foot," but in a fight, I would not have lasted five seconds with him. He never fought with a man who was not stronger than himself.

So, with heeling cocks for battle, if the cocks are properly balanced and have not been muscle-bound or thrown out of balance by unnatural exercise, all cocks should be able to cut.

At the time when the Moore, Ginn and Rucker combination were mowing down all before them, their cocks were of the English type in conformation, and the Steve Moore method of feeding them, which consisted largely of boiled whole oats and the whites of hard boiled eggs, the cocks were fought "corky." They started fast and rose high, and came down on their opponents with both legs moving rapidly.

Moore was smart enough to know that drop-socket spurs would be a handicap to cocks of their style of fighting, so he used the Cincinnati pattern, with slightly curved blades.

Their record for several years proves that it was a perfect combination. Experienced cockers tried to beat them by using the same sort of weapons, with high-breaking cocks, but the cocks were usually more horizontal, and the texture of their flesh was of such a nature that when

they became "corky" through excessively hard work and dry feed, they lost their "balance" when off the ground; they had to "set" to hit, while the Moore cocks could hit from any angle.

I beat them with cocks that had been fed three weeks, worked hard, and fought high in flesh—but not fat.

When pitted, Moore's cocks left his hands like bullets, and broke high, usually landing three or four feet beyond my cocks, who met them "coming back," and usually killed them on the score.

To have given my cocks a short "prep" and fought them "corky," they would have "broke" high, and very likely have met the same fate as all other strains which opposed them for many years.

Forty years with fighting cocks has convinced me that there is not really any great difference in the cutting ability of fowls, as strains, but there is often quite a difference between individuals of the same inbred strains. How to select the superior cutters has always been a mystery to me, and in selecting cocks for mains, I have chosen those whose free-hitting, aggressive, slam-bang style has pleased me most.

A cock that is constantly hitting, and tries to beat an opponent to the punch, can usually be depended upon to give a good performance.

Upon what grounds the old masters of heeling based their theories that one gaff should be pointed to one place on the cock's leg, and the other gaff, to another point; or upon what part of the cock's anatomy the "leader" in the cock's leg controls, I have never known.

Columbus Eslin, who did all the heeling for their mains for more than 60 years, had spurs made "right" and "left," with the points 1-8' of an inch higher than the sockets of 1 1-4 inch spurs, and 1-4 of an inch higher than the sockets, for gaffs 2 1-4 inches and over. He set the sockets firmly on the cock's legs, using only sufficient kid skin (not chamois) over the stub to make the sockets fit snugly, one piece of kid between the socket and the leg; tied them on firmly, with flat flax thread, of four strands, waxed with bee's wax. (Shoemaker's wax when heated, draws and shrinks the thread). The gaffs should be set comfortably on the cock's leg, with just enough kid skin to make a thin cushion between the socket and the leg, and just enough packing over the stub to make the socket fit snugly, but not tight; where the socket is forced over the stub, the cock will appear cramped.

The points of 1 1-4 inch spurs, if made "rights" and "lefts," will be on a line with the inside of the outer line

of the hocks, and 2 1-4 inch spurs, will point to the outside line of the hocks.

Cocks when they commence to weaken in battle, frequently impale themselves, especially when the gaffs are pointed far inside the center of the leg.

When purchasing gaffs, it is always the safest plan to buy them direct from the maker.

When adjustments or repairs are needed, you save time and annoyance by dealing direct with a reputable manufacturer.

## PITTING

### RULES OF THE COCK-PIT

---

An old saying which has been credited to a famous Irish cocker, was: "A successful pitter should have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, the speed of the wind and a lady's hand." To which may be added, he should be calm, and of even temper, quiet and respectful to both his opponent in the pit, and also to the referee, even though they may be unworthy of respectful consideration.

I have never known a successful pitter who did not possess all these qualities, plus fairness.

The modern English sporting chroniclers seem to revere the tricky setter (pitter) which is evidenced by the following item, in Fitz Barnard's "Fighting Sports", page 125. He tells us that: "Amongst the men that stand out in this art, Owen Probyn, of Birmingham, who was described as an asthmatic, death-like man, with a long thumb and nail which he could so deftly use, that he was esteemed three battles in a main better than his compeers, Harry Gum and Harry Booth, whom Gilliver praises as the best he ever saw."

Just what the rules permitted the accomplished Mr. Probyn to do with his "long thumb and nail," deponent sayeth not, and the most diligent search through all the rules which have been in use in England, from the time of King Charles II to the present, fails to reveal any conditions under which trickery was permitted. Harry Gomm (not Gum) was for nearly half a century, setter (or pitter) for Lord Derby. Booth was a "Free Lance," though during the last decade of Doctor Bellyse's cocking activity, Booth handled his birds in the pit, and as Lord Derby was Dr. Bellyse's chief opponent, Booth and Gomm were regular competitors, and both enjoyed the respect and confidence of their respective employers, while the artful Mr. Probyn's name appears but seldom, and then, in minor affairs in the cock-pit.

He was an excellent spur-maker, and in 1797, he had charge of Vincent's extensive gaff factory, in which 17 mechanics were employed.

Under the rules in England which governed the sport for centuries, "nursing" between pittings has never been permitted, for the reason that there was never any time

allowance between pittings; the rules were formulated by the feeders, whose experience taught them that superior condition would receive its just reward only in a continuous battle, which is as true today as it was centuries ago. Before pitting the first main against Wm. Gilliver, I made a careful study of the rules under which we were to fight. They were very simple, but during the first battle, I learned that they were not strictly adhered to. Gilliver had a habit of picking up his cock whenever he was forced close to the side of the pit. I did not protest his action, which was a plain violation of the rules, but after the finish of the battle, which I won, I asked the referee, Mr. Edward Atkins, Lord Sefton and Capt. Jones, his partner, to meet me in a room adjoining the pit, for the purpose of going over the printed rules. I asked the referee to point out to me the section which permitted handling without counting. They could not do it, but Lord Sefton explained that it had become a custom to handle cocks that were close to the pit, in order to save the old silver spurs. I suggested that this provision should be taken care of in the rules, but as it was not part of the rules, I would insist upon the main being fought under the rules as they were printed, to which they agreed under protest.

No cocks in the world could have beaten the Sefton cocks under the conditions which they had adopted—that is, of picking them up when close to the side of the pit, for this reason—They had a style of fighting peculiarly their own—they seemed to feint their opponents into an attack, which they avoided by stepping back, rising with their legs out in front and could do more damage that way than any cocks I ever saw, except the old Morgan Whitehacksles.

The Duryea (Clonmell) cocks were rushers of the Bull Dog type; they'd force the Sefton-Derbys across the pit, and they would let drive a smash, from close to the pit, and Gilliver would be close enough to catch them.

After the first battle all that foolishness was ended, and the Duryea cocks crushed them at the pit-side.

Of course, my insistence upon the established rules being observed, caused considerable gossip, which was not, however, unfavorable to me, for the English gentleman is always fair, but unfortunately all English sportsmen (?) are not gentlemen, and it became noised around among the latter class, none of whom were present, that I had pitted unfairly, and in 1910—five years after I had fought the first main for Lord Clonmell against Lord Sefton, Herbert Atkinson published what purported to be "The Life and Letters of John Harris, the Cornish Cocker," in which he

inserted a forged letter which he attributed to John Harris, in which I was charged with foul handling, but fortunately I had preserved some letters from Mr. Harris, which brands Atkinson as a forger. When Mr. Gilliver read the book he was distressed over the false charge against me, and with his trembling hand he wrote me the letter which is printed elsewhere in this book,

Now, after more than forty years with fighting cocks, during which time I have engaged in more than two hundred mains, facing many different pitters and referees, I can look back with pleasure to a record which has not been tarnished by one unfair, unsportsmanlike act.

So my advice to the future cocker, is, always be fair and decent—take no short cuts to victory, for no sportsman can derive any lasting pleasure from success that was not fairly won. No gentleman has ever followed cock-fighting for profit; it is a sport, pure and undefiled, and it must be so kept.

In my early days, pitting was reduced to a fine art, especially in the South, where the Southern Rules were universally used in important mains, though nearly all Southern cities had rules more suitable than the ponderous "Southern" for conducting "hacks" and short mains, notably Mobile and New Orleans. Among the great pitters under Southern rules were: Charles H. Eslin, James Faulkner, Charles F. Brown, Doctor James Gee, Captain James Gee Oakley, Henry Hicks and Capt. George O'Neill Palmer.

These gentlemen were proficient handlers under Southern rules, for the reason that they were familiar with them, and I believe it is impossible for men to become proficient in more than one set of rules, and for that reason, a set of rules that would meet all requirements of the pit in all sections of this country, should be formulated.

The science of pitting is rapidly becoming a lost art.

This is due, largely, to the changing style in rules, which deprive the pitter of initiative; he is at the mercy of the referee, who is, in many instances, incompetent.

New York State alone has four different systems of rules—Albany, Syracuse, New York and Western New York.

There are, perhaps, more cocks fought under Western New York rules, than there are under all other American rules combined, yet I do not know two referees who interpret them alike. The Western New York rules have been emasculated until they are hardly recognizable. Rule 12 has been deleted. Rule 6—"When one cock has refused to fight, the pitter of the fighting cock shall count



10, clear and distinct, and appeal to the judge for a count." That rule is not enforced. The pitter of the cock having the worst of a fight is usually the one that does the counting, and many of the alleged "pitters" can count ten before a fighting "blind" or "blinked" cock can get his bearings to renew the combat.

Several years ago I had an entry in a Pittston tournament, in semi-blunt spurs. A. R., who was one of the promoters, acted as referee. In the first battle I fought a little brown red cock. He was blinked early in the fight, later he got a wing broken. He forced the fight all through, but he never had the "count." The opposing pitter would take the count, when the blind side of my cock was turned so he could not see his opponent. My cock, according to the published report, crossed the pit 156 times. The opposing pitter would count ten before my cock could cross the pit, and the only chance he had to fight, was on the "breast" at the 5th ten. In the 156th pitting my cock killed his opponent. The second battle was a repetition of the first, but in this battle my cock died at the end of two hours and 15 minutes. He had never lost the count, but under the ruling of the referee, he never had it, and my cock was forced to walk across the pit nearly 100 times. His opponent, that would fight only when the opposing pitter violated rule 10, by squeezing and shoving his bird at the breast in the fifth ten. I have never seen worse refereeing, nor worse pitting, but it is pleasing to record this fact, that this referee was never afterwards permitted to referee a tournament. Foul pitters and incompetent referees have done the sport a great deal of harm.

In 1891 when Capt. Anthony Greene, of California, was negotiating with Arthur B. Suit for the main which took place in January, 1892, I wrote Greene to have the following paragraph inserted in the Articles of Agreement: "Neither pitter shall lose a battle on a technicality or mistake in handling, but persistent fouling shall be ruled against."

The above, or a similar paragraph, was inserted. Jim Cass pitted for Suit and Kearney. Wm. L. Morgan was chosen referee. I knew Morgan, who had always born a good reputation, and when Jerry Dunn, whom I also knew well, vouched for Morgan, I felt sure that Greene would be given a fair deal, which he needed, regardless of the fact that he was protected in the contract.

In the first battle, both pitters brought in cocks that cut out whitehackle, and looked so much alike that Greene picked up the wrong cock—which was a "mistake in

handling," which was referred to in the contract, yet Morgan ruled that Greene had lost the battle. Greene actually won nine out of 11 fights, yet the main was declared "drawn" when the electric light wires were cut, and the referee, Frank Kelley, who succeeded Morgan, left the pit. Suit was powerless, and he was disgusted, and to the day of his death he regretted his connection with the affair. Michael McGrath, of New London, Conn., a famous pitter, finished out the main for Greene. Modern rulemakers have stressed the points in their rules, that the crooked pitter cannot ply his trade under them, but they have done nothing to protect the fair pitter from the crooked or incompetent referee. There is no reason why a referee should be allowed inside the pit during the progress of a battle, except when it comes down to the stage where the cocks do the fighting in the center of the pit, and then only when they must get close up to award the count to the cock to which it belongs.

I always made that very thing a part of the contract in mains fought by me, and for over 20 years the referees in the Baltimore pits were seated outside the pit. They found that they could see the entire performance much better than they could walking around in the pit, obscuring the view of the spectators and being in the way of the pitters as well as the cocks. I have never disputed a decision of a referee, but I have, after being unjustly ruled against, had the offending referees removed immediately, and I cannot recall any one so removed who was ever asked to referee afterwards.

The "art" or "science" of pitting cocks is a most difficult one to master. The pitter must first know the rules under which he is to perform. He should get the referee's view-point about the "count" and whether he considers a cock going across the pit to meet an opponent, a fighting cock, or whether the rules were made to test the ability of the pitter to count ten before a cock could walk a certain distance. Under Philadelphia rules, a pitter can lay his cock on his wing and if he can count ten faster than a cock can walk, he is considered a good pitter. Many other rules have equally objectionable features.

Rule 30, in McCall's rules, is as follows: "If the count has been given to a dying cock, such cock shall be required to live through the full count, in order to be declared the winner, provided the opponent cock is still living," which means that the game cock that fought last, and has been given the count, cannot win if he dies. If this is a just rule, there is no use to breed game cocks.

It was man's inherent love for the deep and unyield-

ing courage of these feathered gladiators that has been responsible for their perpetuation since the first barbarian received inspiration by watching them fight in accordance with the law of their nature.

Where the standard for courage has been lowered, cock-fighting as a sport has ceased to attract the interest of the only class of gentlemen who could possibly be of any service to the sport.

When a game cock has yielded up his noble life, in obedience to the law of his nature, by fighting last, and then dying, no true sportsman would formulate a rule by which he could be deprived of a well-earned victory, and no breeder of pure game fowls should fight under such unjust rules.

One set of rules governs horse-racing all over the world; one set of rules governs boxing contests all over the world; one set of rules governs baseball games all over the world, and the same applies to golf, tennis, and all other athletic sports.

There are, perhaps, 100 different sets of alleged cocking rules, many of which were compiled by men who knew nothing of the sport, and they were written in such a way that no two referees; no two pitters understand them alike, and cocks are fought under them for the reason that 95% of the pitters are naturally honest and fair, and they seldom appeal to the referee.

Most rules are too long, even where they are intelligently compiled.

Personally, I prefer to fight under rules where a cock must strike after the fifth ten is counted, in order to break the count, for this reason: Many pitters whose spirit of fairness has not developed along with their expertness in handling, can hold a helpless cock in such a way, that when "breasted," his head, which has been held up by the pitter, by holding the hackle feathers tight, is permitted to drop just as the cocks are breasted, and a claim is made, and usually, allowed, that the count has been broken, which must all be gone over again, to the disgust of the spectators. After the first pitting, cocks should be delivered on the score with one hand, as it was done under the old Southern rules. The rules that will eventually be universally adopted, will prohibit the "time" that is now allowed between pittings, and they will also prohibit "nursing," as did all the old rules that were compiled for the purpose of giving the game, aggressive fighting cock the rights to which he was entitled, and the most capable feeder the advantage which should be his reward. The pitter should be allowed to do his own counting, when

the referee decides he is entitled to it, except on the "breast," at the final count, and twenty seconds should be the time-limit for this performance.

Any pitter who does not stammer, can count twenty in five seconds, and many a gallant game cock is robbed of the chance to which his courage entitles him, in the last chapter. Forty years' experience as a pitter has convinced me that but little assistance can be given a badly wounded cock, during the 30 seconds' rest between pittings, though Fitz-Barnard, an English writer, has the effrontery to tell us in "Fighting Sports," (p. 85) that the pitters of India are so expert, that, during the progress of the fight called "Dora Dirza," which is fought over a period lasting several weeks, according to these writers of fiction, replace a broken beak, all within the time-limit, which had been agreed upon by the principals of the match. Such rot is equaled only by our fakers, who profess to be able to stop the flow of blood issuing from the cock's lungs, which, in the parlance of the pit, is termed "Rattle," to straighten a "wry" neck, to cure a cock of a "brain blow," or set a broken bone, called "uncoupled."

The greatest surgeons in the world, with all the modern appliances of science, could not do these things, nor would they say they could.

Game, aggressive cocks that are in perfect physical fighting condition, can stand an unbelievable amount of grief; lung punctures seem to close, "wry necks" become fairly straight; "uncouples" seem to become adjusted, but broken legs and broken wings are handicaps from which they do not recover, though many cocks so injured win on sheer gameness.

About 20 years ago, I pitted a little Kirk-Costa Rica cock, in one of Col. McCall's tournaments, at Montgomery, Ala., against a Pyle cock of Major Howell's, pitted by Arthur Wright, of Knoxville. Col. McCall was referee—and a fairer man never lived. My cock lost the use of one leg the first pitting, and he was uncoupled fifteen different times in the battle that lasted about five hours. The last pitting, he crossed the pit as steadily as though he had never been struck, and killed his game opponent in his own corner. I was given credit for performing a miracle, when the truth was, I could not possibly have helped the cock, and all I tried to do was to hold him comfortably and keep him quiet and set him down easily and gently. Most pitters become so excited that they wouldn't know their faces in a looking glass, and while in that flabbergasted mental condition, they punish the cocks they are handling almost as badly as does the opposing

cock, and the worst offenders are not the young men, but the old fellows, whom time cannot wither, custom stale, nor experience teach.

However, a few suggestions for handling cocks in the pit are herewith offered, I hope, with nothing approaching a presumptuous spirit.

When the cocks are weighed and found to be correctly matched, they are "billed" a moment, in order to "introduce" them. I have found it advantageous to place my right hand under the cock's breast, and my left hand pressed gently over his back, which leaves both wings and legs free and prevents strain on these members when cocks become fired with the fighting spirit which follows the "introduction."

When placed on their score, their legs and wings are free, and the cocks are in action as soon as liberated. When they are held around the body with both hands, their thighs are pressed out of line, and after being liberated, they must adjust themselves before they can commence the attack, and I have seen many fine cocks killed before they could "untangle" their legs in time to meet the rushing onslaught of a cock properly liberated.

Nothing could be worse for a cock than to be held by the legs while they are being "billed." Their legs are drawn out of line of their natural position, the spurs interfere with instant adjustment in locomotion, and they start the battle under a handicap, which commenced with their first physical strain, in struggling to free themselves when "billed."

Always be on the alert, and when the cocks are fastened, be ready to handle; if the opposing gaff is fastened in your bird, observe the course it has taken, and draw it out in a way to follow the curve of the blade, and avoid enlarging the puncture. You will, of course, catch your opponent's cock below the knee, and hold it firmly to prevent struggling. When you retire to your score, place your right hand under the cock and your left hand over his back: hold him gently with his feet touching the pit, on his score, and when ordered to renew the battle, quickly remove your hands.

If wounded in the lungs, catch him by his lower beak, and gently raise his head, straightening his neck, but not long enough to interfere with his breathing.

If uncoupled in the back, handle as soon as the rules permit, (if the opposing cock does not seem distressed), but if the opponent seems distressed, don't handle, for an aggressive game cock in condition can, even in that condition, deliver a killing blow.

dition, deliver a killing blow.

When handled, gently press his legs up under his body and hold him gently, but firmly, and when ordered to pit, release<sup>h</sup> his legs on the score.

An injured eye should be turned away from the enemy. When a cock has suffered a blow which twists his neck into that angle that is termed "wry," there is not much that you can do for him, but as in all other injuries, we feel that we must try to do something to relieve the wounded warrior, and the following is the generally accepted *modus operandi*: Place your left hand and wrist under the cock's body, and with your right hand draw his neck out straight, slowly, but gently turning it opposite to the twist in his neck, and release it immediately, in order not to interfere with his breathing, as air in his lungs is very important, as it is life itself.

**Brain Blow:** When the brain is punctured, there is nothing that can be done by the human hand, but often the brain is jarred by the opponent's knee, or the socket of the gaff striking it; this sort of a brain blow is only a temporary injury, and by holding the cock gently, and just before pitting, jar him back of the head, using your thumb, as though you were shooting a marble.

I have had many such accidents when fighting in blunt spurs, and in the main between Lord Clonmell and Lord Sefton, one of the best cocks I ever saw, received a brain blow, from which he recovered immediately, and, under any but the English rules, he would have had a chance to recover, but Gilliver "pounded" him (\$50 to \$1) which, amidst the noise, I did not hear, and when I thought it time to pit, Gilliver had been awarded the battle, which made a draw of a \$50,000 main, which I should have won. The same pair of cocks were immediately rematched, after the main, and I ran into more "bad luck" in the shape of an "uncouple," but I won the battle, and more money than I ever bet before or since.

In a recent Pittston tournament, one of my Herrisford yellow birchen cocks, met a Muff cock of E. W. Rogers, Editor of "The Feathered Warrior." My cocks had gone wrong in the 256 mile trip from Maryland, and they were easy victims for their opponents.

In the fight with the Rogers cock, my bird received a brain puncture, and of course he flew the pit, but I knew it was not from lack of courage.

An hour later, John McHale came and asked me to come and destroy the crazed cock, as he was struggling in the coop.

I went to his coop, found him crazy as ever, but hit-

ting the sides of the coop. We set him on the floor, in the room where all ten entries were housed, and the poor crazy cock kept hitting at imaginary foes. Frank Deinzer, a famous cocker of New Jersey, helped me tie his legs. That was Saturday evening. When I left Pittston for home the following Tuesday evening, the cock was still tied, and when I arrived home on Thursday morning, the cock was still tied, blind as a dead cock, and still crazed, but full of fight. I kept him a month or so, but he could not be kept within "crowing distance" of other cocks. He learned to eat out of a cup, until he regained the sight of one eye. He seemed to thrive, took on a pound in weight, ran entirely to fat.

One morning when I thought he was about well, I heard him striking the side of his pen; before I reached him, he had broken one leg and knocked the spur off the other. So ended the life of one of the gamest cocks that ever lived, and he was listed as a run-a-way.

There is not much that can be done for crippled cocks, so, do not feel discouraged if you cannot perform the impossible feats which foolish writers tell you can be performed. The wounded cocks should have immediate attention.

Poor old Pat Garvey, who ran a Baltimore pit for 50 years, always had bread and milk prepared for cocks that were fought in his pit—and by the way, this very kindness cost Frank P. Casey \$10,000.

In his main with John Mackin, Casey won an easy battle with a corking fine cock. Garvey had prepared his usual feed for visitor's cocks, and this great cock of Casey's was given some of it. Casey intended to fight him again, and when he went to heel him, he found his crop full of bread and milk—several ounces too heavy for the fight then to be fought, but he fought him at a higher weight, and he lost a battle against the worst "dub" of the many Mackin showed in that main.

In my main at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, with D. H. Pierce, of Appleton, John Mackin had part of the money with me, and he decided that his interests would receive better protection, if he pitted my cocks.

We made 13 matches, and the last battle decided the main in Pierce's favor.

The only dunghill cock I ever bred—except his brother—was fought in that main. The cock was sired by a grade Jap cock, bred and sent me by H. D. Morville, Marion, Ohio, and he was bred to one of my Picket hens.

The son I fought with Pierce, was a great fighter, and he proceeded to knock the Pierce cock to pieces.

Mackin, the most incompetent pitter I ever saw, had blundered through the entire main, but he had the count with the Jap, and by finishing the count which he started and had reached 16—if he counted 17, 18, 19, 20, he would have won. For no apparent cause, the Jap turned away—which would have made no difference, as Pierce's cock had quit, but Mackin quit at the count of 16, and turned to me, and asked "Who bred this cock?" He knew I had told him all about the cock's breeding, but he was so dumb, he forgot to finish the count. For some inexplicable reason the Pierce cock was given the count—though he never fought after the first count was started by Mackin, and I lost by the odd fight.

In conclusion, learn to pit your cocks, do it the best you can; fight for your own money and then no one can dictate to you about the management of your mains.



## FAMOUS COCKERS OF TODAY

---

While there are fewer outstanding cockers today, than there were twenty-five years ago, it is because there are fewer outstanding strains now than there were then. There are a great many more evenly contested mains fought now than formerly, for the reason that all the most prominent feeders are on a par.

Perhaps, Peter Horrocks, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been successful over a larger number of years than any cocker now before the public. He won 29 out of 31 mains several years ago, beating the best men in the section over which he operated. He was, for a time, practically unbeatable in sharp 1 1-4 inch spurs, which he favored above all others, though he frequently fought in 1 1-2 inch spurs. Col. John H. Madigin, is perhaps, the most successful cocker in the world today. He will fight his cocks in any length spurs, for any amount up to \$10,000 a side on the odd. In addition to winning numerous mains, during the last few years, he has entered the Orlando tournament six times. He won first money twice, second twice, and unplaced twice. This is a very creditable record, for the fact that those tournaments bring together the best cocks in the South. Frank Heiland, of Illion, N. Y., feeds for Col. Madigin. For two or three years, Thomas W. Murphy, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who is himself one of the most consistent winners in the North, has competed in several Orlando tournaments. Nick Downs is his feeder. Tom Bradshaw, of Chicago, who feeds for E. W. Law, has made an excellent record, considering the class of fowl which he has used—a purely commercial strain.

Boone & Stackley, of South Carolina, have been consistent performers at Orlando, and have frequently won, or been close to the top score.

E. H. Hulsey, of Dallas, Texas, has earned a place in the cocker's Hall of Fame. William Wheeler, also of Texas, is usually close to the pay-off-station, as is also Sam Biggam. Henry Wortham, of Memphis, is one of the best feeders in the South, but a feeder who feeds for others, and not cocks of his own breeding, never gets very far in cocking, either financially, or otherwise.

Jim Forrest, of Omaha, has fought his way to fame, as has Herbert M. Fullerton, of British Columbia, for whom no distance was too great, nor the stakes too high, when he was active in the sport. He, like all the feeders in

our sport, is a fine gentleman who would rather lose than win by trickery.

Capt. Anthony Greene, of Sacramento, California, at the age of 83, is still active in the sport, and his wonderful record in the pit, over a period of more than 60 years, places him in the front rank with the greatest cockers of all time. Wm. G. Poerschke of San Francisco is a worthy successor of Capt. Greene.

Henry (Hank) Deans, of Buffalo, has earned everlasting fame. For more than half a century he has been an honor to our sport.

Phil Marsh and his son, William, have fairly held their own against the leaders in their section, which, perhaps contains more really great cockers than any other section in America, among them, Charles J. Rickmar, Bert Cronk, John McNerney, Ed. Pine, Dave Bergh, Eugene Daniell, John Hoy, Solly O'Connell, Hardy Brothers, Barns Brothers, Harry Kearney, Dr. Robinson, Billy Andersen, James Glaude, Eugene Hathaway, George Pogmore, Bert Aussem, John Payne, George Bloom, Olcott Brothers, George Bates, J. J. McManus, Tom Fitzgerald, Otto Kozegarten, J. Hartranft, John Bergh, John Humler and many others. The fact that between forty and fifty mains are fought annually in one New York pit for sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000 on the odd, bears out the truth of my statement.

In the hard coal regions of Pennsylvania, there are, perhaps, more cocks fought than in any other section of this country, for small sums.

For several years, Al Jones, of Dallas, Pa., has topped the list. Kentucky has her quota of famous cockers, among which Hub Spencer is the leader. Texas ranks high, and among the leaders are, of course, Col. Madigin and his associates. O'Connor brothers have been doing remarkably well, as has Mr. Bowdoin, Sam Bigham, Dr. Ledbetter, E. H. Hulsey, Roger Ferguson, Charles Sneed and hundreds of others. To name all the famous cockers of today would necessitate the enlargement of this volume to twice its present size.

There is not a section of North America, exclusive of Alaska, where game fowl are not bred, and there are hundreds, perhaps thousands of pits throughout the country where cocks are fought at intervals, and the fact that there are so few "raids" made by officers, is positive proof of the high character of the devotees of the sport. Thousands of dollars are bet by men, who in many instances, are strangers to each other, and to ask a man to "put up your money" would be considered an insult. It is simply

not done, and the loser usually finds it necessary to ask: "With whom did I bet this hundred dollars?" or whatever the amount may be.

The founder of one of the most popular and prosperous Chain Bank systems in the world, told me that he got his first insight into the inherent honesty of sportsmen by attending cock-fights.

If it is true that greatness is measured by success, the late Hermann B. Duryea, of New York, was the greatest cocker that ever lived.

He started with a strain that he made with one cross, more than forty years ago. He never crossed them again; he never bred any other strain, he never fought a cock not of his own breeding, after he made his strain, and for over 30 years, his cocks were fed by the late Michael Kearney, and during that time, he lost only one main, and that to John Hoy.

Duryea said he bred his cocks to a type which he considered best for short, blunt, spurs. When he sent the fowl to Lord Clonmell to be bred and walked in Ireland, and the produce to be fought by them in a series of mains in England, which they had in mind, his idea was to have them fought in blunt 11-4 inch spurs.

When Lord Clonmell closed the series of mains with Lord Sefton and Capt. B. H. Jones, Clonmell never thought of asking his opponents to use short spurs, as they are unknown in England. So, when Clonmell notified Duryea that he had closed the mains, to be fought in fair silver spurs, Duryea advised him that his cocks were not suited for long spurs, and asked to be released from his agreement to join him in the mains. This ended their friendship, and Clonmell fought, not only the Seftons, but Gillman's, Mansell's and Clarke's, in long silver and steel spurs, and defeated them all, in my hands, and in which I had a financial interest with Lord Clonmell.

Since 1905 I have fought hundreds of cocks of the Duryea strain, in all lengths and styles of spurs, and I have never lost the odd battle with them, all of which proves that great as Duryea unquestionably was, as a breeder and judge of fighters, he did not know the real value of his strain. Or, perhaps, he had an aversion to long spurs, but if he had known about silver spurs, he would not have objected to using them, for the reason that they are much slower than the blunt spurs with which he was familiar.

I have never seen thicker or slower spurs than those which Lord Sefton furnished us.

In New Jersey, where the laws are very strict against

cock-fighting, the sport continues to flourish.

George Beattie, Frank Deinzer, Pat McGuirk, Kromelbein, Leper, Tom Nee & Sons, Mathesius, Harry Howard, Patrick Ryan and dozens of others, manage to keep the sport alive. Charles J. Rickmar of New York, won three or four tournaments in New Jersey last season, which is a remarkable performance. The "game" is hard there, due largely to the fact that most of the cockers breed the fowl as they fight, and as they do not have to travel far, the condition of the cocks fought in mains and tournaments is usually fairly even.

Dr. C. L. Robinson has long enjoyed a high reputation for the excellence of his cocks, though in recent years, he has not fared so well.

Neither Baltimore nor Washington can boast of either a first class cocker or a first class strain of cocks. This is remarkable, considering the fact that for nearly a century, these two cities dominated the sport of cocking, and the strains bred by Washington and Baltimore breeders exercised a wonderful influence for good throughout this country, over famous strains.

Charles H. Eslin, now in his 95th year, is the last of that famous family of cockers. He regularly attends important mains, and plays poker every night in the year, and reads and writes without glasses. His father died at the age of 96, and his mother, who was Miss Mary Ryan, born in Ireland, died at the age of 90.

Virginia, too, has lost its prestige as a cocking center, and with the exception of J. M. Hillsman, Thos. S. Herbert and P. H. Coleman, none of the old cockers are left, though the sport continues to thrive.

W. W. Baker, of Winchester, Va., and Paul Keefer, of Pennsylvania, are among the best of the youngsters I have seen in twenty years. William Whipps, of Oakland Mills, Md., is the only first-class feeder in the state, with the possible exception of Jacob A. Kidwiler, of Frederick, who, like most cockers when they become wealthy, become indifferent feeders.

In this respect, Hank Deans and Peter Horrocks are the only exceptions that I can recall. When Deans joined Col. J. H. Madigan against Allen and Shelton, in the main at San Antonio, Texas, for \$10,000 on the odd, which Deans fed and won, he was worth close to a quarter million dollars. That was the first big main in which the "Clarets" were fought, and they won impressively, and they have continued to win ever since.

In Chicago, Sam Brazier and John Doornick head the list of successful feeders, and Herman Neidner, of Mil-

waukee, continues to keep the sport alive there.

The old timers are dropping out, but their places in the ranks are being filled by enthusiastic youngsters, and every indication points to a successful continuation of this, the oldest sport in the world.

The ever growing popularity of tournaments, which system of fighting was introduced by Col. Sol P. McCall, of New Orleans, about 25 years ago, has stimulated interest in cocking. The younger sportsmen "pool" their cocks and money and enter these events, and fairly hold their own with the veterans of the sport.

Mains are everywhere largely attended by youngsters, who will continue to maintain the best traditions of a sport which has in all ages in all progressive, enlightened countries, attracted men of the highest character.

## FOREIGN NOTES ON COCKS AND COCKERS

### —PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE

---

The only thing in life of which I can, without embarrassment, boast, is the fact that I have never lost a friend except by death, and my friends have been drawn from all walks of life, and included the poor and illiterate, as well as the educated and refined, in this country, and in Europe, historians, poets, artists, warriors, lords, dukes and princes, and a speaking acquaintance with three kings, all of whom I met through our mutual interest in cock-fighting.

If it is true that: "An honest man is the noblest work of God," there was no difference between the illiterate sportsman and the kingly sportsman. One, three or five hundred years makes a great difference in the social and political condition of men.

I have known a bartender who was descended from a long line of Irish kings, all the male members of whose family who were old enough to bear arms, were destroyed at Athunree, but in the struggle for existence, he had no time to think of that. The kings whom I met were descended from "pirates," who did not hesitate to "wade through slaughter to a throne," and in two, three or five hundred years, their descendants may be making cock-tails for "Babbitts" or descendants of "Elmer Gantry," but in whatever position they may be placed by fickle fortune, they will be gentlemen.

The sport of cock-fighting is a great leveller—it knows but one social law, and that is, honesty. King Edward VII. would doff his regal robes, leave his ministers in the executive chambers, discussing affairs of state, and rush to his training stables and discuss the chances of one of his horses in a race, with Lord Sefton, who was a member of his cabinet, or with Felix Leech, his trainer, or talk cocking with William Gilliver, whose love for race horses was second only to that of game cocks.

The Gillivers have served the royal family, as cockers, for more than three hundred years. If there is any one thing in the world, more than all others, that has preserved the traditions of the sport of cock-fighting for thousands of years, it is the spirit of Democracy.

In a letter to General La Fayette, General Washing-

ton wrote: "It will be worth coming back to the United States, if only to be present at an election and a cocking main, at which is displayed a spirit of anarchy and confusion which no countryman of yours can understand." The same sentiment appears in Sherlock's letters, slightly changed.

Since meeting so many members of the royal family, the nobility and the gentry in England and Ireland, I now cannot believe that the historians who have written of them, ever knew them as they really were. Perhaps, the "grave and stern decorum of the countenance they bore" in their official capacity was part of their "job," but at the cock-pit or race course they were all of the same family, and the coal miner and the blacksmith were more at ease in their presence than were the American men and women who were "presented at Court" after intriguing and maneuvering through our Ambassadors, who were usually successful "Babbitts" enjoying the reward for political jobbery. We frequently read in our American newspapers, of the contempt in which Americans are held by the better class Englishman. Their contempt for the American "Babbitt" is indescribable, but for our true sportsmen, they have the highest regard. This feeling is now so generally known among American "Babbitts" who care absolutely nothing for sports, but who are now trying to force their way into the "main circles," by entering horses in the English classic races. These ventures only get their names in the English and American newspapers: there are numerous English millionaires racing over there who never meet the best class of sportsmen socially, but their names also appear regularly in the sports pages.

The late John Harris, of Liskeard, Cornwall, was, perhaps, the best informed man in England on the early history of cock-fighting. He was the only great cocker in England whom I did not meet, but we corresponded for many years, and I am indebted to him for many interesting items of historical value. The following article was written by him and sent to me; it appeared in "Bailey's Magazine," over 50 years ago.

#### SPORTS IN THE OLDEN TIMES—COCK-FIGHTING

"To such a height was this sport carried in former years, that in old deeds tenants were bound to walk so many fighting cocks for the use of the lords; and in corporation accounts of expenses I have seen large sums charged for entertaining this or that dignitary with cock-fighting. In the Easter week of 1822, in one pit 188 cocks were fought for sums upward of six thousand guineas (\$30,000). Still more recently over 1,000 cocks have fallen

in a single season, in one of our northern towns.

"Victory lay with no special colour. In Queen Anne's time, a noted sportsman named Frampton, had the best strain of cocks of the day. They were grey, with a brown, tawney wing, and the progeny of old "Sourface" was long in high repute. Greys, yellows and red pyles were also highly esteemed, and Bradbury's Duns and Whites fought their way into notoriety.

"In the eighteenth century the Mealy greys, with black legs, beaks and eyes, of Hugo Meynell's and Sir Charles Sedley could scarcely be surpassed. Then followed Mr. Nunis's wonderful yellow birchens, the Earl of Mexborough's true feathered duckwings, Sir Francis Boynton's slashing Duns, and Col. Mellish's Dark Reds. Lowther and Herristord's Light Reds and Birchen Yellow cut down everything before them; and Mr. Elwes bred one of his Red Duns that won 27 battles. Then Vauxhall Clarke came into the royal pit to carry off the annual gold cup with his Greys. He bred different colours, and beating him was out of the question. The Cholmondeleys, Raylances, Molyneuxes, etc., bred Smocks and the light Cheshire Pyles, that would frequently electrify the pit by dropping their cocks as dead as a log in a severe battle with long odds against them.

"Doctor Wing, of Leicestershire, bred all colors, and won with them. Sants' famous Derbyshire Dark Reds, with their dark striped hackles, would always set the Derbyshire squires offering 100 to 80 on the battle; and old Nathaniel Monk, when sleeping in church at Dean, on being awakened by the beadle, cried lustily, "I'll have the black cock for a fiver," so enamoured was he of the famous Black cocks of Lord de Vere. Mr. Sketchley, the author of *THE COCKER*, astonished the readers of the sporting periodicals by the prowess of his Shropshire Reds; and Weightman, with his famous Parkhouse Reds, lowered the colors of the Lancashire men at Burton, for the heaviest stakes ever fought for, although it has been stated in error that Joseph Gilliver, when he won the main at Lincoln, for 1,000 guineas (\$5,000) a battle, and 5,000 guineas (\$25,000) on the main, fought for the largest amount.

"The Earl of Derby, too, bred some grand black-breasted reds, with white legs and feet, and duckwings; and his Pyle cock was looked on by admiring thousands, as the engraving was long exhibited in sporting print-seller's windows. Doctor Bellyse sometimes walked a thousand cocks in a season, and was generally quite invincible. Once a sporting nobleman offering him 50



guineas (\$250) for a setting hen, he then and there lifted her off the nest and put his foot on the eggs: and on his lordship remarking that he bought the eggs as well, he replied, 'If you had I should have charged you a thousand guineas' (\$5,000). His were about the only cocks that could beat Walker's celebrated Pyles.

"I have not named a tenth of the famous strains and breeders, but have mentioned sufficient to show that it was blood or strain, that won, not colour, for even the Gurney Pied cocks were for a time thought to be superior to all others."

"(Gurney was a Quaker, and a famous Banker of Norwich).

"A noteworthy cocker for nearly 50 years was Professor John Wilson, known by his writings as: "Christopher North." Wilson frequented the pit regularly during his Oxford days from 1803 to 1807, when he settled at Ellerray on the shores of Windemere. He became Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Edinburgh, but he continued his interest in cocking until his death in 1854."

"The Melton Mowbray pit, I believe, was the last built in England, at a cost of 700 guineas (\$3,500).

"The subscription pit, at Chester, was one of the last abandoned, and no pit in England, perhaps, could boast of more aristocratic patronage, heavier betting, or superior fighting. The first main ever fought there was a main between Ireland and England, of 43 mains and 10 Byes. As the celebrated Doctor Bellyse represented old England, he won, as he invariably did.

"The principle patrons of the Cheshire pit, were Lords Derby, Sefton, Ralph Benson, Sir Harry Bold, Houghton, General Leigh, General Yates, John Weightman, Sir Francis Boynton and Col. O'Callaghan, but their fighting was by no means confined to this pit."

The following letters were written to me, after my first big main was fought for the Earl of Clonmell against the Earl of Sefton and B. H. Jones. They refute the forged letters ascribed to John Harris, by Herbert Atkinson, in his "Life and Letters of John Harris," which appeared in 1910, shortly after the death of Mr. Harris. (In which I was charged with foul handling).

Liskeard, Cornwall, England.

A. P. O'Connor, Esq.,

22, 3, '05.

Lark Hill, Liverpool.

Dear Sir:

Your letter came as an agreeable surprise: Any

thing from one having the pluck to travel 3,000 miles, and the temerity to meet in the pit the best cocks and the best cockers in England, is something to be proud of.

Gilliver writes of you in the most laudatory strains, and gentlemen who have had the opportunity of seeing you in the pit, have written, saying you are fairness itself.

It does not matter what nationality a man is, if a sportsman, I greet him as a brother. An old author says: "Heaven born boys who in cocking delight, are ever true-hearted and constant in fight" and I fully believe that sportsmen in every country are the most loyal class of men to be found, and nature seems to have implanted in their breasts a more sacred and indissoluble attachment to the country from whence they derived their birth and infant nurture than that of any others.

Regarding Gilliver's reminiscences, I wish you had suggested some one whose literary abilities qualified him for the duty. I need not tell you that I am not an educated man; was always fonder of sport than school, and have a very vivid recollection of my old granddad covering me with the straw in the feeding pens, while they were hunting me up for school. This was in the old smuggling days, for which Cornishmen were notorious, and there was generally a keg of smuggled brandy in the feeding rooms, of which both visitors and cocks frequently got more than was good for them, and it was owing to this brandy that I fought my first main when a mere lad. We had bagged the cocks, and I was sent off with them and the driver, whilst the crowd stopped to liquor up.

The articles stipulated that the first pair of cocks were to be on the sod at ten o'clock, and as our party had not arrived, the stakeholder intended handing over the deposit unless ours was in the pit on calling time. So I took the first battle-cock in and won. Our people did not turn up until several battles were fought, and as I was leading, and as they were in a half-muddled, drunken state, I was allowed to go on. But you will be saying "What the dickens has this got to do with Gilliver?" Well, I first saw him at Birmingham, about 60 years ago. Old Squire Lewis, of Cardiff, was fighting a main against Smith, of Worcester. Bourne's boy, (Martin) fed for Lewis, and I went up with him. Gilliver was pointed out to me as the son of the famous Joseph Gilliver, the greatest feeder England ever produced, but I subsequently found out that he was Joseph's nephew, and I never forgot him.

The police interfered on the second day of the main,

and we always thought by our opponents' connivance, and Hewitt, the stakeholder refused to refund the stakes, and we had to take legal proceedings to recover same.

I never heard but one speak slightly of Gilliver: he was a bookmaker, and backed Harry Steele and Dennis in three mains, two of which Gilliver won easily; the other was drawn, through police interference. He afterwards backed Dennis against some one near London, but immediately paid forfeit on finding Gilliver was engaged to set against them; yet this man who never saw any other mains, nor never had a cock in his life, had the audacity to publish in your American papers, a portrait of himself and a cock which he named "Peter Jackson" and which he stated had fought for \$50,000 against a pinch of snuff; about the biggest lie on record. The truth is that he wrote Dennis for a trimmed cock (that is, cut out of feather). As there was not any trimmed cocks in the pens at the time, Dennis caught up a stag that was running in the back yard, cut him out of feather, sent him down to Haydon to be photographed, and this was the notorious "Peter Jackson" cock.

I wanted to send you a photo of the Earl of Derby, or "The Royal Cock-Pit" by Van Dyke, the time of King Charles I. After a long search, I cannot find either, although I am sure I have them somewhere, so I must send you "Josey Cock," the Parran cocker.

The story is founded on facts, as they got old Joe drunk, and really placed the cat in the bag, in place of the cock.

His real name was Joseph Green. I got the Mansell Pyles of him, about the best heeled cocks I ever saw, a style of fighting all their own. In sparring they flew at their cocks, heels first, and frequently dropped them dead as mutton before they ever got their mouth in a feather. But you could not take any liberties with them, as they would not stand a severe preparation. He also had a strain known as "Josey cocks." They were dark breasted, brassy-winged reds, with peculiarly hooked beaks, like parrots. He was a good feeder if kept sober, but to do that was almost necessary to muzzle him, or sew his mouth up.

Parranporth is just below the Parran cock-pit, one of the largest open cock-pits in Cornwall. It will seat three or four thousand people. Indeed I think Gwenap pit is the only larger pit. Both these, I am sorry to write, are now used for preaching purposes, during the summer months. When John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, first came to the pit to preach, he found them fighting a main of

cocks, at that time a legal and popular sport, and he had to wait until the main was finished before advising the crowd to go to Heaven. The enclosed county pit at Truro has recently been transformed into a wine and spirits store. Probably from the number of pits in the county, cocking was practiced in Cornwall much earlier than in most other parts. In a very early Cornish comedy, one of the actors is made to say: "My cocks are of the true game and when they fight a few hundred is soon won or lost." (Powell's Cornish Comedy).

And up to the beginning of the last century, it was usual after dinner at the principal gentlemen's seats to have a few battles with their wine, and the Burgesses of many towns, Liskeard included, voted money for cocking to entertain visitors. The old cocking toast of success to the three Cs was originally "Cornwall, Chester and Cumberland," and not "Cocks, Cockers and Cocking" as we now have it, but for the counties named, which were famed for their cocks and cocking. But I will tire you. If you are passing Smith's, or any other book store, get the second edition of "Silk and Scarlet" by "The Druid" (Dixon) and you will find an interesting article on cocking, although having assisted him in getting it, I ought not to say so. I would have sent you mine, had I not given it to a countryman of yours (S. Siebert) recently on his way to Germany. Through so many Cornish miners visiting the States, I have had to do with a lot of your people, and I never found but two "wasters" -indeed one of them was a Cornishman, named Stephens, kept pestering me for some eggs, which he afterwards declared were "runners," but later sent me a paper reporting the surprising performances of the only two cocks he hatched, and requesting me to send others: of course, I did not reply. The other was Col. Rowett. Dr. Cooper wrote a small book, wherein he proposed an international main. A wealthy friend named Tratham, came to terms with Rowett, and we took 60 cocks to Liverpool, put up at the Adelphi for days waiting for him to bank our expenses as agreed. He then changed the place from New York to Denver, where we were told that we should get holes put through us, and he finally cried off. Doctor Cooper in a second and enlarged edition, in 1869, says we never intended fighting or we would have named a big stake worth fighting for, when he knew very well the amount was optional with him, as Tratham would as soon fight for a thousand as for a hundred.

Whilst fighting a short main against William Griggs, last year in Somerset, an old gentleman named Rudd came

to me, wanting to buy one of the winning cocks to breed from, and asked me if I remembered fighting a main at Plymouth against Wallington, at Towell's Hotel, Balham. At that time a number of Americans came over to see that splendid fellow, John C. Heenan, fight our Tommy (Tom Sayers) and Charles Faultless was bringing some of them to see it. Faultless missed the night mail, but the visitors came on and declared it was the best fighting they had ever seen. I never saw worse, an opinion, I think you will readily endorse, when I tell you the result. We fought what in the West is termed a Devonshire main, of 21 battles, beginning at four, and rising an ounce each battle. We fought 12 battles before dinner, of which we won eleven. Having won the main we had to fight the remaining cocks for the battle-money: two gs. (\$10) a battle, but whilst we were at dinner, they bagged their cocks and drove off home.

Now they had beaten their own cocks by sparring them stiff, and starving them down to weight, until there was not a blow in them; so you can guess the character of the fighting, or rather the killing. The visitors were very keen on the sport, but did not approve of our long spurs, which they measured over all, instead of the blades only as we do.

One of them, Moriarty, a hotel proprietor, had fought many mains in New York, and Faultless had some birds for him to take back with him. The insane craze for size will eventually "improve" the true English fighting cock off the face of the earth. You would find a dozen good shaped, clever cocks, under five pounds, where you can find half that number over five pounds, and there is no comparison in the style and execution of their fighting; but I am warned by the bottom of the page that I must close a letter all too long, and which will tire your patience to get through. It may help to while away an idle hour whilst on the ocean wave, on your journey home to the land of the Stars and Stripes.

Your good name will ring for many a day amongst the cocking circles of once "Merrie England," and will ever be fondly remembered by your mutual friends,

WILLIAM GILLIVER

and

JOHN HARRIS.

P. S. Nothing but failing health would have prevented me from seeing you either at Liverpool or Royal Windsor. With kindest regards and all good wishes. J. H.

too long, & which will tax your patience to  
get through. It may help to while away an idle  
hour whilst on the ocean wave, on your journey  
home, to the land of Stars & Stripes. Your good  
name will ring for many a day amongst the  
the cocking circles of once Merry England, & will  
ever be fondly remembered by your mutual  
Friends William Gilliver, & John Davis.

---

Liskeard, Cornwall, England.

27, 3, '05.

Dear Mr. O'Connor:

Before returning allow me to thank you for your very interesting letter, and enclosure, with which I am greatly pleased. On the same cutting I note there is an article on the Derby strain of game fowl on which a great deal has been written, and generally by those who know very little or nothing about them.

Many people profess to have bred them who in reality never saw a cock or hen of the true breed in their lives. There is very little doubt but they were first brought to "Knowsley" by Lord Strange, the greatest cocker of that cocking age, although the cocks of both the sixth and ninth Earls were almost as famous as those of the twelfth, who was thought to be one of the best judges of a game cock in England, but never thought them worth looking at until cut out for battle. Towards the close of the 18th century, J. Roscoe took charge of this precious breed, and in after years he was assisted by Thomas, his son. Now during the Earl's life, it was known to be strictly prohibitory to part with any cock or hen of the pure breed; every bird was carefully registered in a book, and had to be accounted for, even the few cross-bred ones.

On one occasion, old Harry Gomm was setting a slashing fine Spangle in a main which was met by a cock

of Lord Germaine's; after the battle, Harry asked the steward to be allowed to retain it. "It's more than I dare do, Harry," said the steward, whereon Gomm walked straight up to the Earl and asked him for it. "Yes, Gomm, you can keep it," replied the Earl, and walking back proudly to the steward, said: "By God, I've got it now!"

After the Earl's death in 1834, Roscoe, Junior, was instructed by the Thirteenth Earl, the great naturalist, to give up the walks, and the cocks were eagerly sought after for county mains: the brood hens were reduced. Parry (a relative), Dr. Andrews, Hares, and Taylor, had a few, and Col. Dickens went after some, there were not half a dozen left, and they not to be parted with.

Dixon and Wingfield probably had the last of them, and when my friend, Harrison Weir, went there by request, to paint them, (1850), the steward, Capt. Hornby, had already crossed them to get rid of the Daw-eye and white sickles and wing feathers, and so he "improved" both the true Derby characteristics and fighting qualities out of them. There were a few sporting farmers who had been walking the Earl's cocks for 30 or 40 years, who claimed to have the birds pure, and as to feather, etc., they appeared so, but when tried, often proved cravens, especially so, some good looking ones of Bamber Bridge, which Martin used at Tredegar. Weir found a lot of wheaten hens there during his visit.

Colonel Rowett, when here (1854), told me that a Mr. Ten Broeck, a racing man, frequently dined at Knowsley, and obtained several birds, and took them back to America, but he was most certainly misinformed, as he had not any birds from there, and even if he had, there was not any true Derby birds left there after a lapse of 20 years of haphazard breeding, as every poultryman, game keeper or tenant farmer was not a Roscoe. I have known scores of Black Breasted Reds sent to America and the Colonies as real Derby, that had not a drop of the blood in them, and many of them more dunghill than game blood.

I endorse your opinion of "Peace" and "War" originally published as "Trimmed" and "Full Feather." The plates were altered by Moore, the sporting print-seller, and at his death and sale, my dear old "Pal," C. Faultless, bought all copies and the plates as well.

The last time I was at poor Alf. Greenfield's at Birmingham, I was looking over his collection when he said he had been offered fifty pounds (\$250) for his pair, by an auctioneer. I told him to sell, and he could get any number of Faultless's for one pound (\$5) per pair.

"Strychnine" also appear in Cooper's small first edition, but not lettered as such, and the same cock, with others, I note, appears in last week's "Feathered World," and in a book sent me fresh from your American press, by McIntyre, the frontispiece, I see, is Faultless' "Bonebreaker," which he had painted and engraved shortly before his death. Returning to Marshall, he also painted "Hector," a hen cock, winner of a Welsh main; probably the best thing he ever did, was the Shawl cock and two hens, entitled "British Game Fowl." There were so many would-be-purchasers of this lovely picture, that sixteen good cockers subscribed five pounds (\$25) and a cock each, and fought a Welsh main for it. Arthur Paris, the jockey, won it, and immediately commissioned Marshall to paint an accompanying picture for it, "The Cock-Pit," a most beautiful picture representing the finish of a battle, with many well known cockers of the time, standing round it. The Hon. P. Sandys (Sandys grandfather was really the father of American Independence. See American History. O.C.) has an old painting of several cocks of various colors, with the gold cups which they had won.

Pollard painted cocks well; both Harry Alken and Newton Fielding did not attend to details. Isaac Wickstead, a cocker, rather over-does it. Harrison Weir's are portraits as true as life. The sketch of my black red "Crow Alley," the last of the strain, is truth itself; so is the black henny and the head of "Josey Cock" which also appears in his book.

When I engaged to go to Spain, I gave a sporting artist a muffed cock, then of a well-known winning strain, but their appearance did not take his fancy until he fought several of them. The last having won his battle cleverly, they proposed to have an Irish main, or "battle-royal," with nine of the winning cocks, which they heeled and turned into the pit together. The Muff killed two of them within three minutes, and finally came out winner of the pool. He painted the cock beautifully, had it framed, and sent it to me. I am proud of it, as it is life-like, and looks as if it would walk out of the canvas.

Ackerman had the original paintings of Fielding some years ago. Fores, of Piccadilly, has some old ones occasionally, so has Jacobs, the Jew, near Covent Gardens, and a large shop in the Strand, I forget the name for the moment.

I saw a full-sized painting of a yellow birchen up near St. John's Woods some time ago, and two magnificent trimmed cocks down near Chelsea in a second hand shop. I feel sure they are either Turner's, Marshall's or Ber-



ringer's; intended seeing them again, but had not time.

Fighting a main in a gentleman's smoking room last year, I saw a full length portrait of Gilliver, with a cock in the pit. I should like to have it in spite of the decalogue.

I had a coloured print sent me from America, overdone. A gentleman in Plymouth has several American steel spurs and fowl he calls "Warhorses," and a Mr. Wreaks, of Yorkshire, has brought home some of the same named birds. He spent ail of last season in an American cocking tour; traveling thousands of miles, and says the best fighting he saw either North, South, or in Mexico, was at Baltimore. He speaks highly of the American cockers. . . . . I should very much have liked to have gone with him had I been well enough, as he is as good as they make them.

He was sent to me several years ago, by an old friend, Barracrough, the Yorkshire feeder, for a string of cocks to fight the Manchester crowd, but on returning the cocks, I found they had been used against Gilliver. I had not heard from Mr. (Dr. H. P.) Clarke lately, of Indianapolis; he was going to write a book, of which there seems no end. He came to France some years ago, and I sent him a string of the largest cocks I could get, to fight in the French Concourse. The cocks did very well, but in the Concourse, if one of the lot gets beaten, the owner is out. I never could understand why he fought the worst shaped cocks in preference to the best, which I found to be the case on their return. I shall be glad to hear from you as often as you can spare the time to write after your return, and I hope to be able to meet you when you come back to England next year.

Wishing you a safe and pleasant journey home, believe me,

Your sincere friend,

JOHN HARRIS.

To Andrew P. O'Connor, Esq.,  
%The Earl of Clonmell,  
17 Stratton St., W. C.  
Piccadilly,  
London.

P. S. I will forward Gilliver's reminiscences before you sail for home. It will amuse you, but it is all true. I have not changed a word or line of it.

## A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOSEPH GILLIVER.

BY HIS NEPHEW, WM. GILLIVER.

My uncle, Joseph Gilliver, a native of the small village of Polesworth, near Tamworth, Warwickshire, was the most celebrated cock-feeder, or what some call trainer, England ever produced, and was remarkable for his strict integrity and honesty—qualities most essential for one of his profession.

The first mains of cocks he fought in public were at Coleshill, in Warwickshire, and his last in Preston, in Lancashire, in 1839, against the Earl of Derby, Potter feeding, and Gilliver won by six ahead in a five days' play.

During his life he fed principally for Lord Mexborough, Squire Featherstone, Captain White, General Yates, Mr. Leigh, of Lime, Mr. Sitwell and others too numerous to mention, and some I dare not now mention.

His chief opponent was Paul Potter, feeder for the Earl of Derby, for more than 30 years. The largest sum for which Gilliver ever fought, and we believe the largest sum ever fought for in England, was a main of seven-matched cocks against the father of Sir John Astley, at Lincoln, in 1815, for one thousand guineas (\$5,000) a battle, and five thousand guineas (\$25,000) the main, which my uncle won. Some one else must tell who backed Gilliver—I dare not. At Lichfield, London, Chester, Manchester, Birmingham, Newton, Oxford, Milton, Mowbry, and Preston, he fought great mains for Doctor Bellyse of Audelem, Cheshire, and he was mostly successful.

The next biggest main for money was against John Weightman, of Ashover, near Chesterfield. They fought a three-days' main for one thousand six hundred guineas (\$8,000) the main, and one hundred guineas (\$500) a battle, and my uncle won the main by one battle, so John Weightman told me. Another great main he fought at Birmingham for a thousand guineas (\$5,000) the main, and one hundred (\$500) guineas a battle in a three days' main against Sir Francis Boynton's Red Duns (Nash feeding), by 13 ahead. My uncle had a hundred and twenty-two cocks to choose from, my old father told me.

My father died at the good old age of 96 years and two months, and was a dear lover of cocking like I am.

(Most of this story appeared in "Bell's Life in London," in 1840, and it could not have been written by Wm. Gilliver, as he was only 14 years old at that time. O'C.)

Captain Spencer Astley, a brother of the most famous sportsman in England, Sir John Astley, told me that

King George III backed Joseph Gilliver in the great main at Lincoln, and that his father backed Nash, of London.

While the main was the most celebrated ever fought in Eng and in the old days, an air of mystery has surrounded the details. King George III lost his mind about 1811, and died on the 29th of January, 1820.

Two of his sons came to the throne, George and William, and his son Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, was the father of Queen Victoria, under whose reign cocking was prohibited.

George IV (1820 to 1830) was really more interested in cocking than was his father, and Joseph Gilliver continued in his services, and fought many mains for him, and William Gilliver's father often told him that the last main Joseph ever fought was for King George IV against the Earl of Derby, in 1830. Gilliver died in 1834. There is a mounted Hen cock, grouse color, with white legs, heeled with silver spurs, now in the Liverpool Museum. The Liverpool Museum was the gift of Alexander Brown, an Irishman, who made a fortune in Baltimore, in the banking business.

I frequently visited the Museum to see this cock. Roscoe's pedigree book records several breeding pens of Grouse hennies, as well as Duckwings, Pyles and light reds, with white legs and daw eyes.

William Gilliver was born in the same house at Polesworth, in which his father and uncle were born.

William was born in 1826, and remembered his uncle who was younger than William's father, who was, in early life, a successful setter (pitter) but suffered an injury to his hand which rendered it useless.

Gilliver considered his greatest achievement was the defeat of Thomas Bourne, who was his uncle's assistant for many years. Gilliver assisted John Weightman, who was then over 90, and was considered by Gilliver, the best breeder England ever produced, and it was said that for over 60 years his fowl never had an outcross in them. The Weightman Tassells were the progenitors of the Winans Top-Knots, and the Eslin Red Quills, and it was, perhaps, from the Nunis yellow birchen and the O'Callaghan strain of that color that the Eslin Red Quills originated. Gilliver said the Weightman Park House strain were made with Nunis Birchens and a famous tasselled strain that had been in the Weighman family as long as the old man could remember. Gilliver won his first main at the age of 18, and from that day until the day of his death, cocking was his only vocation. The following is

the last letter I received from him. He died soon afterward.

---

Cockspur Cottage, Tamworth,  
Nov. 17, 1910.

Dear A. P. O'Connor:

Many thanks for your kind and welcome letter. Always pleased to hear from you, whom I greatly respect. When you fought and set against me you did all fair. It were your superior good cocks and good condition that you beat me in the big main.

I won't be left much longer, but I have everything to make me comfortable. I hope you won't drink so much brandy and if you don't no one will ever beat you. God bless you, my dear friend.

Ever yours,

W. GILLIVER.  
Bishop Court,  
Straffan, Co. Kildare.

Cockspur Cottage, <sup>nr</sup> Jamnath  
Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> 1910

Dear A.P.O. Coror

Many thanks for  
your kind and welcome  
Letter always pleased to hear  
from you who I greatly  
respect, when you fought and  
set against me you did all  
fair it were your Superior  
good Corps and good Condition  
That you beat me in the big  
main. The Arena, July, 1912

Nov. 4, 1904.

My dear O'Connor:

Instead of communicating with you through our mutual friend, Mr. Keene, please permit me to "break the ice" by this direct letter, and say to you, I have had so many letters from friends, singing your praise, that I'm wondering why you have not been elected to Congress from your district.

Lady Clonmell and I have personally supervised the fitting up of your rooms here, with our most favored sporting pictures and books. We have a big "assignment" ahead of us—to defeat the unbeaten Sefton "Derby's" in Gilliver's hands will be a commendable performance, but I am assured that if there is a man in the world who can do it, it's yourself.

The Earl of Sefton usually walks out 200 cocks, selected from 500 to 600, and he has one hundred or more brought in from which to select a main of 21. All this work—or this "labour of love," I may say, is left to Gilliver and his son, Joseph, a very capable cocker, we are sure to meet the best of a great flock.

Mr. Keene writes me that you will accept neither expenses nor remuneration for the trip or the work—before such a SPORTSMAN, I am helpless.

The Countess joins me in tenderest regards.

Your friend,

CLONMELL.

Excerpts from a letter to Mr. Jas. R. Keene, of New York, (1905) from Lord Clonmell.

"All that you have written to me of O'Connor is true. He is the finest sportsman I ever knew, and this is the sentiment of every man who has met him. Sefton himself headed a subscription to purchase a present for him as a token of appreciation—in the form of the most beautiful silver trophy I have ever seen."

Excerpts from a letter from Lord Clonmell to Mr. James R. Keene (1906).

"Our cocks fought in perfect form in every main, and their condition and handling was a revelation to the most expert critics. . . . No man who ever came to this country, whether Prince or 'Reigning Monarch' was ever treated better, nor deserved it, more than Andrew P. O'Connor. He proved himself to be a gentleman and sportsman.

"I am trying to induce him to come to live with me at Bishop Court. His knowledge of thoroughbred horses and their blood lines is uncanny, and would be of priceless

value to me, and he could turn it into a source of revenue for himself.

7 Dec., 1916.

My dear Andrew:

While home from the front on sick leave, Sir John French suggested that I sign up for the Navy, and spend a few months in the West Indies, and Central America—and here I am in Jamaica, where I have had a good time with some Spaniards and Cubans, all of whom are cockers, especially Muchado. They fight cocks here in natural spurs, filed and smooth; before they set them to fight they push the cock's spur into half a lime, and suck it, to prove that there's no poison on it. There is no "handling," they just fight it out. They are an excitable race during the fight, and they bet like mad-men. . . . I wish you could be here with me, and have some cocks of the old breed. Well, now, I'm writing on hurriedly, to catch the mail, so must stop. More news later.

With all good wishes to you, and I am glad that you are well,

Ever your friend,

CLONMELL.

(Muchado, to whom reference was made, is now President of Cuba, O'C.)

Edington, Bridgewater, Somerset,

26 March, 1918.

My dear Andrew:

Now that the "Shemozzle" is over, I can rest up a bit and think of sport. In Dec. 1914, when I sold Bishop's Court, Colin and Lord Michaelham, for whom I found a lovely private training stable and gallops near Senlis—where M. Meunier used to have all his horses—and Denman, M. Blanc's trainer, to train, to send over all my horses and Hayton, the stud groom, whom you may remember in Ireland, which I did. The d—d Germans swept up the place, but we had got the animals away.

However, the war lasted so long that I had to sell. Colin let me down properly. Never trust a Jew, and so, for the moment, here I am. I lost all my fowls in Warwickshire while away in France, so all are gone now, and for the moment, my plans are unsettled. Once I get settled, I shall feel very grateful to avail myself of your kind offer of some of the old breed. I've got all the old spurs.

We all send our love.

Ever your friend,

CLONMELL.

Bishops Court, 6 May, 1912.

Mr. Michael Kearney,  
New York.

Dear Sir:

I have yours of recent date, in which you advise me of the death of the last hen of your old strain, and asking for a pair from the trio which you sold me in 1902.

I regret your loss, and I also regret that I cannot comply with your request, but I am mailing your letter, together with a copy of this note, to my friend, Andrew P. O'Connor, to whom I gave an original hen and cock from the lot which you sent me, and I have instructed him to give you a pair of hens, which I feel sure he will do for me.

Yours very truly,  
THE EARL OF CLONMELL.

Bishops Court, 7 April, 1905.

John Mackin,  
75 N. State St.,  
Chicago.

Your swinish letter, in which you slander my friend, Andrew P. O'Connor, has been received, and while it is unworthy of a reply, I cannot refrain from expressing my contempt for your cowardly attack upon a gentleman who was so unfortunate as to be obliged to temporarily breathe the atmosphere which was contaminated by you.

THE EARL OF CLONMELL.

(The above is a copy of a letter, which was a reply to an attack made upon me, in a letter written by John Mackin, who was, and is today, the most degraded man (?) I have ever known. O'C.)

Excerpts from letters from Major-General B. H. Jones, up to the year of his death, May, 1919.

Lark Hill, West Derby.  
4-4-'05.

Dear Andy:

A thousand thanks for the wonderful trio of fowl you sent me: all who have seen them are of one opinion. It is indeed marvelous how you Americans have improved the old stock. I don't think we had as good cocks in our best days as you set down for Clonmell, an opinion which is also held by Gilliver.

Do you think it is the climate and feed? The "Asil" crosses have all been destroyed at Lark Hill, and I think within five years there will not be a drop of the blood in England.



There are still some uncrossed strains of old English fowl bred, but they could not whip the Oriental crosses, but without the good game native stock the Asil's would have been useless. Capt. Astley is not yet convinced that "Asil" crosses can be beaten, though admitting they are not game. With all good wishes.

Yrs. ever,

B. H. JONES.

Lark Hill, West Derby,

12, 8, '06.

Dear Andy:

We were all sorry you did not stay for our stag main, which we brought off on the "day you celebrate," July 4. We matched 9, all "Pickets" from 4.4 to 5.2, and a better or gamer set of stags no one here has ever seen. Gilliver had them in capital form, and Casson's were also well fed. We used the small silver spurs, and exchanged after every fight. We won six, and Casson three. I never want to see gamer or better fighters than the three losers; they were severely broken up, so bad that they had no chance to win, and we picked them up to try out the next day, but only one lived through the night, and he had a broken leg and blind, and was killed by a cock with natural spurs. We are as proud as Lucifer, for such courage is rare. We all send our love.

Yours ever,

(B. H. J.)

BENCE.

Lark Hill, West Derby.

12, 18, '06.

Dear Andy:

Capt. Astley was present at our stag main, and asked me for one of the "Pickets" to breed to some of his Sefton-Asil hens, brothers to the cocks of his that you beat so easily. I knew you would give him one if you were home, so I made him very happy when I let him take his choice. He hopes that the stag's courage will be transmitted to his progeny. He remembered that you spoke of such phenomena of a first-cross with one of the "Pickets" and I shall be interested to see the result.

I have quite a nice lot of youngsters, both pure "Pickets" and by the Duryea cock out of "Picket" pullets, but infinitely prefer the former, as they are more regular, and besides, I don't care for the round heads.

We all send our love.

Yours ever,

BENCE.

Lark Hill, West Derby.  
2, 2, '08.

Dear Andy:

We will all be glad to see you here, and your rooms will be ready for you. Come here and you can take the boat to Dublin, and save yourself the long, cold ride by train from Cork.

I talked with Clonmell over the telephone last night: He has had a severe cold.

He likes his cocks, and I look for a lot of betting if he can get his way. I have not heard of an offer to lay a shilling on the other side, and there will surely be no one who saw you last year and the year before, who will lay (bet) against you in the forthcoming main. Glaister's cocks were sent out from Canada, and are said to be very good.

Here's hoping you have a pleasant voyage. We all send our love.

Yours ever,

BENCE.

Lark Hill, West Derby.  
Liverpool, 4, 14, '09.

Dear Andy:

Yesterday we had a capital matinee—Lord Sefton was anxious to see your brown reds in action, so he had Joe pick out nine of the worst shaped stags of his white legs and the same number of the brown reds. The result was as might be expected, the white legs outfought the brown reds, but the latter outgamed the natives whenever the battle went into a drag, which six of them did, and the score was just that—6 to 3.

I had William (Gilliver) feed six of mine, five of Atkins. Ruddel brought five and Oliver had five of his Red Duns. All five of mine won, which was the best showing of all, and add to these, six of Sefton's, so your strains won 11 to 3.

We are all single mating, as you advise, and it is extraordinary how our stock has improved. Of course, Lord Sefton still breeds the old way for cocks, but he will single mate for brood fowl.

Cocking will revive in England, now that we have good game fowl, for which all England owes you a vote of thanks.

We are all well and send our love.

Yours ever,

(Capt. B. H. Jones).

BENCE.

The Old Hawking Club,  
Shrewton, Wits., 7, 5, '14.

Dear Andy:

On Monday was fought a capital main between Lord Sefton and Casson and Downey. I never saw a better! Thirteen battles and they were four all, five all and six all. The Lord just won the odd battle with the odds heavy against him. It is perfectly extraordinary how the Croxteth fowl have improved in the last few years: They were always fighters, as you know, but poor finishers. But now they are as game as he could wish. . . . Please tell me how the last hens you sent him were bred. They are marvelous to bring game cocks by the Sefton's!

We have had a moderate hawking season—bothered by bad weather all through. A good lot of hawks, but they hadn't much of a chance.

Our toast this day is to your good health. Lascelles, Talbert and all members join me—

Yours ever,

BENCE.

Queens Hotel, Chester.

19-4-15.

Dear Andy:

Casson beat Lord Sefton very easy, winning the first six (and the main) out of 11.

The fighting was not so one-sided as the score shows, as Sefton won four out of the next five, also two bye battles after the main. So, altogether, it was seven to six. The Croxteth fowl were not so good. He has bred his cocks to your hens: their progeny were game and winners, but now he has too much of the white leg blood in them by inbreeding, so they are back to where they were. The only battles which he won today were with cocks sired by your old Picket, out of the Sefton white leg hens.

If you could send him a white leg Picket cock, I think his troubles would be over, as he seems to think he must carry on the old white legs.

Oliver is fighting a main with his Red Duns against Sherrard Joyce on May 3. I don't suppose I shall see it. Bob (this son) is back from the front with a broken collar-bone. He was with his regiment at Neuve Chappelle, but the cavalry never got a look in. Don't think this war is anything like over. Bless you, it has hardly begun yet, and all the stories about want of food in Germany are all bunkum! Got up by the Germans to affect neutrals in their favor. It is quite true that their guns are getting

worn out, but so are ours. The French are miles ahead of us all in guns and gunners. . . . I am under orders to move over to the East coast close to Newcastle, where the Zeppelins come and play about . . . (deleted by Censor).

Yours ever,

BENCE.

The courage of the Briton was never subjected to a more severe test than it was in the World War. During a lull in the fighting, many of the officers who had brought their game cocks with them, or had them sent over, fought them, and during the entire term of the fearful conflict, the Briton amused himself in his spare moments, as he did at his home in England in times of peace. His indifference to the carnage about him was a source of wonder to both the French and American officers who were frequently invited to witness their sports. Such is the character of the Briton, who inherited his love for game fowls from a line of sporting ancestors, running back to the days of Caesar.

The gentlemen whom I first met at the cock-pit, in England and Ireland, in 1905, became my friends; those who are yet among the living are still my friends, and those who have joined the silent throng, were my friends to the end.

The following letter chronicles the death of my great friend, Gen. B. H. Jones, who at the age of over 70 years, answered the call of honor, when his beloved country became involved in the World War. His home, "Lark Hill," was one of the show-places of England, adjoining "Crox-teth Hall, the ancestral home of the Lords of Sefton, and "Knowsley," the home of the Lords of Derby.

Having inherited an immense fortune, Gen. Jones maintained a magnificent home in London, where gathered the very flower of the social life in London.

23 Albert Road,  
Regent's Park, N. W.,  
London, January 17, 1920.

My dear Mr. O'Connor:

I am afraid this letter is going to be a shock to you.

It is to tell you about my Father's death last May. He was ill six weeks from a clot of blood on the brain, causing paralysis of the right side.

He died unconscious. The Doctor said that it must have been coming on for a long time, and held out no hope of complete recovery, so that if he were with us now, he would not be able to get about properly, or do any of the things that he loved.

I hope you will forgive the fact that we had not written before. Bob had your name when we were in Liverpool, but there were many letters and much to see to, as you know. Mother's health has been very bad since Father's death, and I write nearly all her letters for her.

Yours sincerely,

MOLLIE HEYWOOD JONES.

Cablegram

Dublin, Ireland,

Jan. 8, 1907.

Gloister affair off. He paid forfeit. Come on over, we'll have a bit of sport anyway.

CLONMELL.

(Mr. Alfred Glaister died soon afterwards).

Lord Clonmell had 60 cocks. I went over, fought them all in Belfast, Londonderry, Dublin, Curragh and Clonmel, (Tipperary). The mains were all small affairs, for small amounts. With one exception; at the Curragh, we beat the Mansell Pyles, backed by Major Eustace Loder. We matched 11 of the 15 shown, eight of which we won. I never saw GAMER cocks than the Pyles. Ledley Clarke's Antrim Blues (Belfast), were very game, but poor fighters. Most of the other cocks we met and defeated were low-grade English-Asil crosses.

Excerpt from a letter from Lord Clonmell to Ralph W. Pierce, who was introduced to his Lordship by me. Mr. Pierce and his wife were entertained by Lord Clonmell and others of my friends over there:

"I think O'Connor won the hearts of our people by his LOYALTY TO HIS COUNTRY; his sterling honesty, independence, courtesy and intelligence. He is the only sportsman whom I have ever known any length of time, who has never shown an objectionable trait of character. There is never a dull moment when in his company."

(Dated, London, May 4, 1910).

The friendship between Lord Clonmell and myself, which commenced in 1904, ended only with his death a few months ago. His last letter to me, (in which he refers to a "Tip" on a horse in the last Epsom Derby, which he cabled to me) is herewith reproduced in fac simile.

TEL CHILTON POLDEN 28

FORD GATE,  
CHILTON POLDEN,  
NR BRIDGWATER.

June 6/28.

Dear Andy.

With every good intention  
I sent you a cable yesterday  
giving you my latest  
information from Fred  
Darling and Franca.

I hope I have not told  
you a pup, if however  
I have, I've bought  
another of the same  
litter too !!

The telegraph operation  
at Bridgwater could not  
find Dorsey. Md. in the

. 2.  
Postal guide! You should  
write to your local paper  
pointing out the insult to  
your townships!! He found  
a Dorsey in Ill. and also  
in Cal. and thought I was  
talking through my hat.

I send you 2 cuttings  
from the Sporting Life. I  
thought Rosey would have  
put up a better show  
than he seems to have

done.

" Patterson does 'nt seem  
a mucher."

Trusting you are fit &  
well and that my letter will  
find you this time,

Every one,

Chonwell

Yarmouth, Isle of Wight,  
10th April, 1905.

My dear O'Connor:

It will please you to know that all "cocking" England is singing your praise, and personally, I have never known a foreigner who captured our hearts as you have, and when you come over again you will be obliged to stay a year, if you accept all the invitations which have been extended to you. You have aroused interest in cocking all over England, and I look for great improvement in our strains, due, of course, to native pride; we don't like to be licked.

I have 12 wonderful looking young cocks walked, sired by one of Lord Sefton's stags, out of 1-2 Asil, 1-2 Cobden, that I hope you can match next spring, and win or lose, I shall always be,

Your sincere friend,

SPENCER ASTLEY.

Cock-Spur Cottage,  
N. Tamworth, England. June 20, 1906.

My dear Mr. A. P. O'Connor:

Your good letter found me feeling good, thank God, and I am glad to hear that your health makes it easy for you to travel around so much and follow the sport we love.

I knew George Gilkerson well, and sent him out some grand white legged Spangles long before you were born, and I am glad he left good, game chickens. John Harris sent him out some grand birds, Mansell Pyles and Yellow Birchen crosses and some would breed brassy wings.

The best thing you done over here was to whip Captain Spencer Astley's Aseels and make them run. The India chickens make good crosses once or twice, then everybody wants them, and now the most of the good old English games are spoiled with crossing with them.

I like the chickens you sent over to Lord Sefton. He would breed a white legged Derby to the hens, so I picked out a good fighter from a lot of them and he is with the hens now for next year's chickens.

I hope you will come over next year and we will feed a main together, and never fight against each other any more.

If I was younger I would like to make a trip over to the land of the Stars and Stripes and help you to feed mains for 11-4 inch thick spurs. That shows how well they are bred and fed.

Your friend,

WM. GILLIVER.



I send you some more paper cuttings of cocking, and I will send you more yet, to print in your book for all to see. W. G.

Notice of the last important main fought by Joseph Gilliver, 1829:

The Cock-Match last week at the Hop-Pole Inn, Chester, was as follows:

	Audelem		Liverpool	
	M.	Bye	M.	Bye
1st Day .....	4	2	3	1
2nd Day .....	4	3	3	0
3rd Day .....	4	1	3	2
4th Day .....	5	2	2	1
5th Day .....	6	1	1	2
6th Day .....	8	3	0	0
	—	—	—	—
	31	12	12	6
	12		6	
	—	—	—	—
Total .....	43		18	
Totals, Audelem .....				43
Totals, Liverpool .....				18
				—
				61

The match was fought for 100 guineas a battle and 1,000 guineas the main.

Feeders: Joseph Gilliver for Audelem, Paul Potter for Liverpool.

The name of the principals did not appear in the match lists, but Doctor Bellyse represented Audelem, and The Earl of Derby, Liverpool.

Doctor Bellyse died suddenly the same year at the age of 70. Lord Derby and Gilliver followed him three years later. There is no available record of Joseph Gilliver ever having lost an important main.

Thomas Bourne, who was Gilliver's favorite assistant, with more than 25 years' instruction under the greatest master in the world, was an indifferent feeder. William Gilliver followed his uncle's written instructions for feeding cocks, to the letter, and he ranks next to his famous uncle as a successful feeder. So, from a comparison of the success of Bourne and Wm. Gilliver, both of whom used the same Joseph Gilliver method, my readers will understand that success with cocks depends more upon the MAN than upon the SYSTEM followed.

Wm. Gilliver was a splendid judge of fighters, and he was also one of the best pitters I ever saw.

## EXCERPTS FROM WM. GILLIVER'S LETTERS.

. . . . . I spoiled the best strain I ever had with Azeel (Asil) chickens that fought gamely when I first seen them, fifty years ago. You don't believe that breeding two game strains together will breed dunghills, but if you try it with Azeels you will get the same as I had.

You can not mix the Indian with the old English and make good, lasting strains that you can go on in-breeding and you can't have a strain that you got to be always crossing.

The white leg Earl Derby fowls was always like they are now, old John Weightman told me. . . . His Lordship fought mostly blood-wing piles and silver duckwings.

I send you some cuttings from Bell's Life in London about the Queen's Head Tavern, when Lord Grantley Berkeley and me were fined for cock-fighting in 1865, and other pieces. Mr. William Shaw was the prop. of the Queens Head Tavern, and he was a fine educated man too.

### THE ALLEGED CRUELTY OF COCK-FIGHTING

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London:

Sir:—

Is cock-fighting cruel? The cruelty it is easier to assert than to prove. As I have been attacked on all hands for permitting the sport at my house, I confidently appeal to your well-known sense of fairness to allow me to say a word or two in defense of myself and of cock-fighting.

In a certain sense most English sports are cruel. Is there no inhumanity in setting twenty couples of hounds to hunt and worry a fox or hare?

Is there no cruelty in fattening up pheasants till they get tame enough almost to perch on the muzzle of your gun, and then shooting them?

Does the angler act a very humane part when either by himself or deputy he impales a living worm on his hook, in order that he may torture a fish by playing him for minutes together with the hook in his gills?

—And yet, angling is a "gentle craft."

In this sense, also, yet not to the same extent, cock-fighting is cruel. But it has this advantage over its rivals, that it is perfectly fair. Each combatant weighs to an ounce the same as his antagonoist. The second advantage is that it is purely voluntary on the part of the animals engaged in it. A cock can run whenever he chooses to do so, and having once done so, he is not allowed, by the rules of the sport to resume the battle.

Has the fox or the hare the option of crying: "Hold, enough?" the pheasant the opportunity of declining to be shot, or the worm the privilege of choice whether he will take office on the hook?

But I may be asked, why not allow cocks to fight with their natural weapons? Why put metal spurs upon them? This question is put by many a "friend of humanity." I take leave to reply that if cocks are to fight at all, humanity requires that spurs should be used. And why? Simply, sir, because without spurs the birds would mangle and worry each other forever—at least till one or both died from exhaustion. Under the penalty system an encounter lasts but a short time, being speedily terminated either by death or cowardice of a bird.

I shall be told cock-fighting is contrary to law. I rejoin that when the measure declaring its illegality was passing through the House of Peers, a noble Lord of great humanity and authority in the house ridiculed the idea of the "cruelty" of cock-fighting and advocated the exemption of that sport from the penalties inflicted by the act. All the proofs of the "cruelty" of cock-fighting are furnished by people who would not for the world witness the sport, and who, therefore, are not very great authorities as to the manner in which it is conducted.

I do not wish or hope to persuade those who are not fond of cock-fighting to like it. But I cannot see why those who do enjoy the sport should be debarred from it, whilst other sports much more cruel can be carried on openly without interference of that society which, in its tenderness for animal life, will probably soon proceed against the advertiser who promises us: "No more sleepless Nights." I desire, also, to defend my own character for humanity, which has been aspersed upon grounds condemnatory to every huntsman, shot, or angler in the kingdom.

Yours, etc.,

W. SHAW.

#### MONLEY vs. GREENHALGE—COCK-FIGHTERS NOT GUILTY.

Five labourers were recently summoned before the justices at Bursley, and fined for assisting at a cock-fight in a stone quarry. They appealed against the conviction, upon the ground that the quarry was not kept for the purpose, as the section of the Act under which they had been convicted (12 and 13 Vict., cap. xcii., sec. 3) only renders it penal for any person to "keep or use" any place for the purpose of cock-fighting, or for any person to assist "in

the fighting of any such cock, as aforesaid." The Judges, following the precedent of a similar case, "*Clarke v. Haigh*," decided that the mere act of cockfighting was not an offence under the section referred to. The enactment, therefore, appears to be levelled not at the mere act of causing or encouraging the fight, but at the making it the subject of an exhibition; in other words, prohibiting what used to be known as "cockpits." Still, as Mr. Justice Wightman observed, "the cocks cannot fight except in some place." If that place happen to be a field, a quarry, or any other locality to which access can only be gained surreptitiously or by trespass, it would seem that law does not interfere to punish the sport for its mere cruelty. But Mr. Justice Crompton "doubted whether the parties had been proceeded against under the right section;" so that, after all, the amateurs of the pastime can scarcely be assured of immunity.—*London Times*, 1863.

In May, 1863, William Gillevor fought a 17 cock main with the Marquis of Hastings, at his home, Castle Donington, for The Earl of Sefton. Only the Marquis, with his feeder, Platts, and game keepers were arrested, and fined. Upon appeal, the decision of the Magistrate was reversed, on the grounds that the indictment was incorrectly drawn.

**COCK-FIGHTING.**—On Wednesday, June 24, before a bench of magistrates at Loughborough, the Marquis of Hastings was charged with causing a cock to be cruelly tortured, and Edward Platts, Joseph Farebrother and James Dumelba, gamekeepers, with aiding and abetting in the offence. Mr. Sleigh conducted the prosecution on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The case was fully proved, and the magistrates ordered the marquis to pay the full penalty, £5, and the gamekeepers £2 each.—*London Times*, 1863.

I cannot do better than close this book with an editorial concerning the **HUMANITY OF COCK-FIGHTING**, which appeared in *BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON*, in 1839. Every argument which the brilliant writer advances in defense of our sport is unanswerable, and he shows a keen insight into the technique of cock-fighting.



### YOKOHAMA COCK

Perhaps the first specimen of this most wonderful ornamental breed to leave Japan, was the original of this picture of the cock illustrated above. He died at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. He was mounted, and may be seen in the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, D. C. According to the most authentic history of the breed, they are the product of the most intense system of in-breeding.

They are of Korean origin, where they were bred as early as 1,000 A. D.

The hens, unlike the cocks of this breed, moult annually. Owing to specially prepared feed, the Yokohama cocks do not moult.

## HUMANITY OF COCK-FIGHTING—

### REVIEW OF THE SPORT AND ITS VOTARIES

---

A correspondent, in a long rambling letter, speaking of the sports and pastimes of the English people, asks our opinion of the good old-fashioned sport of cocking. We will tell him. We think that next to finding a fox, the excitement produced at the onset of a battle between cocks, exceeds any that we have hitherto experienced. We therefore must say we are partial to cock-fighting, as a sport or pastime, and that the arming the birds with artificial weapons, about which our correspondent makes so much fuss, is the very reverse of cruelty, for the contest is sooner over, and their sufferings trifling in comparison to what they would have been, had they fought with their own natural weapons, by lacerating and bruising each other in every tender part. And hence some form a comparison between the duellist and the pugilist. The duellist meets his adversary like the game cock, voluntarily, and with artificial weapons also; whereas the pugilist is urged to fight merely by a prospect of gain, and to fight with natural weapons, receiving blows and bruises, frequently to the very point of death, to amuse a crowd of spectators. We are inclined then to think, that, after all, cock-fighting is one of the least cruel of all our sports in which the lives of animals are put to the risk. But it is not so much the mere act of fighting, and the display of courage in the game-cock, that excite our admiration. It is the entire system throughout, and the wonderful phenomena that occur in breeding and training these birds. Perhaps the best proof of the difficulties of training cocks to fight, is to be found in the very few persons who have excelled in this branch of their art. Who would believe it possible, that, although a feeder should be able to get a pen of cocks fit to fight for two successive days, he should not be able to have them fit to fight on the third, and yet his competitor on the sod shall be able to do so? This, however, is a very common case. In fact the whole system of feeding cocks to fight, reducing or increasing their weight, but still retaining the highest pitch of condition and vigour, is one of consummate art, and one with which that of training the race horse can bear no comparison as to the difficulty of it. Then again, what a true picture of life is a cock-pit; depend on it, reader, you will

never have seen human nature fully and faithfully displayed in the rough, until you shall have seen it in a cock-pit, at such places as Chester, Manchester—in short, anywhere bordering on the north. Amongst noblemen and gentlemen of the highest character and respectability, and who have made cocking their pursuit through life, you will see men of the coarsest exterior, and in the meanest garb, outwitting them by odds, in their judgment in selecting the winners before the battles commence, and exhibiting indescribable acuteness in discovering injuries afterwards, which of course they turn to account before many of their superiors are aware of them. This extreme quickness of sight, by which what is called a "cut-throat" is discovered, previously to its effects becoming visible, is scarcely to be expected from a heavy and dull-looking mechanic, perhaps a blacksmith, or a collier, who may have walked fifty miles to the pit—but such is often the case, and of course, he reaps his reward by immediately backing the other cock." A "cut throat" is a body blow, but having wounded a vital part, is so called from the fact of the blood soon finding its way into the throat, and being thence ejected by the mouth, consequently impeding respiration. Cocks in very high condition, will occasionally "throw it off," as the term is, and go on; but it generally betokens a speedy termination of the battle. The setting or handling of the cocks is also a most difficult art—in fact, we have no hesitation in saying, that not only does a cockpit include more natural talent in the rough than any other place in which men of all descriptions are given to congregate, but that unless a man be a man of talent, he has no business to enter into one.

As a proof that greater men than ourselves agree with us in our admiration of cock-fighting as a pastime, we will instance the late Mr. Wyndham, who, when in the zenith of his reputation as one of our distinguished senators, and distinguished also for his humanity, had given it as his opinion, that the conflicts between inferior animals incited the courage of a nation; and in support of his hypothesis, availed himself of the character of the English people, who, he said, had ever been as remarkable for courage, or what is vulgarly called "pluck," as for their predilection for such conflicts, cock-fighting especially.

FINIS.









